

With Unspoken Understanding

Aeon

An act of love
When our bodies become one
My standing sword
Hidden in your shelter
Turned into villainy

I rebel against demands
Killing my animalistic nature

Madman I would call a man
Discarding the quintessence of life

No ring no seal no word
But unspoken understanding shall unite us once and for all

Illusory morals have made your bodies congealed
And the boiling blood never flew through your veins
Sorrowful!

Guidelines of present-day idols - so unclear, so misshapen
Will we ever cut the leash being held by illusion?

Make your way through the last days of profound slavery
Take a bow in front of a new god beating back in your mirror