

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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