

Endshadowed

"From A Carnal To A Spiritual Fist"

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From the coldest pit of genesis
From an empty (and unlimited) prophecy
I'm coming searching
To satisfy my thirst

From your worst darkened dreams
From your deepest pain
I'm coming out
Your poor souls to lacerate

I need your blood
I cause your terror
I spill your brains out
Oh... I eat your flesh

I enjoy the ugly age with it's true rules

I enjoy what is called life through deaths kingdom

I flay your souls
I spit my venom
I feed the virus
Which make you pigs

The precious crown of obliquity, the entire parody of
life
The minimum torment of a fist certifies your
unexpected journey

I command the enslavement of every human life
Enslaved and tied from the great tongue of sickness

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