

## **Mist Of The Maelstrom "This Exquisite Corpse"**

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See you transform  
Before my ever-watching eye  
Life to death  
Profane to sacred  
Mortal to immortal  
No decay  
No decay  
Purify

Purity of form  
For all time  
Your new godlike mold  
This exquisite corpse

(What choice do you have? To wither into nothingness,  
alone and forgotten, or to outlast the ages? To reach  
what lies beyond, you must pass through life.)

(One day you will hang beside the screaming dead,  
and on that day you will achieve perfection in parched  
skin and dry bone. You will achieve immortality)

(All the beauty of a man's life fades with his dying  
breath; the only undying beauty is death.)

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