Cryptopsy "Angelskingarden"

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Touched by Jeqon
The inciter
Well-rounded womanflesh
Doth tempt
The angels of the watch
To sin
And their sons are
Nephilim

Thrice blessed are we in his garden We have the world, our health, our kin: As we «go forth and multiply» We take form each other's skin

Endogamy: the choice of millions In (all their) elemental ugliness: In the echoes of repetition Imperfection sires itself

Nothing in life Has any business being perfect: It's an affront To anyone with good taste

Choice is divine
So choose family over strangers:
Why trouble the waters
Of the gene pool for a mate?

Carbon Vessel Carbon content Carbon copy ...Carbonize...

Like a lump between two surgeons Man quivers 'twixt desire and need: The law is the will, and we've chosen The kingdom of which we would be

In filial sect We are genesis incarnate: In our faces We see manifest destiny

(and) leave nothing alive

With thoughts of heaven come deeds of flesh: We'd look once more upon his holy visage And our children whom we've known and wed (are) our means to recreate his image

In lurking fear of his displeasure After dark, between their cries In the eye of the beholder: This is where beauty dies

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