

Arghoslent, Cathari

Eternal search for pleasure
Target of the hunt is received
Contracting hallucinations
Concept of chronology is lost

Paranoia is haunting
Sonic whispers criticize
Trails of motion
Optics engulfed in black spheres

Vocal activity uncertain
All speech is butchered now
Ecstasy craving intimacy
Hatred is pressured by the priest

The little men emerge from the walls of the past
Constructing their humble abodes
Nature's concoctions contort
While poison mutates our chromosomes

Closing my eyes
The men dance with the serpents
Pentamorphic arrangement
The candles glow incumbent

My eyes are now open
The light refracts my vision
Silhouettes distorted
Forced to kiss the Cathari