

Savaoth

"Whispers Often Bleat"

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Like all your dreams that drift away, like hope sleeps in
existence
Your faded life will drown in tears, as it lays eternal
distance
Forgive yourself, you, desperate being...
Substance of me...
Forgive yourself for not being my gift I couldn't give...
Remember and weep... and weep...
His first promise...
Every word baptized in lies...
And whisper your songs into the dreams of silence
And then hear...
Silence, the only melody
Solitude, your true destiny
Symphonies, louder than your songs
Whispers, that often bleat
Forgive yourself, for not being my gift
Believe in me, and I shall give...
Bleat the christian lie... only mortals die!
Rising up from hundred Nazarenes
Just my whispers can bleat their sins...
Defy the human son, dying on the cross with no powers
from god.
Whispers often bleat, defy the Nazarene
Whispers often bleat, defenders of the creed
Your soul and flesh has wept mortality of your god
When you accept his death, my gift is only yours
Only god exists...
Only humans die...
Creating and dissolving the gift...
Of life...

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