

Spawn Of Possession "Eve Of Contempt"

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Sores on my back mysteriously illustrates themselves.

Beyond medicine of current day I'm being tortured by
this growing inflammation.

Blood vessels running swift in my sweaty brow.

I feel this is a gift upon the price I just collected against
my will I shall embrace it.

It drip-dries from it's inverted, bloated head.

The blood in which I stand reflecting as I look down and
see the anomalous thing.

Changing in structure, my expression, looks not
human, I have seen this face in my awake dreams, an
abomination, a form from the most wicked of depths
has now been granted my distorted flesh.

A sense of joy as my body bit by bit sloughs off.

Destiny, my sickening providence I shall accept with
widespread wings.

With open eyes I start to feel delight.

Agitate no more, no doubts

I can't resist to heed the lights of the looming black.

My trophy calm and still, of life soon will be emptied,
and with it's red grant me completion.

No longer estranged from what I just fled, the pool is
inside, for I'm not me and of now conceived again.

[Solo: Karlsson]

The wretched man of the cloth, like dust left swinging
dead from the wall.

I must return to their nest, what I used to fear keeps on
calling and I shall them join.

The order of chaos awaits in another world.

Disintegrate, I'll return mentally.

My body of scorn I'll leave here as they seize my soul.

