

Catharsis

Ihsahn

To drain the blood from his veins
This black stinking oil
And scorch the print of every finger
On these cold hands

To pull the teeth from the jaws
Of this treacherous skull
As to shut the eyes and the mouth
To enveil his head
Impale his heart

To cut off every limb
That never touched the sun
All these burns
A burning offering to new blood that would bother
Why suffer?

To drain the blood
To scorch the prints
To pull the teeth
To shut the eyes
Enveil his head
Impale his heart

To cut off every limb
That never touched the sun
All these burns
A burning offering to new blood that would bother
Why suffer?

This crippled memory
This crippled memory
This crippled memory