

Sworn to a great division, the cruel inheritance
Night-born endless seasons in duality emotions
Crucified on the fence between,
Collapsed time elapses in me
Born of dying and dying to born,
Never ending circle repeats itself

I am you... I absorb you, I reward you
You are mine... You feed me, you need me

A prey like living bate, a spawn of paradox that fits
... the game for slay-conjured instinct
Gathered in my dreams to bleed the sanguine streams

You're my dearest enemy, conjoined for life
Searching in the night, from the veils of disguise
You're the sweetest treachery, alteration to strife
A soulmate disastrous kind, the ambivalence inside

Close your eyes and take my hand
Follow me where I stand
The throne of violent emotions
A fiction for devotion
Manipulated for self-deception
The imitation of ever lost ideals
Of progenies' ingrained beliefs

A deluding desire that will bury you alive
Inalienable parasite in disguise that will suck you dry

Godlike is low-life
Bow the freak on a leash of broken dreams,
Keeper of malignant order
Downfall in this psychoville masquerade
Face the enemy that is in yourself

No heaven shall bless the confrontation of comforted distress
No sunshine for a soul, in this well-hidden see-through show
Grace of blasphemous the one, the temple of your head embraced
by gun
Revolving nightmares in a run, the all-
evolving shadow of the sun

The picture perfect illustration of absent devotion
Discordant powers, bound unholy unity
... of strife