

Power And Will III

Mgła

It scratches my skin from below
It itches my veins from the inside
Again and again

These are the serpents that crawl through my veins
Who drank my blood and envenomed my soul
A thousand mages of the great deceiver serpent
The imperfect one who still holds his tail in his jaws

Ascension
Ascension
Thorns grow out from scars

A pulsating hive inside my head
Release the beasts in streams of blood
To build myself upon disadvantages
Strengthen through own suffering

The holy spirit devoured and tainted
Flames over the heads of the cursed
A new dawn of triumph is coming
An age of selfcreation
Selfdestruction