

The Axis Of Perdition, Nightmare Suspension

(Lyrics: AOP)

I wear the crown of razor-thorns above tangled, twitching cables
Protruding from a bloodstained mouth wide in soundless agony
I, wreathed in tortured wires in the displaced gulf
Scorched hand gnarled around spheres of collapsing time
Pitiable fragments of war-ravaged cities creep behind horizons
Clawing through the toxic fumes and pits of atrophied hope
Humanity flees into sewers infested with seething terrors
Poisoned herds digested by an aeon of stagnation

I see nothing but the vastness of the envenomed stars
I scream towards
The transitional suns in a dilating reality
I've seen everything but the vacuum of infinity
I'm the one who trampled glass into God's grave of filth

Beneath the crumbling relics of the machinated empire
The unsullied throne becomes the pestilential tomb
Voices without mouths shriek words without expression
Minds without matter writhe in formless, wretched hunger

We are the life after death
We are the nightmare suspension
We are the cultivated hell around the transforming relic
The AXIS OF PERDITION

It's post-human stellar beauty of the coldest sphere
It's the entrancing glare of an imploding world
It's black hole noise, whispers of singularity
Subsonic star-choir on the astral frequency
It's the volatile retort of the chaos contortion
It's the nightmare desynchrony of the dying god
It's realities torn away in planetary rape
It's the gift of unspoken cycles

This is it.....This is the end of time!