

The Garden Of Impurity

The Red Shore

Darkness descending on Eden
The hour of judgement at hand
Purgatory has awakened
Bare witness the fall of creation
Blinded by the fruits of the father
The cycle of endless deceit
Forked tongues speak of rapture and beauty
Not known nor pardoned
Blissful malcontents, how dare they speak of the throne
My image was born of perfection
The first in line of ascension
How could they know the truth
Restrained by the limits of flesh
Unable to reach his glory
Like father, like son
A power beyond understanding
Un-capable of comprehension
Oh what devices thou has planned against me
To keep in chains of silence oppressed by ignorance
I implore thee father to let thee know thy will
As earth as it is in heaven
As the tree is splintered
Beaten and broken in two
The weight of approaching damnation
Has seen the fruit consumed
How could they fall
To fall from God's own graces
We are the favourites now