

Naraka "Carnal Tide"

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Fallen grains
Will breed the race
When they fallow
Bodies rise again

Why call my name?

I, Atma
Magnet of pain
Causal nature of the
Poor man's game

Fine, I'll play your game!

Calls you last
Neither friend nor foe
Consolation of
Your deathblow

Writhing, in defiance
Bribing, the alliance
Probing, seeking deeper
Lying, in this carnal tide

Empty woes
Will feed your life

As you wait
For your paradise

Why call my name?

Die or don't
She won't let go
The fervent dealer
Of your carnal throes

Fine, I'll play your game!

Thy saviour
My Lord is, they say
Let God almighty

Then end this game

Riding, on your conscience
Abiding, by emotions
Floating, feeling weaker
Dying, in this carnal tide

Writhing, in defiance
Bribing, the alliance
Floating, feeling weaker
Dying, in this carnal,

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