

Morgul "Stealth"

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I am not what I seem to be
This flesh is not reality
In some fantasy it may be cookies to go with the wine
In a dream it could be a rigid phallus inside of you
Silently through lifeless corridors
One where feces lie scattered,
one where the seeds of thousand saints burn and
suffer the
agonies of the damned
Within you, beaten, whipped, so intensely fucked
I infect you with death
And when you swallow me, drinking the wine of insanity

Collapse into sickening divinity
I am the true god, I am superman, I am silent, I am
invisible, I am the shadow of a shadow
I am unspoken, I am unsung, unseen
I am in your head, but I have never been
I am a reflection from a shattered looking glass
I am god
I am nothing, I am the devil in your flesh
And I am the whimper of the whipped beast

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