

Underworld (Act 1)

Septicflesh

Tranquility... How necessary, how boring it can be
The liquid void has no ears
To receive the consolation of the surface

"Maybe it's better that way
What doesn't touch doesn't hurt"

The innocence of a swan
Gliding on a desolate lake
Can't be sensed
And therefore can't bring jealousy

Entire worlds full of wonder are banished
To rest only in few visionary minds
Haunting them with their glowing beauty

Fortunately, there are always
Those with the forked tongue
To bring the borders closer

But there are also tribes of inferior beings
Beings so proudly inferior
Necessary to give worth to the higher
But not without cost...

They liberate ordeals
Their negative thought is the fungus
The grim vestment of the relic

The eroding frankincense of marasmous
Can become intolerable

Their region is warm like a blanket
But narrow as a coffin
An underworld

Fortunately there are always
Those with the forked tongue
That bring the borders closer...