

Septic Flesh, The Eyes Of Set

The seer of Set can recognize
the negative evolution of consciousness
Empires forged, prospered and scattered
like the sand-hills, they seemingly
disappear but are never lost
The Eyes of Set
rivers of life made of sweat and blood
score the slave's skin
as Nile scores the parched plain

The giant rocks he hauls
are never endingly creating
monuments to snakes
that change their skin
Miserable descendants of Sisyphus
just play their role
as body obeys to the intentions
of the mind

The Eyes of Set
"They are the grass, we are the blade
that reaps redemption.
Praise Set and join the storm
that will turn their hopes into dust".