

Mandragora

"Anchored To My Flesh"

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Old rotted memories
Are crawling once and again.
Fearless they come
To consume my brain
... my I'll and tired brain

My darkest anathema
An ancient damned pain
One sickness, my own fiend
Is now anchored to my flesh

I'll burn myself by inside
And hate will make me live again
Among the ashes...

Old buried histories
Of fights and victories
They arise from inside
As corps into the night
Dragging and screaming
Without resting till they die

I'll burn myself by inside
And hate will make me live again
Among the ashes...

My darkest anathema
One sickness, my own fiend
Is now anchored to my flesh

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