

Azad

"Nekromanteia"

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No taste that the living can taste
No pain that the living can feel
The vermin on my flesh
Crawl away like my skin

Like mud and dirt from the ground
My tongue flickers in your mouth
Profane worms they crawl inside you
Profoundly disturbing, violently wrong

Kiss the corpse - Of bile and cold

Kiss the corpse - Banished from life
Kiss the corpse - Of bile and cold
Kiss the corpse - Detached from emotions

Sin is what I've been
And blasphemy is what I've become
A feeling like no-other
Like the hells from which I came

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