

Watain "Puzzles of Flesh"

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Blinded soul, vomit faith
fingers reaching deep
Senses made dogmas
And the Phoenix rises...

None is denial
I am not one of mine
His words unlocked

Backwards, reforming what won't reflect
Assembling puzzles of flesh
Perfect... yet unknown!

Sigils encarved, the burning stench reveals frustration
None could deny Him!
Carrying the voids of those eyes

None is denial
I am not one of I
My words unlocked

It reveals through the fall
Staring at the abyss, getting further
Through mirrors...
Flesh & mind complete, in need for substance!

You are denied
You are not one of He
Your words are locked.

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