

## Lost Soul "Unclean"

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It's a sin  
Blasphemy and sacrilege  
It's a sin  
A sin is to call it in that way

Shine with your might, oh insolent Wisdom  
Your messengers sow pestilence  
Thoughts in chaos, without a shelter  
No supports point

Ignorance, made ignorance  
Impotence - powerless as always

Eager souls  
Condemned minds  
Confirmed in conviction  
Flourishing decay

Angels, devils faithful and obedient  
Devils, angels waiting for their shepherd  
Frightened crippled creatures  
Worthy to each other

No trial of strength  
Devoured by fire  
A puppet in a crown of thorns

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