

Morgul

"The Dog And The Master"

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I can smell your fear
You reek of insecurity
I know what you crave, what you need
I can be your dreams
I'll wander behind your eyelids like a grain of sand
This path leads to hell
You need to be thrashed and broken
I'll be your master and you can worship me
Adore me, love me above all

I'll feed your desire, make you happy
You need to be thrashed and broken
Death is a quiet room where all is peaceful
And desolate, where life is cursed
No glory, no vivid memories
No tales to tell
This path leads to hell
You need to be thrashed and broken.

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