

Frontside

"Lost Souls"

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This is what flowers-his mighty hand
Enormity of existance, shattered dreams

Everything that rots-his mighty hand
Maximum of fear, candles that burn

Gestures and faces-uncovered brow
Drawbacks of warfare, purifying voice

Salvoes of pleasure-this is the arms
So bow your head or put your hand on them

Wind blows out the dust
When the Moon dazzles the sight
Graveyard in the darkness
Wakes up the hidden evil

Lost souls kneel down in front of the altar of the
suffering
Forsaken bodies decay in front of mirror

I shall be your Hell

Carnal madness and food for the souls
Enormity of existance, shattered dreams

The cannons of faith-broken judgement
Maximum of fear, candles that burn

Gestures and faces-this is the arms
Drawbacks of warfare, purifying voice

Salvoes of pleasure-uncovered brow
So bow your head or put your hand on them

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