

Compos Mentis "The Angel Maker"

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Suffocating silence, devoted light fades into mist
Soon to come the fiend of horrendous consistence
The king's city swallowed up in incompressible
fascination
This beast must be nothing but profanity's creation

The confusion hides in me,
Am I gods' creation or what they can see?
As a victim of the human race, who's to blame?
Them or me?

My realm, my kingdom is filled with toxic hollowness
But my sweet ones shall suffer no more
Darkness imprisoning me, all that I see, absolute horror
Here at 23, your childlike souls I will set free

The confusion hides in me,
Am I gods' creation or what they can see?
As a victim of the human race, who's to blame?
Them or me?

Far but yet so close
You seem lost and deranged
Your rotten spirit
We will cleanse with the hand of just
And it slams for your demise

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