

Nominon "Hordes Of Flies"

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And it is the end
Pale skin to caress
Drained and left for dead
Nothing more to expect

Surreal existence am I dead
Or am I alive
In crimson fluid hell is what I found
Feel the larva crawling
Eating constant breeding
Beneath the skin born again
To be reborn is this life after death
Transformed man dethroned

Inner movement the body unveil secrets
Life after this surreal existence
Birth/death/birth fed up with life as the eggs hatch
In rotten flesh I first meet life to live a second then
Die again already searching for another dead prey

Innate insects part of me
Parasite inside eating me
Host of flies born inside
Absence of life I am the lord of flies

Surreal existence am I dead or am I alive
In crimson fluid hell is what I found
Feel the larva crawling eating constant breeding
Host of lives beneath the skin reborn
Again

Reincarnated in hell
An army ready to conquer
Fed by the lord of flies
Hordes of flies

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