

Lux Occulta

"Brutal"

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You're looking at the devil.
A muse to crack your skull.
Rage grown past comprehension.
Roots far too deep to pull.
Whispers enough to level,
Any last trace of you.
My smile, just an extension,
Of the façade I use.
To find a tiny fissure,
And work my way inside.
I'll find the dirty little Ugly
Acts you try to hide.
I know just what you're made of.
I've burrowed through the bile.
I'll find strength in your weakness.
If only for a little while.

Fill my throat. With your foul flesh.
Treat me like you, Have the rest.
In return, I'll set you free.
Within hell that's Yours inside of me.

Welcome to inner sanctum,
Protect you from the norm,
No hint of comfort's grating,
No soul to keep you warm.
All things just past your reaching,
And flesh you can't afford,
An endless line of metal on your teeth
And nails across the board.

Tell me all, Secrets by act,
Lie distracted, On your back.
While I chase, Your friends away,
And I sharpen All of your dismay.

Say you like it Brutal

Now you pay, For all your force,
I've traced my hate, And you're the source.
You can stray, Cause I'm inside,

And inch by inch I'll slice you open wide.

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