Ephel Duath, Labyrinthine (Crimson)

Smell this gentle condition...
Misanthropy.

Is there something to respect?
Painting the same landscape again,
You can lose
What these fluid movements are electing.

The unconscious, undesired companion,
Wins.
It's so easy...

Now you can admire
This mental abortion,
He's not an illegitimate child,
He's your monster....

Why are you trying to suffocate?
Raise this figure and forget
Your unpure facade.
This is the way out,
This is the way out.

Labyrinthine!
Let the union occur.
Receive the essence with pride:
The old theatre is falling asleep.
This is the labyrinthine!

Smell this gentle condition....Misanthropy.

The unconscious, undesired companion,
Wins.
It's so easy..