

# Mayhem, Ancient Skin

(I: Maniac)

In these nights of magic  
Where great pams 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...