

Your Shapeless Beauty, The Heretic Side Of Wis

The Heretic Side Of Wisdom

(Music & lyrics : Abate, Blachier, Canavaggia, Cozzi, Lavail)

Praying for an end to come
Craving for the redemption,
Engulfed in a morality
So blind and miserable.
Dying for a man unknown
Or an image so wrong
Killing on adrenaline
For the love of a f**king Beholder
Idolatry in my eyes
Burning the faith of the others
Untold rites that ceased to be
Rejoice for mine is the might
Hell! is nothing but a game!
For slaves to bow to you
Wake up dead man !
All faith is a pain,
A tool to enslave the weak,
Light is no more...
Walk on ! On your path to dismay !
Live all behind,
Over your fears,
Over your dreams,
Over your flesh...
In the corner of my mind
There is the thin line
Between lie and life
You obviously deny.
And I scream.....
For saviour to come
For my soul to drown
I am liberty!!!
I hold freedom in my hands...
The blade...that will open my veins
And spread the blood of freedom on this rotten soil!
Wise men no longer stalking this elegy of light
Which is mankind,
Your death as a cold breath,
An immeasurable loss.
Narrow minds are the new demons
And there shall be no more hope
Until the ancient skin is burnt...
And past is forgotten.
Hell! is nothing but a game!
For slaves to bow to you
Wake up dead man !
All faith is a pain,
A tool to enslave the weak,