

## Impure Perfection

Darkane

Gather your emotions in fragile mortality  
Try to grasp my infinite darkness  
Feel the crawling presense, breed on evil thoughts  
In the void around your tortured being  
Contemplate the untold curse of my region  
Created to suffer the naked cold death  
Peeling you layer by layer, skin fleash and bone  
Embrace the horror inflicted by me

Cascades of atrocity, emerge from the inner circle

I am the master of my realm  
I will decide the pain  
Show me your mind  
Believe, confess, comply

Evolving to a certain state of perfection  
Your soul is my pleasures tool  
Unpurified intoxicated structures of creation  
Flooding your existence with total despair  
By suffering I will restrain the source within  
Shaping myself with dissolving remains  
Transmutation totally absorbing your life  
For the flesh, by the flesh I will fill your void

Between shadows and darkness, denying the light

I am the master of my realm...