Impure Perfection

Darkane

Gather your emotions in fragile mortality
Try to grasp my infinite darkness
Feel the crawling presence, breed on evil thoughts
In the void around your tortured beingContemplate the untold curse of my region
Created to suffer the naked cold death
Peeling you layer by layer, skin, flesh and bone
Embrace the horror inflicted by meCascades of atrocity, emerge from the inner circleI am the master of my realm
I will decide the pain
Show me your mind
Believe, confess, complyEvolving to a certain state of perfection
Your soul is my pleasures tool
Unpurified, intoxicated structures of creation
Flooding your existence with total despairBy suffering I will restrain the source within
Shaping myself with dissolving remains
Transmutation totally absorbing your life
For the flesh, by the flesh, I will fill your voidBetween shadows and darkness, denying the lightI am the master of my realm
I will decide the pain
Show me your mind
Believe, confess, comply

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