

Hatesphere, Last Cut, Last Head

They read him like an open book
But the pages were blank
Before he took the first step
In a new direction
Empty head, imperfection
Second step still humble
Without eyes the hands fumble
Like his feet that wear no skin
A naked man, man of sin
Three steps that hurt like hell
How did he get here
And where will he dwell
With bloody feet and an empty head
Wish he could say
What cannot be said
As the fourth step was taken
Ethics were shaken
And the end result:
Sanity forsaken
No more fumble, no longer humble
A cut of precision
A part of his mission
The road is blurry
The mission is clear
The bag is heavy
His goal is near
With bloody feet and an empty head
Wish he could say
What cannot be said
Final step in the dance of the dead
Last cut, last head
[Lead: H. Bastrup Jacobsen]