

1349, Necronatalenheten

Welcome to where the dead things are
Flesh fresh from the womb
Still warm, still kicking, still life..
The grief in the eyes of those who remain
Nekionatalenheten
-the shadow of death is filling the room
Nekionatalenheten
-where the voice of life is put to sleep
Nekionatalenheten
-the sun must pass the darkness rules
Nekionatalenheten
-where the angel of death claims its sacrifices
Nekionatalenheten
-an institution of death
Nekionatalenheten
-no life here only death is real
Nekionatalenheten
-feeling no presence only the stench of death
Nekionatalenheten
-no escaping by life only by death
As the new-born, still-born is put away
7 babies for the beast
dissecting, selecting the best pieces
Boiling the fat away
Gleaming bones in disturbing shapes
I shape with henziad precision
Hungering for perfection
I create
Science and madness
I reveal
The secrets of the flesh.