

# 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