

Mouldered

Aeon

With a spurious humility with no pride
Hoping to reach the peace of mind
You crawl to your mouldered piece of wood

And if the prophecy's deceitful
Who will pay for your fallen hopes?
Whose shoulders will carry
the bitter tears of victimized lambs?

Lead me on my journey stainless mind
Spare the dream of paradise for the ones aghast
One thing needs to be perceived - dirt of this planet is our final grave

This slow decay of our race
Seems to be the result of man's toxic progress
Conscience - the final fig leaf on our way in becoming aware of
an end

Self-love - natural human sensation
You try to cast aside

Faith - out of harm's way utopia
Devours your spirit of beauty

Choice lust sin - fruits of existence
Creatures of blood and bones - the one and only intelligence
Kneel to them
Fear scream lunacy - unnecessary torment
Robe and its law - a leash to control
Dismiss them

Let the sin begin