

Skyclad, Sins Of Emission

There's a beast in the cellar
There since this building was made.
He's lurked in the shadows
From when its' foundations were laid.

From my "double-helix" he taunts me
His primal voice roars
It mocks my humanity
Turning the key in locked doors.

Sins of emission - an animal trapped in a civilised mind
Sins of emission - my formal facade for the deaf, dumb and blind.
Sins of emission - spilling my seed now the harvest is sown
Sins of emission - come feast on a banquet of blood, flesh and bone.

Though we try to deny
This primordial drive in us all
We will cease to exist
When we no longer heed nature's call.

I'm a puppet of lust and my instincts are pulling the strings
No, love's not an angel - it's merely a monkey with wings.

Sins of emission - enticing and thrilling
Sins of emission - the flesh is so willing
Sins of emission - down under my skin
Sins of emission - we're all "in like Flynn."

Temptation's the one thing we'll never resist
It flirts like a maiden that yearns to be kissed
Is throwing the cradle to hells raging fires
More sinful than nursing unacted desires?

Hold tightly the reins
Of your bestial instinct to breed
He's an unwelcome guest
In the "house-trained" existence you lead

How long can you muzzle this wild brute creation of yours?
You can't quarantine the primeval with walls, bars and doors.

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