

Vader, The World Made Flesh

[Lyrics: Pavel Frelik, Music: Peter Wiwczarek]

Most often a trap and a deception, a word can also be an act of creation
and the careful repetition may bring into being new modes of existence.

This is my litany
Against things small and dumb
And the gods of Stasis and Hubris
But for the Word that Makes
This is my word made flesh, my cry and rage
My endless speech that strives to create

This is my recitation
The stubborn logos that pulsates and grinds

Here is my repetition
Of insult, filth, fantasy and love
That calls into being the trigger
The transcendence that'll reveal itself out of the roar
This is my word made flesh, my cry and rage
My kingdom of words that always fail

This is my invocation
My statues carved from stone of silence
My secret whisper in the dark
Which I'll lay waste to with my tongue
My hieroglyphic prayer and chant
For all that is true and high and bright