

The Symptomatic

Thyrane

Sacred absurdities stumble down the catwalk
Silky fabrics of fraud conceal the ugliness
Their sanctity is fiction, their milk is poison
And still admiration weighs upon their shoulders

Never dare to question the unnatural
Never dare to doubt the illogical
The agonies of faith you must endure
Seeking to suffer until no longer impure

To nothingness you recite your odes
To emptiness you paint your frescos
The two-edged sword of loyalty sways
Tearing your limbs by cutting both ways

Mere submissive and inert minds
Pursuing for bliss by casting sense aside
In a monochrome reality you feel security
Strapped down by dogmas and infirmity

In non-existent prospect of redemption
You kneel down before the cruciform icon
Bite the body in an ecstatic frenzy
Swallow the blood to cleanse your heart