

Each time I speak  
An angel falls beheaded from the heavens  
Each time my foot meets the soil  
The celestial fruits wither to dust  
I was the one to offer them my gifts  
Obsessive pearls for the absent generations  
When the old nations were hammered down  
I stood there strangling them to their final sleep  
Persistence has overcome  
In order to achieve the clearest triumphancy  
Seek not for the obvious nor the visible  
And thus, thou might become a part of me  
I am sure you must know me  
For I am the taste in the veins of those who enjoyed the carnage  
Halls beyond the blinded eyes  
The wells right in front of their souls  
Trapped in the current trails of simplicity  
Abandoned inner stigmas, now purely manifest  
The future is driven through my palms  
Your deficiency was painted by my speech  
The Master's empyrean yearns for no rest  
I deliver the goblets of venom, two for each...  
One for your scattered bones  
And the other for your dreams  
I am the one offering you my gifts  
Obsessive pearls for the present generations