

## The Chasm

# "Brand The Mournful Liberation"

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Like a destruction of the spirit  
Like the purification of one's mind's eye  
From the greatness of my manifestation  
Corroding their feeble will  
But no one shall stand before us  
'Coz we are the thunder of the black sun  
And tons of pestilent magma surround our surreal  
empire  
No one shall defy, no one shall survive

Brand the mournful liberation  
We've seen the scorn of life and dream together as  
one  
Creating the truth of my wisdom  
Like a destruction of the spirit  
For an impending day of joy  
That is reaching the veil...  
No one shall defy...

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