

Immolation

Crown Magnetar

Seldom times
I can see the sun with closed eyes

Craving the void
Shadows of past lives lead
Simultaneously creating the simulations of a preferred future

Biting my tongue to hear what translates from white noise

The message is clear, give me your fucking head

Or let the grip of hate slow your breath

My body becomes consumed by what little matter exists in the air
Knowing the future may not be so resilient and tranquil
I have no regret

I won't let the flood of fear fill my lungs
My blood is the fire to contend
Overtaking the gravity feeding the anguish in my mind

I swear fighting the urge to implement the worst is what makes
me feel alive

As visions of the end develop
I pace the corridors of my mind
I now possess the knowledge to decide

Your skin pulled back
The feeling of your message grows
Separation amidst your joints incinerates my deepest passions

As to feel every inch of your past slip downward

Your convulsions keep my attention though my mind lingers speaking
the godless scriptures
Until I have an answer your entrails will spew

Forcing my hand through what remains of your intestines
I am but a servant to my subconscious