

# Through Self-Mutilation

Carpathian Forest

The self-mutilation  
Necrosis of the soul  
Dark is the shadows of life  
Hot as Hell

You take the matters into your own hands  
From now on it's downhill  
A single candle burns -  
In the vast consuming darkness  
Uplifting like a funeral

Through these years you were created  
In the void between life and death  
A shimmering blade shreds through his flesh  
At the peak of his night - time bliss  
Misanthropes, kings and queens  
And a painful vision of Hell

It burns  
The blisters on your hands  
So nebulous, dark as December

You should be dead by now  
Lost in time and space  
But you push the limits further  
You hate the human race