

Korova

"Nordsciltim - In The Filth Where All Cull Perambulates Pain"

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Within elysian kingdoms
I lived in plenitude,
Holding father's boundless wisdom,
Basking in mother's sweetest love.
But just the lachrymal gate
Led to mephitic ground,
And only sins could form a key
To explore the other side.
"Languish one life for your impious deeds,
In the filth where all cull perambulates pain!"
Decarnalized my soul flows through the portal's haze.
My mind is erased as my inner core divides.
The spirit sea to amniotic fluid turns.
Squalling with dread into my prison I am born.
Below the heavens, amidst the whores
Weird convicts gather to hail their newborn son.
Where yester sinners hybridized with apes

Herdes were begotten to serve the wolves.
Nordsciltim - Noble scutcheon forged in solemn pride.
My words are my hammer, which I throw when I bleed
On gutted husks whose dreams are gone.
With meaning substitutes they're filled,
But my Nordsciltim won't leave for wine and lust.
They purloined my youth
To smother the fortune I've kept.
No lament, just sullen grimness
Follows this tragic bereavement.
One day I'll stand on the peak
And gaze into the emptiness,
When adorers creep to praise
The somber children they had battered.
(Lyrics & Music written in November 1993)

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