

# The Chains of Misdeed

## Hour of Penance

Unending blasphemies, the tide will turn indeed and you fear the  
might of our words  
Behold the rise of a new entity  
So rise above the feeble need for a truth that never ceases to  
defy the reason  
The vaults devour the bones of this creed

Incarnation of words out of reach for their lord  
Exaltation of man free from disunity

We breed this virtuous seed until it blossoms in the night and  
spreads his will  
And I break free from the chains of misdeed  
Don't seek a prophecy, merge in the uncertainty of life and believe  
in nothing  
The jaws devour the bones of this creed

There is a blade in the deepest quicksand  
where the reborn must stab himself again  
We perform now the rites of spring

Incarnation of words out of reach for their lord  
Exaltation of man free from disunity  
Abdication of god reaches the end of this world  
Procreation of man free from the ghost of Him