

Ascension

Mors Principium Est

A certain kind of delusion
That even. you can't penetrate
A strangling cloud of deception
Envelops a jealous, empty being

A preacher, preying on the fragile
Blinded by self importance
Sowing infected seeds
Delivering an empty curse

Armed with a vile tongue
Spewing forth sweet blasphemy
Sacrificing loyalists
To feed a bitter soul

With wicked vows delivered,
We stood steadfast and true
Embraced by fellow kindred,
Slaughtered where we slept

Through our own ascension,
Whilst clawing at our chests
A lasting peace restored,
As we shed our rotting flesh