

Zavorash, Isolation Icon & The Blackguard

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(Text: T.Scorn / Gideon, Music: I.Hate)

I unmasked my genesis, this given inbound patricide
While clairvoyance killed the super-ego and this all meaning died.
I beheld a million brainchildren murdered on the illiberal pyre
And an implacable pandemonium of a prodigious wobbling hive
Draped in abounding droning shapes
Gifted a bluebottle fleece
Hymns scribbled in a spidery hand
Caught shifting in the breeze
As a rabis tragedian, accosting this imbecile morale
While impeaching their cerulean innocence my laceration of faith prevailed.
Debonairity instantly gifted, I now fail to bewail their fall, as I sneer at their febrile fear and halter the
Patron of Misanthropy
Avatar of sanity
A bulwark in heathen lands
Blasted flawless by the sand
Embellished by its drudges and moldering sanctimony survives
Through incessant mystical obese which the samblance of truth denies.
Self-abnegation resounding and abjected to a gallantry-show,
Of needless flimsy threats - This the humans of Earth bestow.
Tracing lines with mounting glee
Flashed a web-cracked smile
Eldritch turns of father time
Concoction of mead and bile
Boundless preternatural wrangling and baspattering profound, in quile and iconolatry and gormless
Widower of a numbing host
Communal vestigial bride
Litaire of immaculate zeal
Reinforce the "I";
In the maelstrom still imploring in coltish laboured need, the headsmen of heterogeneity are a gasp
Patron of misanthropy
Avatar of sanity
A bulwark in heathen lands
Blasted flawless by the sand
Above this quaint opulence, this risible neurathenia of man, I cachinate as a blackguard, travelling
Patron of misanthropy
Avatar of prophanity
The bulwark of these heathen lands
Blasted flawless by the sand