

# Twilight of the Flesh

## Funeral Mist

Her veins drink smoke from the lowest fire  
Great birds draw maps upon her skin  
Her wound spread open like a flower  
Prepared to let the poison in.

Heavens scepter and crown of the gods  
Yet we stand unblessed  
Blood of the sun, yet doomed to call dawn  
The Twilight of the Flesh

Lust and sloth mixed with avarice  
Hear us cheering on our own demise  
Unearned pride upon envy's path  
When all we need is a pinch of wrath

Will you bend among the bending or  
Will you sell your garment and buy a sword?  
How long must we stand here  
Unblessed in this twilight of the flesh?

How can we raise altars on our blood  
Among the temples of a foreign god?  
How can our roar be heard  
In His house if that roar is the roar of a mouse?

How can we stand with a faith made to crawl?  
How can we rise with a creed made to fall?  
Forever doomed to kneel before the possessed...  
Or is this just a test?

Her eyes are words of light unspoken  
Black milk still dripping from her chin  
Stripped bare and dragged into the open,  
For all to see the poison win