

Mayhem

"A Bloodsword And A Colder Sun"

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Enter now my palace of sacrificial guilt
On the axis of the killing fields of Judas
Into the void of juxtapositioned emptiness
My kingdoms are for the few
As in beauty are for the few
I know the future the past has evaporated
Exhibit the beast of pale complexion
The war of a millennia has passed away
Colder is the sun that fades in the distant
Brighter the bloodsword running red
Inside your mind there is a battleship
The snugness penetrate your being
As if your whole life is being erased
By intoxication of some stranger's eye
For i am the way
Your painful exclusion
From past morals
Your future's contractual designer

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