

# Wargasm, Sudden Death

I call my life a war with death now the war is through  
Time on earth is at an end death is overdue  
Cannot buy another hour or bargain for a day  
Life is theirs to give to me and now to take away

It doesn't matter that I've lived my life like I knew I should  
In the cards before my birth did me no good  
There is no light now up ahead no open arms wait  
To live long and prosper was not my fate

The line that holds you tight to life is a thin one indeed  
The hand the blade it's cut in two with terminal speed  
A step to turn his eyes move in from out of sight  
No name no face the time is now to shoot out your lights

Never gave a warning sign just appeared there  
No time to understand body cold with fear  
I'm being dragged down a gaping hole they're clawing at me  
Smoke fills my aching lungs my eyes cannot see

Now the walls are coming down I'm losing my grip  
Colors fade they run and bleed I'm on a bad trip  
Cannot move cannot make a sound the foul stench of death  
Now inhale the ancient air feel the reaper's breath