

Carnal Ways To Recreate The Heart

Arsis

I am the one, the fallen bastard son
I'll step inside you, I feel your lips
And seize your flesh, to penetrate the wound

And your screams shall be dreams
Of the graceless one's rebirth

Forever I have lost the way
To the flesh that was mine today
I left my trace I left my mark
Carnal ways to recreate the heart
Feel the pain and we know
And the pain we are cursed with child

To be with me, is to be left
I step away now, I'll leave your lips
And withered flesh, no more inside the wound

A badge of lust and wrong decisions
The cold hands of a cursed religion
A false idol to praise and worship
And coax these hellish times
To cut and paint my sins, a shade of purest white
To play the role of god, and recreate a life

I am the one, the fallen bastard son
I'll step inside you, I fell your lips
And seize your flesh tonight

A false idol to worship
And coax these hellish times
To play the role of god, and recreate a life
A badge of lust and wrong decisions
The cold hands of a cursed religion
To cut and paint my sins
A shade of purest white, I paint my sins in white!

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To the flesh that was mine today
I left my trace I left my mark
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Feel the pain and we know
And with the pain we are cursed with child