Through Self-Mutilation

Carpathian Forest

The self-mutilation
Necrosis of the soul
Dark is the shadows of life
Hot as HellYou take the matters into your own hands
From now on it's downhill
A single candle burns -
In the vast consuming darkness
Uplifting like a funeralThrough these years you were created
In the void between life and death
A shimmering blade shreds through his flesh
At the peak of his night - time bliss
Misanthropes, kings and queens
And a painful vision of HellIt burns
The blisters on your hands
So nebulous, dark as DecemberYou should be dead by now
Lost in time and space
But you push the limits further
You hate the human race

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