Opera Carne

Moonspell

Red meat is the inner shrine of our immortal soul
The heart breaking out illusions of innocent blood
Desire is pain
Eating away the worm in the brainOur flesh burns in mysterious waysGray matter is the unholy clay of our address on Earth
Frontiers are coming down between body and the soul
Abrasive, insane
Putting away the spark in the brainOur flesh works in mysterious ways
Our flesh burns in mysterious ways.

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