

Underworld (Act 1)

Septic Flesh

Tranquility...How necessary,how boring it can be.
The liquid void has no ears
To receive the consolation of the surface.

"Maybe it's better that way.
What doesn't touch doesn't hurt."

The innocence of a swan
Gliding on a desolate lake
Can't be sensed
And therefore can't bring jealousy.

Entire worlds full of wonder are banished
To rest only in few visionary minds,
Haunting them with their glowing beauty.

Fortunately,there are always
Those with the forked tongue
To bring the borders closer.

But there are also tribes of inferior beings,
Beings so proudly inferior
Necessary to give worth to the higher.
But not without cost...

They liberate ordeals.
Their negative thought is the fungus,
The grim vestment of the relic.

The eroding frankincense of marasmous
Can become intolerable.

Their region is warm like a blanket
But narrow as a coffin,
An underworld.

Fortunately there are always
Those with the forked tongue
That bring the borders closer...