

1. The Face Of My Innocence

As the reasons came and went, and swept across
The face of my innocence, I was lost.

To know your face, and your true shade
To feel your lips, and to be bade
To praise the night, to praise my unknown faith
Must I sure find a way? To infest the wound

Inside the wound, that draws me near
And cries my name, and feeds my presence
I am here!

I long for one piece with
I cry for my peace is in you

Inside the wound I hope to find
The essence and presence of you
Inside the wound I wish to learn
The art of fucking you

After the reasons came and went, and swept across
The face of my innocence, I was lost
Inside the wound, that draws me near
And cries my name, and feeds my presence
I am here!

To know your face, and your true shade
To feel the lips, and to be bade
To know your face, and your true shade
To hide in here, in this place

I long for one piece with
I cry for my peace is in you

2. Maddening Disdain

And it came again, like tears for a long lost friend
Tears that find their rest
Amidst words too sordid to comprehend

And it came bearing gifts
Of pain, frankincense, and her
None had a home here, none but the pain

Feel the fervor growing but the hate is stronger
My heart was whole with you
But the pain was mine, come twisted flowers
Come blistered soul, torturing disdain
And the wholeness that is only found in you
Feel the fervor growing but the hate is stronger
My heart was whole with you
But the pain was mine

And it came bearing gifts
Of pain, frankincense, and her
None had a home here, none but the pain

And it left once, alone amidst my words I stood
Uninviting of its presence, this time it's left for good
Feel the fervor growing but the hate is stronger
My heart was whole with you

But the pain was mine, come twisted flowers
Come blistered soul, torturing disdain

And the wholeness that is only found in you
Feel the fervor growing but the hate is stronger
My heart was whole with you
But the pain was mine
And when it's gone forever, a better hand is dealt
And when it's left forever, I then can find myself

3. Seven Whispers Fell Silent

Seven whispers silent
On scathing winds the seven whistlers tune
Seven cries, blinded eyes
Bade the choke on the night

Beneath the stare of a cold and blood-dimmed moon

Alaster, avenging one
Guide my path
Live in me, exist to be
The festering wounds upon the savior's wrists
Calculating the murderous plot for the dozen to fall

The seven shall sleep forever
Unhallowed graves left unmarked
Five soon to join them
And with their blood anoint them
Evident the feebleness of dog

Seven whispers silent
On scathing winds the seven whistlers tune
Seven cries, blinded eyes
Bade the choke on the night
Beneath the stare of a cold and blood-dimmed moon

Alaster, avenging one
Guide my path
Live in me, exist to be
The festering wounds upon the savior's wrists
Calculating the murderous plot for the dozen to fall

4. Return

All hail! The phrase of tainted prose
The etchings that cover the rose
Well of thought of you, must surely be denied
For impure are the arts
That are painted in your eyes

Tonight, our lies shall be known, my faithless one
Tonight, our lies shall be known
And I'll await my heart's return

Resting in the shadow of a tomb
For a presence ever lost
In the presence of forever:

5. Worship Depraved

Stained by the wine
A celebration guilt in ordinary time
Profaneness enshrine, the abode of the blessed
Abode of the blessed
And we shall be the bearers
Of the untainted darkness
That descends for all time

Let Mary sleep forever
Sordid dreams, she must be bound
Once faithful followers scream
"Set Barabbas free!"

The chilling chants of the carcass choir
Rosaries inverted and strung upon the razor wire
Scream out, and proudly wear the mark
We, the bearers of the untainted dark

So stain the cloth forever
Sordid dreams of lust be bound
Commence the ceremony
For at dusk we shall worship depraved

6. Carnal Ways To Recreate The Heart

I am the one, the fallen bastard son
I'll step inside you, I feel your lips
And seize your flesh, to penetrate the wound

And your screams shall be dreams
Of the graceless one's rebirth

Forever I have lost the way
To the flesh that was mine today
I left my trace I left my mark
Carnal ways to recreate the heart
Feel the pain and we know

And the pain we are cursed with child

To be with me, is to be left
I step away now, I'll leave your lips
And withered flesh, no more inside the wound

A badge of lust and wrong decisions
The cold hands of a cursed religion
A false idol to praise and worship
And coax these hellish times
To cut and paint my sins, a shade of purest white
To play the role of god, and recreate a life

I am the one, the fallen bastard son
I'll step inside you, I fell your lips
And seize your flesh tonight

A false idol to worship
And coax these hellish times
To play the role of god, and recreate a life
A badge of lust and wrong decisions
The cold hands of a cursed religion
To cut and paint my sins
A shade of purest white, I paint my sins in white!

