

Leper's grace

Watain

Come close, touch the wounds that grace me
You pious manchild, so keen to grasp
Why your path is not my path
Or why you fear the things I adore
But know it is the certainty of death and its stench
That I crave, and that makes me want more
Not your sanctimonious affirmation
Nor your cage of gold
No

Never saw the dignity in the act to submit or conform
And even less so in the willful enforcement
Of guilt and of norm
Never been able to understand
Your voluntary slavery
The true rebels I have known
They broke their chains, they lived and died free

Constantly in the vicinity
Of death and demise
Eternally in mutiny
Against Christ (Christ, Christ)
In your world so white and right
I'll be the wrong, I'll be the night
Your shame, my pride
Beyond illusion, beyond sex and race
I bow before the leper's grace

Beware, ye tender hearts
The satanic force of darkness
A tumor that festers in the godhead
Wild and free, our work must be
A cultivation of evil
To sting, to twist and stir
Blessed by the rabid curse

Outcast, exiled and banished
Deep in night forlorn
Where demons chant
At the leper's throne

Rising from the slums of Sodom
The rank stench of love gone vile
Up into the halls of heaven
Beware, ye clean, of the unclean

In your world of peace and light
We are the filth, we are the fight
On these fields we are the scythe
Now kiss the blisters upon the face
Of rotting death, the leper's grace