

Insision

"Ideas Of Revolution"

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Engineering one's fate
Caught up in a place between
In the swoon falling
Killing off the illusions
In that swoon I saw
That all is not as it seems
But merely dreams within a dream
Blurred and dazed and death swept away
Twisted flesh all disrupted displaced
Hollow temples filled to the brim
Dead souls collector.
Ode to him
Incubated temples in a world up high
And midst the cold colours.
There was I
To sleep in the deepest slumber
To stand on the shores of choice
To be held up high.
There was I
I could feel that throbbing sound once more
That of the majestic crowned whore (life)
The sounds of rush in this veins
In the swoon
I'm lost again
With their lakes undoubtedly outspread
To steer your soul to meet with the dead
Our horned god in the first entrance
In the swoon
I'm lost forever.
Joy Departure of warmth
I kept it away
Then the burst of light in my eyes - no!
Our horned god in the first entrance
In the swoon
I'm lost forever.
Joy Departure of warmth
I kept it away
Then the burst of light in my eyes - no!
There from the swoon
I found the key
The ideas of revolution
Mankind falls on it's knees

Time to kill of the illusions
Revolt!
Aggitate!
Erect I stand flawless and eyes wide open Satan!
I remember you shall exalt your throne here on earth
As in hell and in heaven
Stitches ripped from bleeding eyes
Receive him
The fuel we are the engines here on earth
Awake

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