

Aenaon

"Carnivora's Lair"

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I watch you through the layers
Of hunting and sloth
The abyss of sorrow and pity
We pay ourselves

Blackened sunless horizons above lies on the earth
Blood storms and other things devastating birth

Fall on down to corpses rotting in the soil
Faced in their own blood through the giant coil

Maggots crawl from wounds soon will turn to flies
Spread disease across the land to the lucky who've
survived

I grasped and clawed from his flesh
A mass that is called man
A divine face with rotten smell

I have you now inside me,
The claws of death
A fragile observation
In a world of weakness and pain

As the winter is close across the lands of lobes
A carnage of mankind is surrounded by the laws
Hiding them from the human eyes, a mechanic feast
A trap of innocence for the flesh of religion, for the
blood of faith,
For the soul of mankind that is driving to hell

A legend full with blood
Hidden in the depths of souls
The other half of mankind
A carnivora's lair

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