Tidfall "The Empire Of The Pleasures Of Flesh"

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You, who crawls for creation The torn is your mark Of deceit and mutilation

Suffering I wish for you
To be stained in blasphemy
Come forth and deny
The holy trinity

Preacher of hope Behold they book burning Preacher of love Behold thy world Turning

To the empire of flesh

Drink the blood and sin Extract the pleasures Of an orgy in blood

Fell the bloodstained skin next to mine I love your wounded flesh Entrance me in your fluids of life

The empire of the pleasures of flesh Flesh is your mortal combination Of a will to be free

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