Akercocke, Dark Inside

Drink the blood, shadows cast Formless flesh your disguise Divine Hell ritual Crush your shape, unholy dance The captive angel flailing still Inside the dark, the dark inside Taste of the necrotic cadaver See the blood, obscene prayer Intoxicate seraph pure Evil sublime, agony Purified by my perversion The captive angel flailing still Inside the dark, the dark inside Taste of the necrotic cadaver A perfect suggestion You understand despite The words you can really hear My carnal intention Unfolds before your very eyes The night is cold and clear I cast my gaze to see Your voice is warm and near But it means nothing to me Sea breeze turns to gale It's harder now to see Your words are like a veil Hours drip by, time burning Your wine spills from The glass you barely hold Disrobing, sublimely Reaching down to claim the prize The night is cold and clear I cast my gaze to see Your voice is warm and near But it means nothing to me Sea breeze turns to gale It's harder now to see Your words are like a veil But they mean nothing at all Breathing Scratching From the inside Untouchable Unreachable Uncertainty The night is no disguise The darkness is a mirror I was feeling blind Everything seemed new to me You made up my mind Lies were really truth you see See the blood, obscene prayer Intoxicate seraph pure Evil sublime, agony Purified by my perversion The captive angel flailing still Inside the dark, the dark inside Taste of the necrotic cadaver