

Paramaecium, Silent Carnage

For the wages of sin is death
Scraping bodies out of the gutter
Rotting corpses piled on each other
Infesting plagues defiled the land
Sole rectification through sacrificed Son of Man

BRIDGE

Foul stench fills the street
Silent carnage, rotting meat
Tormented faces in despair
As vultures fill the air
Waiting to rip apart their prey
Seeking to take it all away
Taking them for all they have
Final chance to reach for life

REFRAIN

Regeneration through reconciliation
Obliterate the plague from the land
Seek the covenant blood affiliation
Propitiation by God's Right Hand

A sickly carcass beyond human likeness
Searches its soul and finds only darkness
Its desire for life is growing in size
As this rotted corpse slowly opens its eyes

BRIDGE

Foul stench fills the street
Silent carnage, rotting meat
But some dead seek rebirth
They want to walk the earth
Walking among the scattered dead
Feeding corpses living bread
Living in obedience is the
Final choice you make in life

REFRAIN