

Grendel, Soilbleed

Sythe's cold edge thrust
Spreading blood on their face
Bells toll the coming of their final days

Red flowers growing
To mark all our tears
The pain and the anguish
We're planting the seeds

Reaching forward, through the dark
Dead, marching forward, much colder than the cud
Reaching forward, through the dark
Spreading the soilbleed, no return when you're marked

Contorted spirit
Distorted creed
You know that your time has come
When the soil bleeds

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Rot and corrosion
The throth in your lungs
There is no release
Gasp despair through the mud

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