

Born Headless "Roman"

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Questioned for the cause that lies unknown
Pressed firmly to the hot coals
Repent for the gift of the blissful blow
For no more pain
Joints torn apart in vengeful rage
Held within the iron cage
Another soul another pain
Septic lying in their own waste
Torn apart...
The helpless dead from the start
Lives to fuel the fire of the developing ways
The darkened days
Recreated they're now our spawn
Turn their face from the light
For they fear their turn
It is known where they hide

Satisfaction through split flesh is what we reap
Infatuation with the colour of life
Living real our fantasies
Taking pleasure from the bloodied frail
The application of pain our new religion

Pray...

Torn apart...
The helpless dead from the start
Lives to fuel the fire of the developing ways
The darkened days
Recreated they're now our spawn
Turn their face from the light
For they fear their turn
It is known where they hide

Satisfaction through split flesh is what we reap
Infatuation with the colour of life
Living real our fantasies
Taking pleasure from the bloodied frail
The application of pain our new religion

Pain finds every corner of the soul
Pain makes all our dreams possible

Without... suffering...
You can't... escape...

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