Metamorphine

Say a word And savior will come Say a word And the morphine will calm Outside those men Want to dip themselves into temptation Avoiding them Substance renders all new Lust and greed determine Condition of misery Instead of love My suicide arrives to God Deep inside me It grips me and substance reveals You're a slave of metamorphine Slave of your truth Half metaphor And half morphine But the divine Ear has found shelter somewhere Hesitating mouth Solitude is all I ask for There is nothing For me here From the wound of hairshine A religious rationality That make me A blind devout Ascension in an imaginary Belief seasonal Roaming like A pagan is destiny Killing for a reign Called Utopia Canonical effigies Thrown in the mud of indifference Recovered by Blood and torture Say a word And savior will come Say a word And the morphine will calm Outside those men

Want to dip themselves into temptations Avoiding them

Lunarsea

One figure lives, one faith of fire (As a metaphor reaches the truth) One zeal turns upside down me, lower (Show me now the way)

Substance renders all new Lust and greed determine Condition of misery

Instead of love My suicide arrives to God

Deep inside me It grips me and substance reveals

You're a slave of metamorphine Slave of your truth