

Acrid Semblance "The Desecrator"

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Inside your mind, stays Evil that's concealed
Inside your mind, writhes a plague reaching distance
unseen
Through your mind, streak of blinding malice runs
squirts
Through your mind, a decorated pain is dispatched

Who you are? The Desecrator's ghost!
Who you are? The painter of human soul!
Why can't you hear? The cries of everlasting pain!
Why you play? The succulent games that make us
astray!

The panic cries haunt our existence to the end
The victim, he dies deeply subdued

The holy angels, concealing lies
The messiah of darkness, get aside

Who you are? The Desecrator's ghost!
Who you are? The painter of human soul!
Why can't you hear? The cries of everlasting pain!
Why you play? The succulent games that make us
astray!

[Solo: Kshitish]
[Solo: Vikas]
[Solo: Anubhav]

Do you mind? If I take a loaf!
Of the conquest, to break away
To break away and run free!
Do you mind? If I take a loaf!

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