

## Wasteful Consumption Patterns

### "Puzzles Of Flesh"

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Blinded soul, vomit faith  
Fingers reaching deep  
Senses made dogmas  
And the Phoenix rises...

None is denial  
I am not one of mine  
His words unlocked

Backwards, reforming what won't reflect  
Assembling puzzles of flesh  
Perfect... yet unknown!

Sigils encarved, the burning stench reveals frustration  
None could deny Him!  
Carrying the voids of those eyes

None is denial  
I am not one of I  
My words unlocked

It reveals through the fall  
Staring at the abyss, getting further  
Through mirrors...  
Flesh & mind complete, in need for substance!

You are denied  
You are not one of He  
Your words are locked.

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