

Obituary, Turned Inside Out

You will soon come with me to die,
And find that death is not the end.
Who I say, who will, who won't be freed.
Tell me that this is not the end complete.
Even as the end's complete.
Finding strenght in one's defeat.
Living in an endless score.
Killing me with battled sores.
I'm the one that's sent to kill,
Feeling all destructive will.
Bring forth one dead soul's decay,
The end's complete, it's the final day.
When the time has come to bare,
Dying young, fall to despair.
To bring forth one dead soul decay,
The end complete's the final day.