

Radioactive

Septicflesh

Would you like to become Dante's Companion in his grim cathode
Following our tunnels to our subterranean covert foundation?

This concrete shelter is our nest now
A beautiful vase without a flower
We left above us a dark minefield
Seeded with the shattered limbs of yesterday

The electric fire is the breath of our God
And its murmuring sound, damnation
We are hostages with no escaping pod to return to our home

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Pretending there is nothing to regret
No monster in the closet to haunt us for the errors of our
Fathers

We left above us a minefield
Seeded with the shattered limbs of yesterday
It is our gift for the cockroaches
An infrared place to lay their little eggs

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