

Breath of the Black Muse

Zao

Open your mouth, boy
Just to swallow your teeth
I will not pay the price for your self-inflicted grief
My meekness lies there shivering and raped
Trembling prophet
Anointed wrath of God incarnate

Cutting and tearing dissection
Strangled and hanging before me
Weeping and screaming become you
Carry out your suffering

Raise your fist, boy to bring upon your demise
Never had a clue what waited behind these eyes
Your body turn apart
You could not escape
Trembling prophet
Anointed wrath of God incarnate

Cutting and tearing dissection
Strangled and hanging before me
Weeping and screaming become you
Carry out your suffering

Inspiration from your damnation
Your breath blackens my lungs

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You marked the line to guide my first incision
You marked the line to guide my first incision
You marked the line to guide my first incision
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Breath of the black muse
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