

Artist: obituary

Title: Feed On The Weak

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Spirits call, spirits rise.
Desolate sky, spirits die.

Haunting for the silence as the sickness falls within.
You've got your strays, the mice are killed.
It stems between the sick.

Spirits call, spirits rise.
Desolate sky, spirits die.

Haunting for behind them finds us meaning on the way.
The words fill, the chapters come.
It dissipates, it stays.

Spirits call, spirits rise.
Desolate skies, spirits die.

Falling hard, arriving fear.
Feeding on the weakest core.