

Benediction, Carcinoma Angel

A stark contrast to bleakly view
Monochromic ways
Fecund creeping ulcerate
Cancer feeds on me
Begin my solstice, forth of twelve
Terminal complaint
Footprints in the sands of time
Now slowly blown away
Divine message time has come
Lesser men are crushed
To die an ordered death I'll not
In god I have no trust
Pure of mind the body rots
Internal self decay
Carcinoma Angel smiles
A vision that which slays
No new worlds to conquer - now I am enslaved
My inner conflict - to break from these chains
Break the chains - Break the chains
Spread your wings and fly.....
In a thousand shapes and guises
Carcinoma Angels all
Through a self-induced remission
Carcinoma Angels fall
In sanatorium hear me shout
Inside my body, I cannot get out