

# Carnal Tide

## Naraka

Fallen grains  
Will breed the race  
When they fallow  
Bodies rise again Why call my name? I, Atma  
Magnet of pain  
Causal nature of the  
Poor mans game Fine, Ill play your game! Calls you last  
Neither friend nor foe  
Consolation of  
Your deathblow Writhing, in defiance  
Bribing, the alliance  
Probing, seeking deeper  
Lying, in this carnal tide Empty woes  
Will feed your life  
As you wait  
For your paradise Why call my name? Die or dont  
She wont let go  
The fervent dealer  
Of your carnal throes Fine, Ill play your game! Thy saviour  
My Lord is, they say  
Let God almighty  
Then end this game Riding, on your conscience  
Abiding, by emotions  
Floating, feeling weaker  
Dying, in this carnal tide Writhing, in defiance  
Bribing, the alliance  
Floating, feeling weaker  
Dying, in this carnal

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