

Kataklysm

"Shrine of Life Version II"

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Marching corpse to rise
I must fulfill my new destiny
Crawlwalking from my suicide

As I penetrate the exit of my home
People look up at me
With repugnance and disgust
I'm now an enemy of my race
Outside my domain, I discover
That my dreaming abilities
Were my undead powers
Casting a spell to the point of no return
At the forgotten Isle
Where lies the forbidden Shrine

Out of my tornado field
Near the sacred Shrine
I climb the steps of knowledge
Each step inflicts me terrible pain
Decomposition of my soul
As my organs rot away
Flesh falling part by part
Dematerialization
In front of the pedestal I open the Golden book
And some of my fingers fall off
A bright radiance illuminates from the Book
This gleam dissolves my eyes
The pus flows on my cheeks
At this moment a voice says...

What are thine pupose?
As I answer! One of my arms breaks into pieces
I am here... I want to repend myself...
From my will of death
Art thou sure?
Yes...
Then read aloud what is written...

I can't, my eyes...
I must concentrate...
I see the chant of life

The mantra to reborn

Ahm... Mu... Hum... Cah...

Veramocor

Ahm... Mu... Hum... Cah...

Now I can hear thousands of lamenting Damians

Around the sacred shrine

Waiting for my soul to fall

My body cracks in two

I keep my faith 'till the end of the beginning

As my torso of vomiting worms dies

My brain explodes... My spirit is thrown in...

I'm Alive, free to be reborn

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