

## **Your Shapeless Beauty "The Heretic Side Of Wisdom"**

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The Heretic Side Of Wisdom

[Music & lyrics : Abate, Blachier, Canavaggia, Cozzi,  
Lavail]

Praying for an end to come  
Craving for the redemption,  
Engulfed in a morality  
So blind and miserable.  
Dying for a man unknown  
Or an image so wrong  
Killing on adrenaline  
For the love of a fucking Beholder  
Idolatry in my eyes  
Burning the faith of the others  
Untold rites that ceased to be  
Rejoice for mine is the might  
Hell! is nothing but a game!  
For slaves to bow to you  
Wake up dead man !  
All faith is a pain,  
A tool to enslave the weak,  
Light is no more...  
Walk on ! On your path to dismay !  
Live all behind,  
Over your fears,  
Over your dreams,  
Over your flesh...  
In the corner of my mind  
There is the thin line  
Between lie and life  
You obviously deny.  
And I scream....  
For saviour to come  
For my soul to drown  
I am liberty!!!  
I hold freedom in my hands...  
The blade...that will open my veins  
And spread the blood of freedom on this rotten soil!  
Wise men no longer stalking this elegy of light  
Which is mankind,  
Your death as a cold breath,

An immeasurable loss.  
Narrow minds are the new demons  
And there shall be no more hope  
Until the ancient skin is burnt...  
And past is forgotten.  
Hell! is nothing but a game!  
For slaves to bow to you  
Wake up dead man !  
All faith is a pain,  
A tool to enslave the weak,

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