

Zavorash

"Isolation Icon & The Blackguard"

Visit "[Isolation Icon & The Blackguard](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Isolation Icon & The Blackguard

[Text: T.Scorn / Gideon, Music: I.Hate]

I unmasked my genesis, this given inbound patricide
While clairvoyance killed the super-ego and this all
meaning died.
I beheld a million brainchildren murdered on the
illiberal pyre
And an implacable pandemonium of a prodigious
wobbling hive
Draped in abounding droning shapes
Gifted a bluebottle fleece
Hymns scribbled in a spidery hand
Caught shifting in the breeze
As a rabis tragedian, accosting this imbecile morale
While impeaching their cerulean innocence my
laceration of faith prevailed.
Debonairity instantly gifted, I now fail to bewail their
fall, as I sneer at their febrile fear and halter their
moribound call.
Patron of Misanthropy
Avatar of sanity
A bulwark in heathen lands
Blasted flawless by the sand
Embellished by its drudges and moldering sanctimony
survives
Through incessant mystical obese which the
samblance of truth denies.
Self-abnegation resounding and abjected to a
gallantry-show,
Of needless flimsy threats - This the humans of Earth
bestow.
Tracing lines with mounting glee
Flashed a web-cracked smile
Eldritch turns of father time
Concoction of mead and bile
Boundless preternatural wrangling and baspattering
profound, in quile and iconolatry and gormless mass is
bound. Fragmentation of the perceptive and in the
nebulous enwrapped, signing the great necrology - By
odius gibber entrapped.

Widower of a numbing host
Communal vestigial bride
Litaire of immaculate zeal
Reinforce the "I"
In the maelstrom still imploring in coltish laboured
need, the headsman of heterogeneity are a gasping
noxious breed. Dissimulating the plausible, nugatory
accolade of disillusion, with eveningsongs of undiluted
clemency drabbed in pure confusion.
Patron of misanthropy
Avatar of sanity
A bulwark in heathen lands
Blasted flawless by the sand
Above this quaint opulence, this risible neurathenia of
man, I cachinate as a blackguard, travelling these
dying lands. In the ablart of lamentation lupine I walk in
knavery, mordacious with an eerie truth - A rampant
obfuscating novelty.
Patron of misanthropy
Avatar of prophanity
The bulwark of these heathen lands
Blasted flawless by the sand

Visit [Zavorash](#) page on [MotoLyrics.com](#), to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.