

Malicious Secrets "Day Of Wine And Thorns"

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"What matter the victims, provided the gesture is beautiful?

What matters the death of vague human beings,
If thereby the individual affirms himself?"

Laurent Tailhade

The black Idol emerges as a silver lining in a dust cloud
of death,

Eerie parallel tongues and the piping of heaven
The culture of transgression is mine and my descent
Makes me ascend in a repugnant swirl:

Sic volo,
Sic jubeo,
Stat pro ratione voluntas

The black Idol fills the veil of flesh with noxious smoke,
Depicting primal human experiences indifferently,
Contemptuous of moral concerns, dehumanized
The howling of wolves and the destructive sword are
portions of Eternity,
Too great for the eyes of merely a man:

Transcendence of thresholds occurs with violence
And will for Vice is like the mind's dark radiance
Which blinds and of which I'm dying
Corruption is the spiritual cancer reigning in the depths
of things
And it fills until the last cell of my vivid being
Dissolution and putrefaction, prevailing Aesthetic
experience,
The splendor of the obscene and inhuman;
For what matters the death of a vague human beings
If thereby the individual affirms himself?

Violence exists I the moment when the eye turns
upwards into the head,

When inversion is complete and total
The darkness of the upturned eye is not the absence of
light
But the process of seeing being taken to its limit

That thorough derangement of the senses,
Way beyond the deceptive conflict between darkness
and light
Opens perceptions to the tyranny of the Chekhinah:

Si non credideritis,
Non inteligetis

The dimension of ethereal totalitarianism discloses
itself
And takes possession of the quintessential human soul
Like a nail hammered through most tender flesh
Aeons separate the one whose eyes have seen through
the night of the spirit
The king, the Lord of hosts, draped in terrifying
magnificence
From the gleaming clot of trembling vermin
If a faith and a belief aren't nurtured by the moist of
blood
They do not grow, nor do they live
It is at the magnitude of daily murders, massacres and
mass graves
That we do measure the propagation of our faith
Hearken and recognize, that hideous carrion
Legs in the air, like a whore - displayed, indifferent to
the last
A belly slick with lethal sweat and swollen with foul gas:

This is you, nourishing
The grand Mass Grave Aesthetics!

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