

Lux Occulta

"Disobey"

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I've felt the icy fingers. I've licked the wet of lips.
And since the past has come Inside I miss those finger
tips.

I've stretched my self to meet the, Cold hands of evil's
breath,
I've taken every inch I could, To feel the thrusting in of
death's

Demise, surprised to find gray, Skin of "sin" so suited
me,
And choosing life, forsaking all the False god's
And their lying, lusting priests.

Fall, from, grace, deface the, I, dol, a, try of this.
Ship, of fools, and make them choke up, on all of their
lies.
Two thou, sand years and still, we've let them stop our
lives,
It's time to break the chain of strife and disobey.

Disobey

Within the frost of the air, Into the night's holy glare,
The icy skin as it tears,
Become the thing that you fear.
The silence still as it blares,
Eternal downward the stairs,
Take you to depths unprepared,
The thrill is pure, rich and clear.

The writhing under your tongue,
Calls longing for you to come,
Suck the scent into your lungs,
And lick the salt from your lips.
The dripping folds once undone,
Demanding songs left unsung,
And leave you shuddering, stunned,
Forever, well worth the trip.

Heavenly fathers, call to their daughters,
Never to falter, falling upon deaf ears.

Deep in the waters, screams through the slaughtered,
Paths slowly whispered falling on deaf ears.

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