My Shameful, The Wind That Burns All

Save your last prayers come down to meet me here lower yourself to my level let your hate be free see yourself and what we've become a lower form of life as we tumble through the last times

Fall down on your knees Pray for mercy before me ask for forgiveness from the one who can't speak

Created this, a setting for a soul to die away, to die away in the cold a gray sky upon us snow is black ash now do you feel how it comes closer every day

and would you believe when I say there's nothing we could do

Fall down on your knees Pray for mercy before me ask for forgiveness from the one who can't speak

Here it comes -the terrible the beautiful -the last of sunsets

here it comes -the terrible the beautiful -the wind that burns all

here it comes -finally suddenly -the end to all this

here we go -the feeble the small -finally... we all are dead