

# Kathaaria

## "Archives Of Doubt"

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(I. There Is A Piece Of God In All Of My Scars)

(II. Borderline Vanity)

A dissident - forlorn - forsaken  
Like an architect of slow death  
Coping with the shape of snakes

Once cowering in embryonic shape  
Sullen in spirit  
Now rising - cutting to feel  
Defeating self-perseverance  
With numbered moments and poisoned mind(s)  
A corpse still warm exhales

Dissenter from the core

A burst of energy serves as the last enchantment

Disturbing the peace  
Maiming the scarred remains  
In the shadows of wolves  
"in the midst of life we are in death"

May the stars be hidden  
In a thicket of obliteration  
Inexorable shall be the dawning of disorder  
A clean killing going in circles  
11 seals prosper the departure of truth  
Holy decay extinguish organic grandwhore  
We shall not overcome  
Once and for all

Sic transit gloria mundi!

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