

# Benediction, Carcinoma Angel

A stark contrast to bleakly view  
Monochromic ways  
Fecund creeping ulcerate  
Cancer feeds on me  
Begin my solstice, forth of twelve  
Terminal complaint  
Footprints in the sands of time  
Now slowly blown away  
Divine message time has come  
Lesser men are crushed  
To die an ordered death I'll not  
In god I have no trust  
Pure of mind the body rots  
Internal self decay  
Carcinoma Angel smiles  
A vision that which slays  
No new worlds to conquer - now I am enslaved  
My inner conflict - to break from these chains  
Break the chains - Break the chains  
Spread your wings and fly.....  
In a thousand shapes and guises  
Carcinoma Angels all  
Through a self-induced remission  
Carcinoma Angels fall  
In sanatorium hear me shout  
Inside my body, I cannot get out