

# Amorphis, Excursing From Existence

Erosion of life I see  
It makes the passion burn in me  
Life it always withers away  
Death will eternally stay

Corpses in their coffins  
Forever rest in peace?  
There sleeping with the aspergillus  
Is this justice to the dead?

The atrocious sight of burial ecremony  
Christians weeping for the departed  
They won't understand, they should envy them!

The deceased they know, if there's a paradise  
Or shall we feel, the purgatory!  
I open the graves, admire the rot  
I can feel the presence, of something beyond

Aureola of nauseating reek  
Wings of shriveled skin  
Holy beauty of a carcass  
Divine sight for me to gaze upon!

Necrolatic! Reverence for putrefaction  
Necrolatic! reverence for the stench

I kneel, before a carrion  
I pray, before the dead  
I know, they shall rise  
I fear, for the scourge  
I revere, power of the dead