Watain, Puzzles Ov Flesh

Blinded soul, vomit faith fingers reaching deep Senses made dogmas And the Phoenix rises...

None is denial I am not one of mine His words unlocked

Backwards, reforming what won't reflect Assembling puzzles of flesh Perfect... yet unknown!

Sigils encarved, the burning stench reveals frustration None could deny Him! Carrying the voids of those eyes

None is denial I am not one of I My words unlocked

It reveals through the fall Staring at the abyss, getting further Through mirrors... Flesh & prince in need for substance!

You are denied You are not one of He Your words are locked.