

Chardewa

"Future Cult"

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Masquerade of feckless truth
Essence - all stone dead orchestra
Magma - my perfect gold
For release the chains of the absence

Mental cage of plastic mind
Where and when you exist?
Progeny of a reversal core
Plastic flesh worships demigod

Future cult...

Silent breathe with feckless hope
Your eyes display a leprous corpus
Whispering scars sound from your throat
Plastic flesh worships demigod

I walk hand in hand with the future
Notwithstanding selfdestruction
Intoxicated spine of your essence
An echo consisting from emptiness

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