

Lehavoth, Iconoclastic

The serpent strikes
Strikes again
Let him inside you

The silent serpent strikes again
With visions
In tongues
In broken rhymes

In visions and tongues
Inhuman shades of grins
In colors searing in ones mind

Feed on me
Breed on me
Horror god in black

Voices in me

There shall be no god before me
I am iconoclastic

Elevate your iconoclastic highs
I'll be the lab rat to break the silence

The greater the sin
In every code of life
The lifeless in fear
The strongest root it is

Heading the light
The knowledge of pain
Renegade soul
The purest of man

As fire to burn at the weakest of man

I rage for I cannot live in a world of taboos

Where no mind is existence

In the name of my soul

Honor

In visions and tongues
Inhuman shades of grins
In colors searing in ones mind

Feed on me
Breed on me
Horror god in black

And still your heart and mind in perpetual suicide
Now look at me

There shall be no god before me
I am
Iconoclastic