

Sour flow

Spawn of Possession

Time navigates me through excruciating pain, objective guideless.

Arcane ends to means, sour flow, eloquent.

A strong covet glowing for the ancient lust filled sleep, their venom, my wishes now.

Souls father around, I shall be risen by their hands.

Now, our union is near, upon me the fatal revise.

Odyssey of my spirit has brought me here.

Movements all around, I feel their cold embrace.

They revel as I declare myself.

Signatures are traded.

Beyond all humans truths.

The purgatory is fading.

I am now law.

Exposed to their eyes, fearless I face their torture.

Enduring their test, I know that it's only just begun.

Locked in a spiritual hardness as they show the way.

Rites commence.

In fiery, I taste the death of sons.

Breeding my conviction, mortal, not now.

Aeons in linger, awake at last.

Purified and crowned to bear deaths ever pale mask.

Light withdraws at my sight, my travels shall be in dimness.

Plunged back to my flesh, their desires I must fulfil

Signatures are traded.

Beyond all human truths.

The purgatory is fading.

I am now law