

## Catharsis

Ihsahn

To drain the blood from his veins  
This black stinking oil  
And scorch the print of every finger  
On these cold hands

To pull the teeth from the jaws  
Of this treacherous skull  
As to shut the eyes and the mouth  
To enveil his head  
Impale his heart

To cut off every limb  
That never touched the sun  
All these burns  
A burning offering to new blood that would bother  
Why suffer?

To drain the blood  
To scorch the prints  
To pull the teeth  
To shut the eyes  
Enveil his head  
Impale his heart

To cut off every limb  
That never touched the sun  
All these burns  
A burning offering to new blood that would bother  
Why suffer?

This crippled memory  
This crippled memory  
This crippled memory