

Mayhem, Ancient Skin

(I: Maniac)

In these nights of magic
Where great pamiis obscured
By the fantasy dragon made real
By the powers of lingering trauma

I looked beyond the dawn of day
Beyond the angstridden faces
Into the mind captured behind
Living the lie of the weakened ones

I captured the moment given
I denied the sickening love
Turned to the purity of anger
I saw myself in the abyss

Complete fullness I now own
I return to earth a demonrace
Denied by man through ages
Now I walk the dying soil

Atrocities turned beauty
Machines of torture turned art
Beneath your cities I sleep
At dawn I weep...