

From a Wretched Womb

Dead Congregation

Blood and ashes
Riddle of clay
From the shoulder of Man
And the womb of the whore

Image of god reversed
Eyes look inside
Holding the book
Where all pages are void

Nothing is true
Chaotic maze
Forms are dissolved
Withered by Death

Deep in the black earth
Planting the seed,
With larvae and worms
To create the negative

Torch of truth
A burning bush
The only light
Archaic knot

Blood and ashes
Riddle of clay
From the shoulder of Man
And the worms of the whore

An answer with no question
An end without beginning
Eye of Satan
Lock and the key