

Runemagick, Temple Of Skin

(Music: N. Rudolfsson)
(Lyrics: Whiplasher Europa)

It's a cold claw that grasps your sanguine little heart
Clenches and drenches your lounges with blood
It's a cold skull that holds your fragile little mind
Soon crushed by the force that's moving up from behind

We are all sacrificed
When death drapes the altar
Soul putrification
Suffer the manifestation!!

Temple of Skin
Feel how rusty blades cut within
Temple of man
Torn to bits by death's hand

I will praise the grace of decay
The grand celebration of the wicked
I will haunt the Empyrean plains
Grind pure plagues to perfection

It's a trembling hand that holds time's dusty scepter
Dictating a code that suffers the law of the grave
It's an infected blade that cut your heart in two
The temple of skin is left dead to dream of you.

We are all sacrificed
When death drapes the altar
Soul putrification
Suffer the manifestation!!

Temple of Skin
Feel how rusty blades cut within
Temple of man
Torn to bits by death's hand

Slaves of death yet masters of life
Children of darkness but tyrants for light
we are the unspoken name, the untrodden path
a union benighted by left hand wrath