

## The Flesh I Wear

## The Hat

In the dark  
of the mind,  
the flame lightens.  
I discover the  
curse of my soul.  
Trapped in this life form,  
forced to experience  
the flaws of  
human nature.

Disturbed, deranged and mentally fucked  
in the eyes of those who can not see. In the  
visions of my dying flesh I see the  
gathering of an higher power. The reason for me  
wandering these fields of poison.

In the silence, in the night. There is a force  
taking place in the flesh I wear. And the signs  
will show in new forms  
as the days go by in the  
flesh I wear.

I bear the chalice, my  
soul, with pride and  
strength. My human  
flesh is the temple of self-  
discovered knowledge.  
Which I'll bring forth to  
the grand dimension of  
death.