

Samael, Rebellion

Two alone in a sack of skin
playing the role of slave master of war
that is my lot

Separated but still united
Bound to emptiness, bound to flesh
that is my hell

Penitent rebel
riding the ether or grovelling in the mud
I know how little is the value
of that which has a price

Rebellion!
Instinct is not the path of man
Rebellion!
Renunciation is not the divine way

Two alone in a sack of skin
playing the role of slave master of war
that is my lot

Separated but still united
Bound to emptiness, bound to flesh
Captured and tortured
I don't want this, I want to leave

How can one go when one has already arrived?
Flight is an illusion
and even triumph is bitter
when only the battle is counted

I know how little is the value
of that which has a price

Rebellion!
Instinct is not the path of man
Rebellion!
Renunciation is not the divine way
Rebellion!