

Sick Perfection

Arsis

A sickening sermon held with the mirror's gaze
Without flesh to offer, without will to save
Now deceit's reflection, glares back with lying eyes and recite
s the lie that brought this corpse to life
And I must deny myself all life's pleasures
For in this denial I have found sick perfection

Now I beg to serve the night in the blazing curse of the dawn
To shatter the mirror and see what lies beyond
With frozen fear and guilt to feed the sightless wisdom
That I held near, as close as any fucking coffin
And I must deny myself all life's pleasures
For in this denial I have found sick perfection
Now I beg to serve the night in the blazing curse of dawn
To shatter the mirror and see what lies beyond

A reflection of disease, a twisted vision of deceit
With one last breath to tell the tale
Of failures conquest, of shattered spells
Embrace the knowledge, embrace the sickness
Elegant yet perverse, I'm in the clutches of vanity's curse

Now I beg to serve the night in the blazing curse of dawn
To shatter the mirror and see what lies beyond