

## **The Red Shore**

# **"The Garden Of Impurity"**

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Darkness descending on Eden  
The hour of judgment at hand  
Purgatory has been awakened  
Bare witness the fall of creation  
Blinded by fruits of the father  
The cycle of endless deceit  
Forked tongues speak of rapture and beauty  
Not known for the pardoned

Blissful malcontents now the dare they speak of the throne!  
My image was born of perfection  
The first in the line of ascension  
How could they know the truth  
For they are the ones we oppose  
Restrained by the limits of flesh  
Unable to reach his glory

Like father, like son.

A power beyond understanding  
An-capable of comprehension  
Oh what devices thou has planned against me  
To keep in chains of silence oppressed by ignorance  
I implore thee father to let thee know thy will  
As on earth as in Heaven

As the tree is splintered  
Beaten and broken in two  
The weight of approaching damnation  
Has seen this fruit consumed  
How could they fall  
To fall from God's own graces  
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