## Born From Pain "Dungeons Of Abraxus"

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Torment... Through his childhood Sadist... Born and bred Beaten... Lacking reason Submission... Wearing thin Hatred... Seeping through the Clenched teeth... Desperate

Ruptured...
Feed on the hands that
Feed him...
Turns to the darkness to
Free him...
Draw him to the flames and
Brand him...
He is now one with his own which can't survive
Souls of the weak, it needs to thrive
Emerged from the pup of inner fire
To kill without the
Limits of humanity
Fear of decay in mortality

Underneath it's husk he lies dormant Watching the beast devour his foes Increased hunger with the flow of the blood Raping the soul torn from it's shell

Bathing in the blood bore of it's fists Embracing the subconsciousness

Feel the warmth flow down it's throat
The flesh collapse beneath it's grasp
Bind their soul to it's own
Chained within it's dungeon
Unhinged rage in primal form
Exacted on ignorance
Consumed by the seeds they'd sewn
Cloven bodies internally wrung

Rend apart one by one Lives of innocent ignorance

Greater... Now is his knowledge of

Pain... All now fall under his Gaze... Knows not a limit to Lust... Disciple of darkness

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