

# Behind The Iron Mask

Septic Flesh

In an empty room eyes without a face.  
They are stirring other images,  
glimpses of a distant life,  
of a gone life.

The hands cannot identify the face  
Behind the Iron Mask

Dim is within on the plane of the mind  
a kneeled spirit under the boot of fear  
cleansed with torture  
traped in purity by the whip.

Daggers from sound penetrate  
resistance behind each one,  
a Holy inquisitor.  
Mouths reveal the presence of  
haunted beings unworthy to be said alive.

Open the window  
Release the spirit from this empty body  
Behind the Iron Mask

Draining pleasures from mental wounds  
a need opposed to false excuses  
unveils the greatest beast.