

## 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