

Sargatanas Reign "Blood Katharsis"

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I carve my restless knife in me, and swallow the fear of
my fate
You never thought my intentions were indulgences of
an unexplored hate
A thrilling set of pungent emotions have awoken my
slumbering need
Come to be the Death-Marquise's victim, let my
instruments make you bleed

Sick and twisted acts of depravity; obedience under
impulsive decision
Crimson stains the periphery, minimal resistance from
the opposition
With a destructive rationale beside, your transparent
skin turns blue,
We are so cold when you are dead, so are the objects
I've placed in your

Blood splattered angel; molested with blades
My katharsis, and my muse; wrapped in plastic

Scrape the dead of my loving lips and take the obscene
further
Caress the blood, from a subjective mannequin; of this
unseen murder
Acts of passion, dreams fulfilled; you weren't given
any choice
The vital spark in your eyes is gone, my desperation
stole your voice

Blood spattered angels; molested with blades
My katharsis, and my muse; wrapped in plastic

[Lead: Marcus Lundberg]

Wash the blood away from the hands of deeds, and let
the petrol flow
Watch the flies fight about the tiny that's not buried 6
ft. below
Perversions turns to ashes, after I've sacrificially enlited a
fire
All is gone but an empty soul, there are no more traces

of my sick desire

Blood spattered angel; molested with blades
My katharsis, and my muse; wrapped in plastic

Your god is dead, but I am alive...

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