

The Unflesh

Dark Fortress

[Music: V Santura, Lyrics: Morean]

Simian moths in search,
Of metanoia and illuminance,
Exuberant dismay they will reap,

Condemnation decomposes sanity
Through inhumanity and putrification,
A plunge towards hopeless, dismal death.

Another pawn has taken the fall,
A mind unsound and rotted,
Put him up against the wall,
Along with the tortured, the raped,
And the gutted.

The unflesh is burning...

And when the shell of mortal breath has ruptured,
When existence has been wiped
Off the portal of perception,
When, freed of shape or heart,
Anon succumbs to life-defying rapture,
At last, the truth be shown.

And the deprivation has just begun,
Unseen chasms of perdition await,
The very fabric of the soul comes undone,
Never to abate, the gulf digests them one by one...

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When existence has been wiped
Off the portal of perception,
When, freed of shape or heart,
Anon succumbs to life-defying rapture,
At last, the truth be shown.