

Bartholomeus Night "So Silent"

Visit "[So Silent](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Dead!

Useless spiral form, moving slowly outside the atmosphere.

... Thought you will survive? Never again!

Locked in the arms of this decadent aeon.

Crossing the minds of the wise.

The stanch of the older.

The light of those who oppose me!

Destroy the temple of your enemies.

Trust none as your ally!

Those you cast you're love upon may as well defeat you!

I hold my heart as a burning sulfur.

I discharge myself of the automatic movements of the weak.

I carry my sins out in the air,

For no unprivileged god will bring me down on my knees.

For the one who will crown me, he.

Is the paragon of intelligence.

Trapped in a form of an organic failure.

Feeding on indulgence. Facing the ancient.

Drinking the blood of those who try to destroy me!

Remember the screams of the dying man.

The scratching nails on your mothers skin.

And know the true essence of survival... DEATH!

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