

Sympathy "Underworld"

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On the left hand of the throne of disease
I lick the wounds of the leper king
The stench of his carcass reaches to the sky
Ever dying yet never dead
Ignorance is a putrefying fire

Yet in these realms the old order dies
Creatures create weapons of flesh

Raised from the darkness and from the shadow play
Dancing figures can hold no sway
Gaining release from the murky depths
We denizens of dark bask now in noonday

Casting off this sickly coil
Awakening to a new dawn
Embracing intoxicating wisdom
Finding treasures long forgotten

Sweet Sophia be my guide
Lead me from this shallow grave
Let me come and taste the light
And shake off all earthly care

Once awakened there can be no return
Dancing shadows lose appeal
Casting off this sickly coil
Awakening to a new dawn

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