

# Arsis - A Celebration Of Guilt

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## 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  
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## 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 thirst

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