

Dark Sermon

"In Tongues"

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My still tongue in a straight jacket
Bursts at the seams with troubles untold
For I am weak, my shriveled lungs let out
Their final screams in vain and
Grow cold

In this frenzy of frantic voices
I need only to silence my own
They speak, they speak in tongues

In the basement of my mind
I am shackled to
All of the things that I tried to forget
The cuffs write in red on my paper skin

A knock at the door
Is to be ignored
The voices told me
"Don't let anyone in"

You are safer now than ever before
Here with us underground
As for the many who will beckon
Make no exceptions

The one who knocks
He will lead you astray
With false hope and promises
You will be tested, but falter not
We will protect you from the unsound

Only we know the truth
Speak only the words that we approve

Be bathed in the darkness
Banish the light
For He who 'saved' you
Is the Devil Himself

Be bathed in the darkness
Banish the light

For He who 'saved' you
Is the Devil Himself"

Take
Me
I am weak

I pledge my
Allegiance
To
The priest of
Loathing and despair

I pledge my
Allegiance
To His unholy name:
Baphomet

This is my testament
To the unholy
I have seen the black prince
He is unwavering

This is my testament
To the unworthy
I have seen the darkness
It has enveloped me

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