

In Here

Funeral Mist

In here, the glass has no hour -
In here, the shadow has lost its length
In here, our old spells are void of power:
The hand of credence has lost its strength

Beast of burden or wolf without fear?
All the same, we are all lambs in here.

In here, no hymn is worth reciting:
The vault of heaven has been reshaped

All the teachings of the land can now be fit into this hand
All the dogmas of the world can now be fit into this pearl

In here, the maps bring no meaning
In here, your symbols have lost their weight
In here, the air itself is bleeding
For we have come to watch reality break

We must now teach the self how to die -
We must explode in imploding genocide

In here, no creed is worth upholding
The ancient lodestar has been replaced

Now, embrace the merging of the Nothing and the I
For in order to be reborn something has to die.

In here, all wings smell life falling
In here, death has a different taste
In here, all fears will keep evolving
Until the world has won back its shape

And soon, vast demons will move freely in our midst
Verily I say into you:
They will not be as promised

In here, no ghost is worth chasing
The image of God has been defaced
All the preachings of the land -
Can now be fit into this hand
All the dogmas of the world -
Can now be fit into this pearl

All the teachings of the earth
Can now be uttered with one word -
All the doctrines of the world
Can now be fit into this urn

But now his soul
Is dragged away
There's nothing at all
Besides this manna