

Lost Soul

"The Highest Pleasure"

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The banners of Lust beaten by winds
Piercing sounds induces panic
Amongst a herd of meek sheep

Scorn to those below
Scorn in the highest

Useless are the curses of sexless forms
Dripping saliva and sighing
To decomposed corpse of an ancient madman

Scorn to those below
Scorn in the highest

A farce never seen before
Grotesque masterpiece
Powerless parade in black armour

All limits fade
Blinded vanity
Scoffers whips lash

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