

Each time I speak
An angel falls beheaded from the heavens
Each time my foot meets the soil
The celestial fruits wither to dust
I was the one to offer them my gifts
Obsessive pearls for the absent generations
When the old nations were hammered down
I stood there strangling them to their final sleep
Persistence has overcome
In order to achieve the clearest triumphancy
Seek not for the obvious nor the visible
And thus, thou might become a part of me
I am sure you must know me
For I am the taste in the veins of those who enjoyed the carnage
Halls beyond the blinded eyes
The wells right in front of their souls
Trapped in the current trails of simplicity
Abandoned inner stigmas, now purely manifest
The future is driven through my palms
Your deficiency was painted by my speech
The Master's empyrean yearns for no rest
I deliver the goblets of venom, two for each...
One for your scattered bones
And the other for your dreams
I am the one offering you my gifts
Obsessive pearls for the present generations