Forever I have lost the way
To the flesh that was mine today
I left my trace I left my mark
Carnal ways to recreate the heart
Feel the pain and we know
And with the pain we are cursed with child

7. Dust And Guilt

Sensations, curse me and my ways
Force-feed me blind on empty days

Today, my faith was lost again
A grave was dug to mourn its loss
And in this grave I keep my friends
Loneliness, impure urges
And the pain that only I can bring

A mouthful of dust and guilt
A season of haste and wilt

And to this day I'll search for you
To nurse and clean
My mouthful of dust and guilt

Come forever
Come blindness
Come bringing forth
The pain of logic and reason
That hides in here
And for my dreams I'll pay dearly
Forfeit my rights to see clearly
Your flaws, my flaws
In all of our ways

8. Elegant And Perverse

Engulfed within somnolence
Submerged within chimera
In isolation I wander
To the place of my sepulcher
The beauty of oblivion

Obstructing my path
Elegant yet perverse
To follow that before me
So blindly I durst

Visions of all I desire came
These gifts I could obtain
The penalty for such treasure
In your world I could not remain
By temptation weakened
Like flowers beneath the frost
Fantasy was mine to live
I realized not my loss

Anon it was ended
Anon it had begun
I awaken after every dusk
Never revealed is the sun
Now in perpetual somnolence
In immortal isolation I wander
Submerged in chimera
To the place of my sepulcher

To the fulfilled I am cursed
To the deprived blessed
Elegant yet perverse
Shall I find my rest?

9. The Sadistic Motives Behind Bereavement Letters

I'm so sorry to hear of your bitter loss
I know my words can only offer but so much comfort for you
Just know that I am here to ease your lonely feelings
To fill this time of grieving and remind you it's your fault
It's your fault for not caring
It's your fault for not knowing that he'd try again
And again, these words can only offer
But so much comfort for you
(Now here's where I should say that "he's in a better place"
but on the day he died, I could have sworn)
There came the strangest sound
It was as if the whole of heaven came crumbling
Fucking down! His last words shall shine in truthfulness -
"I hate you all!", scattered with his ashes upon your guilt.
I'm sure you must have done all that was in your power
To prevent this event from occurring
Just remember, I feel that it is entirely your fault
But again, these words can only offer
But so much comfort for you.

10. Looking To Nothing

Why do I look to you?
To redeem and fulfill
To starve and deprive
The whole of my will

And yet I look to you

One way to bring it down
Listen, for these words are my way

And yet I look to you

Why do I look to you?
In the wake of the turning hour
To hold and sip
Upon all that has soured

And yet I look to you

One way to bring it down
Listen, for these words are my way

11. Wholly Night

As the moon creeps forth to pierce the clouds
And it's lights embraced by a single howl
This graveyard dream was brought to life
With the breath of jealous winds
Shackled, bound, torched by the light
A thousand angels torn from flight
Longing for heaven's dark cursed
With I to guide the Cain-drawn hearse

This hate within its eyes, for a faith that often lies
From tears of mourning cries be torn
The beast is born wholly of night

Anticipation of the madness to come
Lowly angel flesh undone
Longing for heaven's dark curse
With I to guide the Cain-drawn hearse

A wielder of sickness marching on
A flame in the name of the blackest dawn
Hear my call, your fate my curse shall befall

And a scream was thrown into the night
A bloody shade to stain pure white
Of the dark dreams and lifeless eyes
Shall be un-divine
And a scream was thrown into the night
A bloody shade to stain pure white
And the one crawls nearer to their cries
To feast the beast born wholly of night

Shackled, bound, torched by the light
A thousand angels torn from flight
Longing for heaven's dark cursed
With I to guide the Cain-drawn hearse

This hate within its eyes, for a faith that often lies
From tears of mourning cries be torn
The beast is born wholly of night

A wielder of sickness marching on
A flame in the name of the blackest dawn
Hear my call, your fate my curse shall befall