

Necrophagist, Epitaph

Leaves fall in the autumn
of lives that appear
to be worthless to some,
utmost ignorant.

Expectations shift in the eye
of the beholder...behold.

Tears drop from the eye
of lives paled
as jealousy fools
a mind distorted.

Expectations shift in the eye
of the beholder...behold.

One wishes existence
to be of fulfillment,
but leaves bend to the will
of winds blowing.

To foresee the end
of a soul...Epitaph.

Claim to foresee
the end of a soul.
Premature Epitaph.

[Solo: Muenzner]

To foresee the end
of a soul