

## Ordalium "Internal Suicide"

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Roots of my soul tempted  
Eyes burned with rusty-glass needles.  
Jail walls are so hard  
Fangs dissolved by fake belief.

The try  
To steal  
The minds  
Of ourselves.  
Frustration  
Emanation  
In wounds  
Of laughing lamb.

True God  
Was gone  
Eternity  
Ago.  
Replaced  
By fake  
Saint corpse

We adore.

As slaves we borns  
As worms we crawls and burns.  
Let's celebrate our chains  
No more no less remains.

Distorted bell  
Sounds for God.  
It knows smell  
Of blade in blood.

Betrayer God behind  
And from inside I died.  
Internal suicide  
The realm of morbid mind.

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