

# Noumena, King Twisted

Hatred is my sceptre, instrument of doom  
Armor made of cruelty, inhuman tortured misery  
Deception's woven into my cape, I wrap betrayal around  
On my throne I sit and moan and wear the crown of decadence

Have I found myself, have I seen the closer glimpse of truth  
I ain't even slipping yet, I've got white soul to denigrate

With ravens I am glutting gore and one pound of putrid flesh  
Only things defiling me are words no more no less  
Long is the way and hard that out of light leads down to hell  
There is something holding me it won't let go of my filthy shell

I will blind their eyes, sew up their liar mouths  
Seal the coffin of the living dead and wait for rotten corpse

Oh, how hard I have to try to ruin myself?  
Dedication for the twisted salvation  
Exhausting me, still I must mutilate on and on  
I can't even know myself, if I haven't tasted some blood