

May I Refuse

"My Martyred Soul"

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[Glad]

Cold, Inprisoned by Thoughts
Awakeness grips, falling down
I feel the Flames of Hell
How did I end like this?
Once I was bold and now
I've Lost My Martyred Soul

So Deep, my pain remains unchanged
I want to feel the Delightful Taste of Blood
Come forth Lord Lucifer
Take My Martyred Soul

Down I go to forget
Flesh and Blood
I give to Foe, Master Satan
Welcome My Martyred Soul

Warmness surrounds me
In this place most obscene
I kneel before Duke Astaroth
Can thee feel My Martyred Soul?

Inside, alone, my hate will grow
Greater towards the day
Gods Slay me Martyr
Slay My Martyred Soul

Grow Wrath Grow
See that Doom I will show
To the world that does not
Recall My Martyred Soul

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