Devian "Mask Of Virtue"

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It's in dead of night she pries In blood soaked dreams you die

She wants to give you disease as a gift, a fever caress Bite you and bruise your skin black, hear the noises stress

Nails scratching deep in your bones, a succubus bane Nothing you can do but take the pain

It's in the bloodstained screams she crawls And in her nightmares that you fall

Scream in the fire of no control, godly serve Limbs will explode and contract, bleeding clear Nailed to a poisonous dream - afterlife ascertain Nothing you can do but take the pain

A God pleasure offering Her true face is suffering

Kill!

God morphine crash down like a wall God morphine wants it all Cold, black as your soul Piercing death's veil she played her role Die!

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