

# Tidfall, The Key To The Instinct Gate

For it is to be what is human  
To navigate with your instincts as if it  
Were they last day of life and your opiate addiction

Supreme and sole survivor, of existence  
To whom you all are ignorant slaves  
Hearken! Hear the prophecy and acknowledge  
The truth of the unholy and profane

Fluids that run the body and mind  
Are the mark and stigmata of the carrion kind?

May your semen be spilt to the earth  
For there, to be feasted on  
By its maggots and worms  
The nature and blood has determined  
For what we must strive  
The instinct gate will open at last  
As here it is written

Breathe not until that day  
Breathe not until that day

When the scent  
Of our nature can be  
Breathed  
As the breath of a god