

My Twin Of Disorder

Alghazanth

From the coldness of the mirror
Inhuman eyes stare back at me
The blueprints of decadence are revealed
Subconscious beast revels in aggression
Knowing nothing of boundaries,
My twin of disorder

Killer of souls, a daemon if you will
Inner machine of a destructive design
As real as the air I breathe
As concrete as the ground beneath
He's my reason to practise mayhem
A right to express my hatred

Absurdity! March through me
Turn me into thy fortress
The stronger you grow, the clearer I see
No eyes shall I need in darkness

Drawn into the perpetual greyness of emotions
On the shoulders of a genocide I stand
He carries the invisible jewels of wisdom
He is more me than I am myself,
My twin of disorder

With open arms I shall confront the day
When the dead forsake Gaia's embrace
All of the icons of light rotate half a circle
And escape into nothingness
Then we are no longer two
But one and the same