

# Kataklysm, Shrine Of Life

(CHAPTER III - REBORN THROUGH DEATH, Version II)

Marching corpse to rise  
I must fulfill my new destiny  
Crawlwalking from my suicide

As I penetrate the exit of my home  
People look up at me  
With repugnance and disgust  
I'm now an enemy of my race  
Outside my domain, I discover  
That my dreaming abilities  
Were my undead powers  
Casting a spell to the point of no return  
At the forgotten Isle  
Where lies the forbidden Shrine

Out of my tornado field  
Near the sacred Shrine  
I climb the steps of knowledge  
Each step inflicts me terrible pain  
Decomposition of my soul  
As my organs rot away  
Flesh falling part by part  
Dematerialization  
In front of the pedestal I open the Golden book  
And some of my fingers fall off  
A bright radiance illuminates from the Book  
This gleam dissolves my eyes  
The pus flows on my cheeks  
At this moment a voice says...

What are thine pupose?  
As I answer! One of my arms breaks into pieces  
I am here... I want to repend myself...  
From my will of death  
Art thou sure?  
Yes...  
Then read aloud what is written...

I can't, my eyes...  
I must concentrate...  
I see the chant of life  
The mantra to reborn

Ahm... Mu... Hum... Cah...  
Veramocor  
Ahm... Mu... Hum... Cah...

Now I can hear thousands of lamenting Damians  
Around the sacred shrine  
Waiting for my soul to fall  
My body cracks in two  
I keep my faith 'till the end of the beginning  
As my torso of vomiting worms dies  
My brain explodes... My spirit is thrown in...  
I'm Alive, free to be reborn