

Flesh Field, Where Angels Go To Die

Crashing waves of ecstasy and pain.
Looking towards the sky with pure disdain.
Bleeding in a world of consciousness,
Too blind to see in daylight.
I know this world is slowly dying.

Too crippled a dream of a perfect life
To believe in divinity.
Looking towards the burning sky.
There's nothing left for me.

I have learned from the human race,
That the way to live is lie.
I have heard of a far off place
Where angels go to die.
Cities fall and crumble to the ground,
And your god is nowhere to be found.
The scent of death will fade away in time.
Until then I'll covet what's mine.
The sound of screams will echo in my ears
Until they are washed away by tears.