

Scent Of Flesh "Towards Eternal Lost"

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Darkness

Bless the wicked mind of mine

Show me the light

Guidance for the weak

Lay your hands above me

I can sense the path of believer

Covert by fear, controlled by illusions

Mind is so weak

Trap of the nature

Scared

Going insane

Still fighting

Illness or damnation

Facing the demons, searching the soul

Praying only relief

Spirits in me howling, mourning and bleeding

Senseless cruelty

Emptiness fills the roaring depths of insanity

Sane?

Never again...

All what is darkens to black

Agony and pain flowing every single vein

Panicing till lost hoping better start for all

Facing the fears endless horror sights

Cursed for eternity

Towards eternal lost, Infernal pain will flow

Gathering together every motion and desire

Tortured mind arising from depths

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