

December Wolves, The Gard Division

And you watch your dreams float up in my wake.
You will eat the liver of my ever-cascading wrath,
your brain will be covered with glowing teeth marks.
I fold my hands around your planet.
I am the tree neath you rest, the adrenaline that voils in your blood
in a pot of sin, the tidal field that drowns your every hope and I
spread contagion throughout you - I created division!
I am the coma in which you sleep.
The swollen breast that feeds your every pain.
Sleep Sleep Sleep next to my talons
and your gin of the skin will be conveniently cut!
You have called and so I've come, and now we are together as one.
And the angelic visions of yours will be plagued with disease evermore!
Turning close a desperate attempt to see where all the divinity went.
As I reach, you start sinking faster
- No life left for the craven bastard.
I am a minotaur of agony, a pillar of pain, I am you, whose teeth have
turned to barnacles. No one knows, no one cares and there's no way out!
Before me, you kneel and pray and you watch all normality dripping away.
You can beg and plead all you want. It won't change, it's whom I taunt.
Yours is mine and mine is unknown. It makes me laugh to keep hearing
you bitch and moan. No life left for the day in our heart,
no life left as I tear you a apart!