

Food for the Gods

In Flames

Shame marries the guilt
introduces itself to the
concept of total loneliness
Sensations repressed
make friends with
Suicidia, and
and here the leeches begin to
suck away the lust for life

Escape takes lead
into a world unknown uncontrolled by all
where borders are erased and potential infinite
Chosen cells, glands and transmitters
blast the body with joy
Astral feet running
up to dimensions covered with gold
stairs of glowing electroplasma
safir onyx and buzzing vibrations
A dead men's banquet
food for the gods

There's only 1 real world
our earth is but a shadow
Created from a child's heart, a living jewel
from now on abode for a soul in its setting

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Cutting the bloodline
re-tie the bleeding roots
to heavenly ship of glass
and let it drift in passive arrogance
in a one-word dialogue with the stars