Rebellion

Samael

Two alone in sack of skin
Playing the role of slave master of war
That is my lotSeparated but still united
Bound to emptiness, bound to flesh
That is my hellPenitent rebel
Riding the ether or groveling in the mud
I know how little is the value of that which has a priceRebellion
Instinct is not the path of man
Rebellion
Renunciation is not divine wayTwo alone in sack of skin
Playing the role of slave master of war
That is my lotSeparated but still united
Bound to emptiness, bound to flesh
Captured and torture, I don't want this, I want to leaveHow can one go when one has already arrived?
Flight is an illusion and even triumph is bitter
When only the battle is counted
I know how little is the value of that which has a priceRebellion
Instinct is not the path for man
Rebellion
Renunciation is not the divine way
Rebellion

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