

The Wish

Thy Disease

Sacrifice I have done
Is my altar
Is the spirit of astral love
On the abyss edge
Staring into the open wound of earth
Feel it now!

Swallow transcendental coat
Made of hate
Banished words now have been spoken

Kiss my scars, consume the pain
Look at the living slime made of filth
Now I open the veins
Before his dusk, when thoughts will be taken

Tempt me the last time
My God of all the things - you helpless Creator
Knowledge - that incapacity is the rule
In this fragile world
I'm those who know
That "be" means "not"
Last wish is you to know