

Thyrane "Blindfolded"

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Inconsistent ideals tend to choke on their vanity, god-given laws to corrupt our sanity.
Fuck your values, and fuck your salvation, i laugh at inri and cherish temptation.

In the evershadowed corners of my soul, dwells the esoteric strength of mine.
For the glory of the Beast, i forever raise the chalice of wine.

You may be many in numbers but you are weak in spirit, deliverance through obedient submission?
Never have i trusted your words, your patterns are destined to fall apart.
I hereby blindfold my self from your illusions.

The "truths" that you forced down my throat, i'll bleed all over you.
Tha hand that was promised to feed me, has always tried to strike me down.
I've bit that hand with the teeth of Blasphemy,
And blace a trail through constructions of christianity.

Blindfolded i am, yet never have i seen deeper into your weak souls.
Cursed be thee, the celestial flock.

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