

The Auto-asphyxiating Hierophant

Coil

Construction of disasters
Our words not properly fixed
Oral fixate
Is this the threshold?
Is this the threshold?
Fixed in a thousand poisons blended and descended
Indestructible definiteness
It's only zero charges electricity
Enough resistance
No action it seems in action
Making pain
I happen to be content to
It was logical but fatal
Once more the numbers
Confusion with a false?
It will fall soon
It will fall soon
It will fall soon
The white magic of the moon
Is the black magic of the Earth
The on my hands
To what extent have we deceived ourselves as to the
Damage?
Being misled, mistaken by instinct
Ice temples crackle
Like in the wave
And my eyes vibrate at a catgut rate
Stagger into the streets bearing after the blood-red
Number
The flag banner, stutter and stammer
Nothing will ever be the same
Nothing will ever be the same
Nothing will ever be the same