

# 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 putrifaction  
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 Emyrean 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 putrifaction  
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