

At The Gates, The Architects

Ornaments in silent darkness,
the image of man now torn from its structure

The smell of need,
the dwarfed soul of man,
attuned only to flesh
suffering from frustration

Alien to our own spirits
We're naked even in death
The dawn is yet to come
to fill us with knowledge

Pulsating waves of colour,
bleeding off into the black
A whisper of red screams through the night
The architects and the flesh