

# Emperor, Thorns On My Grave

"I hereby commit my body to the ground  
sterilised and wrapped in plastic foil  
being an object of this space and time  
this body should remain concealed

for it holds every disease  
ever exposed  
it holds all pain and death  
I could ever unleash

beneath deceiving, fragile skin  
breathes the ever growing hate within

since the first glimpse of my existence  
I have fed this greedy infection

an aimless search for potential persistence  
found no escape from the fatal injection of life

for it holds every disease  
ever exposed  
it holds all pain and death  
it could ever unleash

beneath deceiving, fragile skin  
breathes the ever growing hate within

I am the father

I am the son  
my refugee soul has escaped  
this body depraved  
of final wishes I ask none  
but one  
now that I am gone  
lay thorns on my grave"