

## Self Loathing Orchestration

Bishop Of Hexen

The turmoil, the tempest and the burns  
The inner lament, nothing magnificent!  
Screens on the outside...  
The promise, the hope and the scars  
The inner voice, mute, screams way out of sight

Turn over stone after stone, to reveal a scorpion  
The turmoil, the tempest and the burns  
Promise...  
A feeble glow in the dark... evolving only to descent  
A stare is enough to... put them out

Self loathing Orchestration

A shaken young man  
Has aged far before it's mine  
Now the days have passed  
When he paved his way through the lies  
They haunt him at night, and reflect through his eyes  
A twitch caught moth  
The hunter become the hunt

Whence will come serenity that  
Has no death as its roll  
Where lays silence that doesn't bind with loneliness to become  
a whole ?

While sleeping, by nightmares he is devoured  
His body inhabits a dead soul, eyes empty and hollow  
Awaken! Heed our call  
Don't let go until you become a whole  
Live thy dreams fulfill thy desire

Dream to live  
And never ever cease