

# Metamorphine

Lunarsea

Say a word  
And savior will come  
Say a word  
And the morphine will calm

Outside those men  
Want to dip themselves into temptation  
Avoiding them

Substance renders all new  
Lust and greed determine  
Condition of misery

Instead of love  
My suicide arrives to God

Deep inside me  
It grips me and substance reveals

You're a slave of metamorphine  
Slave of your truth

Half metaphor  
And half morphine  
But the divine  
Ear has found shelter somewhere

Hesitating mouth  
Solitude is all I ask for  
There is nothing  
For me here

From the wound of hairshine  
A religious rationality  
That make me  
A blind devout

Ascension in an imaginary  
Belief seasonal  
Roaming like  
A pagan is destiny  
Killing for a reign  
Called Utopia  
Canonical effigies  
Thrown in the mud of indifference  
Recovered by  
Blood and torture

Say a word  
And savior will come  
Say a word  
And the morphine will calm

Outside those men  
Want to dip themselves into temptations  
Avoiding them

One figure lives, one faith of fire  
(As a metaphor reaches the truth)  
One zeal turns upside down me, lower  
(Show me now the way)

Substance renders all new  
Lust and greed determine  
Condition of misery

Instead of love  
My suicide arrives to God

Deep inside me  
It grips me and substance reveals

You're a slave of metamorphine  
Slave of your truth