

# Shaped by Darkness

Ephel Duath

The crystal skull I wear protects that door right behind my eyes  
A passage to a better self I can walk through  
Carrying all the tears I can fill my hands with  
I crawl my way to that deep silence I fill with thoughts

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In there hundreds of brick towers hold a tender sky together  
A gold path rolls within electric bundles of feelings buzz around  
Amniotic fields lie on raw flesh hills  
Clouds of minor notes rumble

There's a liquid spot in every mirror  
There's a point of distortion in every image  
There's a piercing truth in each lie

Here I shut down my double self  
And I let my real voice resonate low deep, low deep, low deep,  
In a state of altered awareness  
And I let my real voice resonate low deep, low deep, low deep,

My shelter is a shutdown theatre made of bones  
I sit on the border of a black stage  
Spiderwebs caress my breath  
Dust takes the shape of a ghostly crowd

Entertained while I play my guts  
Like cello strings

A whirl of bones generates from the ceiling above  
In twisting symbiosis with my mute dying chant

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The more I dismember the bigger the pearl cage gets  
But my aura overcomes it spreading wide like angel's wings  
An ovation celebrates my lethal performance  
While exhaling what is left of me  
I smile at the crowd and collapsing buildings  
Protected by my same death march  
I keep the music going  
And when life will call back  
I'll promise to escape it tomorrow again.  
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