

Masquerade Of Incisions

Xasthur

Your pride (bloodstained mask) is a fucking lie,
here it will be denied as I've watched you... fail

I will give you the gift of guilt when you have failure to answer to.

Inner sanctum lost, overthrown by an evil that was too real to be untrue...

I was the surveillance on the mirrors other side, hidden in your mind,

reflecting the lies of life once forgotten and denied.

Fear behind your rage, it's all that I can see,
not forgetting to exploit your mortality.

Whispers chant from the depths of nowhere...

sleep forever if you wish to be a dreamer.

Is your fear of death a reason for this waste of life?

A blade (of insignificance) which hasn't killed
has only made you weaker. I chisel your grave,
written in life's defects...

It will not be vague, written with all regrets.

To kill the pain, cut twice as deep.

Life was (a memory) in vain, nightmare's the final sleep.

A re-created shadow of the fallen self-haunting
with an emptiness beyond the dark.

To leave you with some basic incisions before leaving earth...