

## Ascension

Mors Principium Est

A certain kind of delusion  
That even. you can't penetrate  
A strangling cloud of deception  
Envelops a jealous, empty being

A preacher, preying on the fragile  
Blinded by self importance  
Sowing infected seeds  
Delivering an empty curse

Armed with a vile tongue  
Spewing forth sweet blasphemy  
Sacrificing loyalists  
To feed a bitter soul

With wicked vows delivered,  
We stood steadfast and true  
Embraced by fellow kindred,  
Slaughtered where we slept

Through our own ascension,  
Whilst clawing at our chests  
A lasting peace restored,  
As we shed our rotting flesh