

Tacere, Born Of The Ground

Behind this veil of lies, among this squalor
Amid tears, I cry out, I know the truth
From my ghastly haven I watch the nightly sky
The crescent's eerie moonlight cloaks my livid face

Look at these chantries
With immense harness of ones fear
They obfuscate the truth

They think our eccentricity is detrimental
This decadent system disdains us as pariahs
Now we want to bestow our arcane knowledge
Now listen to these words and revel in pride

We've got to draw in
Those protean truths, they are all lies
This age-old knowledge will free us:

Out of this world we all came Not from heavens
We belong to the ground From dust to dust art we
All the nature is our mire She shall not deceive
We are the existence And the existence is us

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