

Qlipoth

Avrigus

Take thy pick and dig thy grave,
All sense dies in the life of a slave.
Nonsense thrives, they cannot save themselves
From the death wish.

At the point of no return,
Where flawless, frozen images burn,
Their tortured souls still weep and yearn for release,
From the beast,
For everlasting peace.

Hell awaits thee in Heaven too late,
Locked out of time at the pearly gate.
With naught but a sliver of a twist of fate,
Thy fractured heart
And the death wish.

Past the point of no return,
Where flawless, frozen images burn,
Their tortured souls still weep and yearn for release
From the beast,
For everlasting peace.
And the key,
And the key to paradise.