

Mortuus

"Astral Pandemonium"

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Past deeds linger in the astral Darkness
Through the tunnel connecting Luna to earth
Woe unto me, for there is an old incarnation present
here
Compelled to remain somewhere in between - and -
Seven hells that are mine.
Where past and present melt to one
The price of murder paid through ages and ages
... in this fusion of life and death

The gathered decay of past lives...
Somehow present in the very moment
Has darkened my inner sight.
And the self transforms into an open grave
Cuts that go deeper than flesh
Pitch-black blood flowing forth from a re-opened
wound
Perpetuated in a flood of waters unreal

I can not breathe in thee, incarnated human...
Slave to the temptations of the lower mind
That is the key that has brought upon me this dead
mind-ghost
And he was me...
Breathing through shells of perdition

This life I now live, is rather a lack of living:
It is a continuous dying, if with You I do not make my
living
Listen, my God, to what I say: I do not want this life of
mine:
For I die because I do not die.
San Juan DE LA Cruz: not living in myself I live, line 11-
17.

I can not breathe in thee, incarnated human...
The bleak presence of an old murder... remains a key
of torture
The irony of Osiris, turning Samsaras wheel to my
disfortune
Why, why was a spirit this old incarnated,
Along such a depraved personality?

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