

Breathless Flesh Sculpture

Alghazanth

One thousand different rooms full of pain
One thousand rooms full of different pain
There are no words to describe all the horror
Which these thick stonewalls have witnessed
Voyaging into the ravines in their empty eyes
You can observe all those Demons as they rise
Experiencing the perverse form of true art
All the poetry in dead flesh and suffocated love
Listen carefully to the dialogue between your skin and these rusty blades
Feel free to appreciate our ways to progress you
Worship the blackened lights in our forwarded hearts
As we turn your filthy body into a piece of art
The desecration of god's image is almost completed
As your desperation enriches this masterpiece
The symmetry of mutilation is worth marveling
All the artists wait for your pulse to seize
In the breathless flesh exhibition our loyalty is comprised
Through the materialising of sickness our praises are combined
With the magnificence of this art we hail Thee, oh Satan!!!
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