

Paganizer

"Landscapes Made Of Human Skin"

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There is no escape
This is your punishment
I have been waiting for your arrival
Noone will save you now
They cannot save themselves
This place awaits them to harbor their flesh forever
As you suffer
Become a part
Of the landscapes made of human skin
Fields of conquered flesh
In which you will descend
Yearning for a release that will never come
As you suffer
Become a part
Of the landscape made of human skin
One thousand... ways to bleed
One thousand... ways to burn

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