

Pissing on the Score

Fleshgod Apocalypse

Slumped in the hall of modern culture
In silence I behold
Frustrated psychos rant and rave
Gone are those times when revolutions
Led by intellectuals
Subverted certainties for grace

I need to stay alive
To shape the archetype
Define the undefined
A demiurge at war

Breaking laws and painting outside the frame
I mark old grounds with my new trace
Forever disobey
Pissing on the score that cages my dare
I forge the soundtrack of your decay
A sweet melody of disgrace will blow you cunts away
Fuck you!

Dried is the pen as much as the inkwell
Affected by a creative drought
And blank remains the parchment
Once florid land of beauty
Deaf, take refuge in chromatic illusions
To hide the emptiness
Self-styled composers basely sell smoke while...

Art is a serious thing
You can't dishonour it
And let your name live forever
Come earn your fame through the highest sacrifice
Come immolate your life!

A sweet melody of disgrace will blow you bastards away