

In Dread Response "The Begotten"

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The earth trembled
All nature sighed
In dread response
A god has died!

The wings of death have opened up
As we nurture the world with pain

Now we are disappearing
Into the cancerous trees
Where the shepherd has lost all his sheep

Empty skies
Our veins are open
Following the radiant voice
Of hopelessness and fear
The temple walls disintegrate
Mortal fears hammered into bloodstone

"Sons of the earth - flesh on dead bone"
We sealed your tomb, begotten one
"Sons of the earth - flesh on dead bone"
They buried you, forgotten one

The sun withdrew it's light in shame
As we're trying to reach the stars

For we are the defectors
Of your broken destiny
The crowned heads who first called retreat

Still, in our minds
We'll make attempts
At transcending the imminence
Of suffering and misdeed
Though all the emblems are set ablaze
Reverence never admits defeat

"Sons of the earth - flesh on dead bone"
We sealed your tomb, begotten one
"Sons of the earth - flesh on dead bone"
They buried you, forgotten one

Virtues of worthless black and white
Held captive by sewer-hearts
Spouted from the mandible of nothingness
To appease the never-ending flow of hallowed scum
Writhing in a pious confusion, each wearing a head of
plaited thorns
The passionless martyrs acting out ordinance,
confined to dreary cellars of sanctity
Abandoned kingdom in the sky, it's master is laughing
through amnesia clouds

As the crowd descends from the mountain
Through the swirling storms and eruptions
The wingless dove in bloody rags; released

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