

Septic Testament

The Absence

I've seen the rotten masquerade
I've heard the thin veiled vows
I've watched you snap like a filament

In the presence of true resolve
These spells of porous conviction
They forever seem to seep
From the weeping eyes and the tainted trust
Of seasoned liars & lifelong thieves

Lapse into monologue
In the presense of your setting son
With wingless shoulders growing cold
There's no grace left to fall from

So deviate into another comatose shade plastered
To another portrait of useless human waste

[Leads Joey/Taylor]

Lapse into monologue
In the presense of your setting son
With wingless shoulders growing cold
There's no grace left to fall from

Beneath me
Coursing through my flesh
I can feel you
Like razors in my veins
Beneath me
Coursing through my flesh
I can hear it still, In my own voice
You - my cursed architect

So here I wash away
Spawn of your septic testament
Un-sired
Spawn of your septic testament

[Leads Taylor/Joey]

In the sanctum of sickness
Like father, unlike son
Now revel in these necrotic cures
Then shatter to your knees
Groveling at narcotic altars
Where wretched worms always feast

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Coursing through my flesh
I can feel you
Like razors in my veins
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Coursing through my flesh
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