

Septic Flesh

"Razor Blades Of Guilt"

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Hedonism, power in life without end
Morality and remorse banished
An epitaph of useless beliefs and countless mistakes
Left to the outcasts
Those who were found guilty for self-torment
Never admitting so. betrayed by their shiver
While mutilating their happiness
With razor blades of guilt
Their voices rise like an irritating whisper
To the AENAON fortress
But there is no need for warriors
That can not win thier own battles
Razor blades of guilt
No beggars are allowed in. to feast in sympathy
This treasure is kept and shared
With the beloved loyal comrades
Wearing the title of the trinity
Warlord, magician and king
Hands are raised grasping golden cups
In a toast for hedonism
Power in life without guilt

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