

Enochian Crescent, Grey Skin

Do you dare to join the choir
Of opened skin and weeping flesh

Dare you take this sharp key
And penetrate the carnal wall
What treasures will it reveal?
Perhaps a hidden truth beneath...

This drooling call attracts the one
Made of shadows and grey skin

Dare you open the jaws
And look into the red
Open the gates of skin
And see the horde within

Dare you listen their weeping
(Those red tears dropping)
The silent moans from their mouths
And the flowing sighs...

Dare you take this path
For it's made of bleeding
And of suffering and screams
...Although it's all rewarding

I dare to tread there
Where the unfanged jaws drool
Bitter phlegm to amuse
The horde of shadows...

...And grey skin