

# Angelcorpse, Embrace

What is to be of this pestilence  
That makes empires tumble like tears  
The dust of millenia - fallen ages  
Staunches the flow of dawning horizons  
Obscuring -  
While the days crumble as their hours unfold  
A sensual swooning - prophetic mocking  
As the soils swallow the seeds of the past  
[Chorus]  
Each one of us to his own  
Embrace  
Drowning in hallowed solitude  
Swallowing the void  
The pallid hope revealed at last  
Embrace  
Why should I fret in microcosmic bonds  
That chafe the spirit and the mind repress  
When through the clouds gleam beckoning beyonds  
Whose shining vistas mock man's littleness?  
Throw off those shackles of sufferance  
This penance of one thousand ordeals  
I wield the scepter of destiny  
Choose the means of my own death  
[Chorus]  
Each one of us to his own  
Embrace  
Drowning in hallowed solitude  
Swallowing the void  
The pallid hope revealed at last  
Embrace  
Give me both nails and a hammer  
Harness those ecstasies of death  
Prostrate myself on cruciform  
At last...  
With swift feet I made my way  
Helmed by a cacophony of despair  
Deaf to the legacy of youthfulness  
And beauty and joy since pined away  
Yet now a rush falls upon my ears  
Of dripping - whispering words  
The hole of emptiness I pour through  
Unveils the caress from far beyond  
[Chorus]  
Each one of us to his own  
Embrace  
Drowning in hallowed solitude  
Swallowing the void  
The pallid hope revealed at last  
Embrace  
Now no longer can I ignore  
What goes before has gone again  
The silence of immorality  
Satisfied with this one fell step  
Plunge beneath the waters -  
The freezing embrace of the goddess of death