

Scarve, Alteration

Swallowed in this beauty's splendour
Contemplating the confines of infinity
I'll watch these glowing red grounds shatter
And crack and tumble down deep beyond imagination

I unleash the instincts
Take advantage, procreate
Through disillusion and rumbling memories
My renewal is worthy of their suffering
As I rise ...

I rise on alteration
This world means nothing
By my sole hand I'll build my reign

Bow down, you larvae, and spread open wide!
I will substitute your weakness with force
For it is I and I alone
And the universe lies in my hands!

You can't resist your urges
You're the alteration's womb
And on these shattered grounds
My claws inflict their final wounds