

Enigma

Edge of Sanity

Psalm 1 'The Blessing'

The Priest:

Confess your sins to God, don't be afraid.
Just like me of flesh and blood you're
made. I can heal your wounds and cleanse
your soul, but never return all those
lives you stole.

The Witch:

'You can burn in hell'

The Preacher:

God gives you shelter at heavens shore,
abandon your thoughts to the mighty.
Into the chapel of holyness, live for the
sacred empire, engender the Enigma.

The Unorthodox:

Sacerdotal majesty, a recreant nonentity?
Do you remember when you said.

The Priest:

I can heal the dead.

The Unorthodox:

Paroxysmal ecstasy, dementia or deity?
Sapless you are crawling, to confess
your sins?

Psalm 2 'Celestial Dissension'

The further side, a confounded lie,
panegyration a reunion of riddles? The
sorrow, the funeral truth, mentally
fraud with pseudo relics, enigma, unholy,
ungodly, commander of the regeneration.
Insidious and caught, implored by disgrace.
Inhumation... The burial of man. Con-
fession... Unify all evil. Deep inside, the
unknown quest, the sphere is so depres-
sed, a harp with broken strings, and the gro-
und, this mazy world do still exist, the
ghouls arise from the mist. Renascent
through the holy scripture, submission
to what for us is illusion. From the tene-
brous depths of history, who will divulge

the mystery. Unguiculated, unholy,
ungodly, commander of the regenerati-
on, insidious and caught, implored by dis-
grace, inhumation... The burial of man,
confession... Unify all evil.
Psalm 3 'The Loss of Hallowed Life'
Ha, ha, ha, haoow.

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