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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

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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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