

1349, Sculptor Of Flesh

Do you hear them calling from beyond?
As a foulness ye shall know them
As a foulness thou knowest thyself
Freed from the shackles of morality
And long long gone is the need for science
Through the wakening of the beast within
Oh did you not rejoice?
When you felt the power... the power in your mind
No longer confined to nocturnal solitude
Walk among the herd
Mold them as you wish
In images of unearthly bizarrerie
Do you hear them calling from beyond?
Sculptor of flesh
Architect of abomination
Mold the living flesh like clay
Sculptor of flesh
Warp the world
To your linking
And then the sun will set
And no new day will rise on humanity
Will you grieve for them?
Will the lack of their bleating cacophony
Strike a note within?
Rejoice, destroyer, anti-christ
For your deed was long overdue