

Ancient Skin

Mayhem

In these nights of Magic
Where the great pain is obscured
By the fantasy dragon made real
By the powers of lingering trauma
I looked beyond the dawn of day
Beyond the angst-ridden faces
Into the mind captured behind
Living the lie of the weakened ones
I captured the moment given
I denied the sickening love
Turned to the purity of anger
I saw myself in the abyss
Complete fullness I now own
I return to earth a demon race
Denied by man through ages
Now I walk the dying soil
Atrocities turned beauty
Machines of torture turned art
Beneath your cities I sleep
At dawn I weep...

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