

Triptykon, Tree of Suffocating Souls

Speak to me, my master
Speak to me, come save me
Redeemer, revive me
This black void, through my heart
I can't see your dark sky
Almighty, above me
By grace, save me
Believe in me, I am your lie
I am deceit disguised
I am your lie
Speak to me
My master
Speak to me
Rise to me from the dead
Appear from this earth
This your world, this your hell
Forgive my feeble lies
I shall die
As masses submit to embrace
And the maker reveals his one face
As the plague of humanity arrives
I drown in this blood contrived
Creator of suffering divine
Of baseness surmounting these minds
Of reflection and reason impaired
As grief trails endless despair