

Imago Mortis "Dying Pantheon"

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Live is to decompose slowly
You cannot stand it, but it's only fate
They say that you are what you eat
I say that you are what you defecate

You try to refuse what life reserves to you
But bounded to the flesh you are born
Slowly you're coming to the very end
Your final act performed to the worms

You try to escape into a fantasy
Deny the animal inside you
But it's crying, claiming to be free
To change the whole life that you once knew

No hell, no heaven, no eternity
No supernatural being, no Great Plan
Back to the womb of nature you can be
No god, no devil, just a man

There will be no more prisons to hold you in
You are free now, and still it's not late
You go on, discovering possibilities
When you show the world what you can create

I wanna be my own God
I wanna be my own God

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