

Mystification As Law

Hour of Penance

Taste of blood.

And now my worst nightmare
Takes it form, gives help to me,
Takes my hand while I'm sinking,
At one with the Earth.
In a world that tastes like blood
It's hard to make a choice but...

Mystification has no boundaries.
Mystification doesn't even know defeat.
Nameless prevarication.

It's raining on the Earth, just to mock
What reality is or it used to be.

The last word is upon your stained lips.
Smile shows beast's jaws.
Silent demons marching single file.
Their tongue is no longer unknown.
Their tongue is no longer unknown.
Corrupting the seed of Man.
They took the Earth's place just by denying.
They took the Man's place as a disease.
Mystification becoming supreme law.

Just by denying the word of God. [Repeat 3x]

This is our disease.