

Insision

"The Magnet Soul"

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[Pretext:

I exit the void. Disconnect life. Expel the thick bile, the
healing has been done, I've stepped outside.

Exitus Spiritus.

Luciferius et tu domunis I am the new law. Now be
drawn to me... lkon]

Let the chanting begin

I call forth those in slumber

I call for retaliation

From interest, a pure passion

A deranged confession

You bow so perfectly in joy

Be drawn to the magnet soul

The mutter is for you, my lord

They bow to set you free - free at last!

What were those words again

Your suffering has got eyes

(I'm) Caught up in the twirl, lord Satan

Cutting myself on the shattered glass

And so the chanting returns

And now you bow for the magnet soul

And so the chanting returns

It is bound to set you free

I ran from the trapped, I killed that world

The confessor, I smashed your face in!

Who are you in the reflection, I do not recognise

Old man and his burden kept

Killed from birth, a soul in dept

The mutter is for you my lord

I bow to set you free

checked out so many times

but I never left

We call those in slumber now

Give praise to the lord

Satan, father

We bow to set you free, this world is yours!

Now bow down!

For the magnet soul

You bow down for the IKON

I exude the host, I spit you out
False face, are you righteous?

Blessed be those of you with clear and open eyes
Scorned angel of the light, Lucifer
They bow for you, my lord
Their minds will set you... free
Luciferius et tu Dominus
This world is yours!

... and so the chanting returns
Now bow down for the Icon
And so the chanting returns
Rise to power!

I K O N

I K O N

I K O N

[Ante-text [sic]: ...
and crush the immaculate conception. Mortal man,
blood and bones and even God can die!
Watch your saviour disappear, as 'It' transcend into
society.
The conception of Satan as a norm, murdering your
Gods.
Wonderful rebellion in a land of lambs. Your old beliefs
morally corrupt.
You have created your own true hell. Satan excluded.
Trapped with no return, and I am not privileged to join.
You of the self enthroned lie of the 'holy'... here and
now is your day of Torment!
Glory, glory!
Prisa Djavuten!]

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