

## The Garden Of Impurity

The Red Shore

Darkness descending on Eden  
The hour of judgement at hand  
Purgatory has awakened  
Bare witness the fall of creation  
Blinded by the fruits of the father  
The cycle of endless deceit  
Forked tongues speak of rapture and beauty  
Not known nor pardoned  
Blissful malcontents, how dare they speak of the throne  
My image was born of perfection  
The first in line of ascension  
How could they know the truth  
Restrained by the limits of flesh  
Unable to reach his glory  
Like father, like son  
A power beyond understanding  
Un-capable of comprehension  
Oh what devices thou has planned against me  
To keep in chains of silence oppressed by ignorance  
I implore thee father to let thee know thy will  
As earth as it is in heaven  
As the tree is splintered  
Beaten and broken in two  
The weight of approaching damnation  
Has seen the fruit consumed  
How could they fall  
To fall from God's own graces  
We are the favourites now