

# 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