

In Our Hands,the Scars

Benediction

Corruption and disfiguration
Those serpentine debauched
In retrogressive torment
Claw at the scabbed Gordian knot

Blistering skin burns from within
Cremate and char
Composite death draw your last breath
In our hands the scars

In the factor of decomposition
Lies salvation for the dead
The stench of memories remain
A gaunt tenuous thread

Arising flame of a violent bane
The morning star
With the drawing of blood unleash the flood
In our hands the scars

Unity of one
Twin bastard son
In our hands the scars
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The mind conspires to rot in fury
Plague on the denizen
When the intellect grinds to a halt
Set ablaze the tyrant time and again
Fire up the forge as leeches gorge
Like dying stars
Suture the skin lock them within
In our hands the scars

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