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Draxsen "The Tortured Sole"

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Look all around me, What do I see? Soles decaying It's malnutrition of a spiritual kind. Feed the dying

[Chorus:]
To feed the people,
The ultimate goal
Heating up the word,
Food for the tortured sole

Spiritual chiefs of culinary delights. Set the table Gourmet words. Vitamins eternal, The diets stable.

[Chorus]

Stoke the fire stir that brew, relevant mouth fools. Break the bread yeah! Fill the cup. The serving faithful.

[Chorus]

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