

Embrace

Angel Corpse

What is to be of this pestilence
That makes empires tumble like tears
 The dust of millenia - fallen ages
 Staunches the flow of dawning horizons
 Obscuring -
 While the days crumble as their hours unfold
 A sensual swooning - prophetic mocking
As the soils swallow the seeds of the past
 Each one of us to his own
 Embrace
 Drowning in hallowed solitude
 Swallowing the void
 The pallid hope revealed at last
Embrace "Why should I fret in microcosmic bonds
 That chafe the spirit and the mind repress
When through the clouds gleam beckoning beyonds
 Whose shining vistas mock man's littleness?"
 Throw off those shackles of sufferance
 This penance of one thousand ordeals
 I wield the scepter of destiny
Choose the means of my own death
 Give me both nails and a hammer
 Harness those ecstasies of death
 Prostrate myself on cruciform
At last...With swift feet I made my way
 Helmed by a cacophony of despair
 Deaf to the legacy of youthfullness
 And beauty and joy since pined away
 Yet now a rush falls upon my ears
 Of dripping - whispering words
 The hole of emptiness I pour through
Unveils the caress from far beyond
 Now no longer can I ignore
 What goes before has gone again
 The silence of immorality
 Satisfied with this one fell step
 Plunge beneath the waters -
The freezing embrace of the goddess of death
 Quote taken from H.P. Lovecraft's "Phaeton"