

Dark Tranquility "Hedon"

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Music: Henriksson, Sundin
Words: Sundin
Enter Suicidal Angels:
How hungry we've become:
like animals naked in shame
Fed with the hooves of apocalypse
that galloped down, disordered worlds behind
>From word to a word I was led to a word
that spanned over cultures in rage
Crimson masses, steeped in decadence
holding our tongues to the thirsty sun
So, is the future still open?
Then enter, hornet, from our hive-dark hearts
to draw down the end from within
We need not the horns
that ornate from our warty, haunted bodies

Nihilist, Hedon
the priceless art of their lives
Sorrow is a wing laid atop their heads,
skin deep, we carve our immeasurable sorrow
in the fold of your shivering arms
Hedon,
Your children wild
and filled with death
Jupiter in our unforgiving eyes:
a pandemonium of bodies and gold
Eager, as a part of your face
and the sickness attached to your skin (stone)
as the wine-rush,
charging from androgynous wombs
to open free the tide of pain #
Hedon,
rinsed in post-human shadows
a monument scorned by the teeth of time
Stale-faced keeper of secrets,
loaded with implosive fire
the whore that carried the apostle
to the mating point on the graves of giants
We look at you, afraid
to see what we really are.

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