

Lost Soul "Tabernaculum Miser"

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Wrapped in a cocoon rotten of lies
Hidden behind the mist
Sticking in immobility
Cannot get out from shell

The wind has blown
"Your time wil come"
Thrown down chains satiated of holy truths
Let the tumour be damned
The sign of innocence

Fall down on your knees
Hatred will poison your soul

Kneeled rise to your head, make delight
On the sight of my shameless tool,
Flavour of my power
Until the shores of your lips

I'll take you to the secret pleases
Where on madness triumphs on the altars
Incitement of the millions of souls... lost?

Burn!
Lust's not allow to be the liar for eyes
Enter him your interior
Open the door -

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