

Velvet Demise

Bishop Of Hexen

Cold, frost beaten heart
A chasm of chills

Stone-mind
Bleeds futile Dreams
Steel-eyes
Dull all these years

Stagnation
A wrecked man-child collapses into himself
Just to emerge to a miserable conscious back again
Stagnation...

And the songs of reason subside
Their voice-distant
Deep within thy depths
Dead within the deep
A silent dirge Buried inside a human casket

Crystallized
Strike of strike
Whip-tongue chastise
Some strangle, some chain
And other aim to burn
Until every vein and bone are crystallized

In the vast green garden where
Tears and trees and fears grow
I can be found between the pages
Where the wind of fear blows

In the bleak meadows of the past
Pain and pebbles lie low
There lies the answer to my daily demise

And I celebrate a decade of disease
1000 steps lead straight to ethereal bliss
And millions of trails lead
To this hollow-graphic hard core
Soul shredding masterpiece and none
Could aid and nowhere to run

Ashes
To rise from the pyre
Reconstruction
Another lazarus engulfed by a blue fire
To rebuild and from earth's wonders
Rejuvenate or remain scattered ashes

Yet there comes a time
When fleeting moments leave
A tender mark on the skin
And cut straight down your spine
Maybe after all this is done
And such horror-sickness will be gone
I will get "myself" back to be "mine"...

And we will claim ourselves
From the dying sons