

## Opera Carne

## Moonspell

Red meat is the inner shrine of our immortal soul  
The heart breaking out illusions of innocent blood  
Desire is pain  
Eating away the worm in the brain  
Our flesh burns in mysterious ways  
Gray matter is the unholy clay of our address on earth  
Frontiers are coming down between body and the soul  
Abrasive, insane  
Putting away the spark in the brain  
Our flesh works in mysterious ways  
Our flesh burns in mysterious ways