

The Chasm

At the Gates

Born of disharmonic sermons
Phenomena of the deep
Torn apart by phantom pains
In shadows veiled, our tomb

A language dead and dissonant
Awakened from its sleep
The ever-opening flower
This pantheon of doom

As we open the chasm
The sleepless, ravenous void
From the vortex of poisonous coldness
Starving and blind, they storm

Crowned with unimagined death
Encircled, under siege
The black impious gulfs
Where no dreams reach

The blind rage of our revolution
As we drown in these halls
Blasphemous, fathomless
Manifested within these walls

As we open the chasm
The sleepless, ravenous void
From the vortex of poisonous coldness
Starving and blind, they storm

Crowned with unimagined death
Encircled, under siege
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Culture of shapeless dreams
Abysmal fevered seas
(Prismatic distortions)
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Crowned with unimagined death
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(Culture of shapeless dreams)
Where no dreams reach