

Carpathian Forest, Through Self Mutilation

The self-mutilation
Necrosis of the soul
Dark is the shadows of life
Hot as Hell
You take the matters into your own hands
From now on it's downhill
A single candle burns -
In the vast consuming darkness
Uplifting like a funeral
Through these years you were created
In the void between life and death
A shimmering blade shreds through his flesh
At the peak of his night - time bliss
Misanthropes, kings and queens
And a painful vision of Hell
It burns
The blisters on your hands
So nebulous, dark as December
You should be dead by now
Lost in time and space
But you push the limits further
You hate the human race