

Necrodeath "Black Soul"

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My black soul, slowly bleeds, fragrant sweet, slowly
drowns
I scream for pleasure in presence of death, violence is
my blood
Nobody dares to look at me my eyes are full of
disgrace
Fly, fly away, my black soul
Your face twisted by fear incites my cells, my blood
regenerated by horror

I laugh observing your rotten minds, and feed myself
brutal things
Fly, fly...
Arcane symbols are my light and my trust, dead skin
adorns my body and my soul
IN HOC ETIAM ANIMA POENAS EXHIBET
Your face...
fly, fly...

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