

Obituary, Set In Stone

There alive, die as I space you.
That's where I cease the spell.
The devil loves the pain.
Certain victims breath the pain.
Buried, weak the soul.
No more to you.
You're set in stone.

Bow at your feeds and thoughts.
Cold winter, freezing solid with your fights fooling where.
Hear voices say.
Tall toys gone.
Fell aside with heaps of fear.
Dreaded calls springs in year.
One attacks himself from them.
Feel your own spirit.
Spirit say.
Timeout your life.
What's wrong? Your wrong.
We're set in stone.
We're set in stone.

Strike of thirst, in hell its sought.
By devil night we bought.
Heaps of pain, tools of war.
Towards my painful ever sore.
We're set in stoneX4

Over by the trees behind.
Set in ourselves we find.
Power builds, where it hurts.
Come.