

Insision

"Before My Altar"

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Before my altar, the phallus God never had
our fallen angel, supposed dead?

Mankind so pitiful, still on our knees
in this world of angels, Satan's supremacy.

Before my altar.
I am not the deceived.

Before my altar, the demon king, or a shape of him
I speak in silence, word so unreal
and this my journey, through out my catacombs
Echo's of former deities in shape of worms

Deceived? Not! Sanity is cloaked in madness
Conscious but still asleep, I'm drained.
Trapped in sustained animation
World of glass, shattered hope
some turn to their oppressors

I turn to my redeemer, I see the beauty of it all...
I-BE-LIVE!
I-BE-LIVE!
I-BE-LIVE!
I-BE-LIVE!

Formless in it's own existence
I face the darkness.

Before my altar, the phallus God never had
our fallen angel, supposed dead?
Mankind so pitiful, still on our knees
In this world of angels, Satan's supremacy

I see the demons, beauty, redeemers
Guardians of the world between
Claws ripping through the atmosphere
I'm not alone
Before my altar

Before my altar
Riddles unfold

I'm calm
so tired
so...

I-BE-LIVE!
I-BE-LIVE!
I-BE-LIVE!
I-BE-LIVE!

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