

# Septic Flesh, So Clean, So Empty

You come to me as the flies to the spider  
blinded from my intellectual darkening  
Try to move in the  
holographic image of choice  
and I'll project you one of my corridors

The cobweb is so carefully woven  
That even the veil dressed fates  
bow with admiration.  
It has so many ways,  
countless like my names

How I adore to mask the truth  
so that only the worthy of my  
generosity could find it.

I can wait enthroned in the center  
of this necropolis, with patience  
built upon the solid stones  
of millenniums

Keep feeding on the notorious lotus  
swallowing my sweet promises  
to sustain your lie made world

Every bite erases the instinct  
so you'll become so clean, so empty  
keep on feeding me