

The Flesh I Wear

The Hat

In the dark
of the mind,
the flame lightens.
I discover the
curse of my soul.
Trapped in this life form,
forced to experience
the flaws of
human nature.

Disturbed, deranged and mentally fucked
in the eyes of those who can not see. In the
visions of my dying flesh I see the
gathering of an higher power. The reason for me
wandering these fields of poison.

In the silence, in the night. There is a force
taking place in the flesh I wear. And the signs
will show in new forms
as the days go by in the
flesh I wear.

I bear the chalice, my
soul, with pride and
strength. My human
flesh is the temple of self-
discovered knowledge.
Which I'll bring forth to
the grand dimension of
death.