

Shrines of Paralysis

Ulcerate

Kneel before craven decrees
Admonished from on high
Chained to a perception of flawless mortals
Within shrines of closed minds

The affliction of man
There are none immune

Cling to destructive ideals
To figments of rapture
Until the final moment
None will concede

Straying from the passages which we have carved ourselves
With indignation glaring from reflections
All that remains from the burdens of flowing blood
Are expanses of dust
Effigies of false purpose
Corroding

The final hours are not for remorse
But for contempt

With ascendancy weighing down
Plead to the shrines
Release us

We must tie the ends of unknown
Withdraw into the pale
In this sanctuary of death
Revere the inertia
Resisting breath
Turn away all prayers

The collapse is owed to stagnation
Shrines of paralysis