

Xenomorphized Soul Devoured

Crionics

Come closer evil son
I'm lord of your creation
Born in dreams of your ancestors
Kneel down!

I am not, neither is son
Nor holy spirit
Believe me, worship me
My utopia world of lambs

Desires held inside
Like waterfalls
Stopped with rotten hand
Of god who cares...
Flesh explodes

I am lord of your creation
Never looking down
Where blinded fools bleed their wounds
With heavenly sound satisfied

Xenomorphized soul devoured
Lost in paradise mirage
Where empty promises
Build kingdom with no substructure

I am not, neither is son
Nor holy spirit
Believe me, worship me
My utopia world of lambs

Animal instinct devoured
Castrated beast
Breaking walls of perfect kingdom
Enriched through centuries...
... with cosmos conquering