

The Chains of Misdeed

Hour of Penance

Unending blasphemies, the tide will turn indeed and you fear th
e might of our words
Behold the rise of a new entity
So rise above the feeble need for a truth that never ceases to
defy the reason
The vaults devour the bones of this creed

Incarnation of words out of reach for their lord
Exaltation of man free from disunity

We breed this virtuous seed until it blossoms in the night and
spreads his will
And I break free from the chains of misdeed
Don't seek a prophecy, merge in the uncertainty of life and bel
ieve in nothing
The jaws devour the bones of this creed

There is a blade in the deepest quicksand
where the reborn must stab himself again
We perform now the rites of spring

Incarnation of words out of reach for their lord
Exaltation of man free from disunity
Abdication of god reaches the end of this world
Procreation of man free from the ghost of Him