

13 Winters

"Necronatalenheten"

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Welcome to where the dead things are
Flesh fresh from the womb
Still warm, still kicking, still life..
The grief in the eyes of those who remain

Nekionatalenheten
-the shadow of death is filling the room
Nekionatalenheten
-where the voice of life is put to sleep
Nekionatalenheten
-the sun must pass the darkness rules
Nekionatalenheten
-where the angel of death claims it's sacrifices

Nekionatalenheten
-an institution of death
Nekionatalenheten
-no life here only death is real
Nekionatalenheten
-feeling no presence only the stench of death
Nekionatalenheten
-no escaping by life only by death

As the new-born, still-born is put away
7 babies for the beast
Dissecting, selecting the best pieces

Boiling the fat away
Gleaming bones in disturbing shapes
I shape with henziend precision
Hungering for perfection

I create
Science and madness
I reveal
The secrets of the flesh.

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