

# Unearth, Call To Judgement

Surrounded by infection.  
Increasing mass forms our nation.  
Blind hordes create our demise.  
Succumbed by a worthless living.  
I'll never follow you into your herded lives.  
I said I'll never follow you into your unclean world, the dirt and selfish ways.  
A constant focal point to cloud and find a haze.  
What you fall is on is a falsehood of how time should pass by.  
You fall in deeper following one another.  
Fake.  
Mindless reason pushed upon widespread volume.  
Fine line.  
Invisible exception.  
A burning sense of misconception.  
Fly high to forget your demons.  
Invite them in to be your leader.  
Sold.  
Feeling a blurring sense of motion.  
Forgetting what's important.  
Your living not just drifting.  
Insure our forward movement by breaking life's unwritten rules of  
how to respect ourselves and nature.  
Killing our chances of survival.  
Step by step it's leading us to fade.  
Burnt.  
Forced down.  
A growing infestation.  
A deadly form of an outbreak poison.  
Killing our civilization.  
Raped.  
A clearing image of what must be done.  
Our sickening culture is our dying home.  
A call to judgement on our days will gray.  
Form a recognition to pave a way for our deliverance  
from the unbeaten ways of primal man.  
A crush of all disease and foreign substance.  
Free our minds of unnatural thought.  
Above the fall of man is where I make my stand.  
It's how I live.  
It's where I make my stand.