

The Perverted Beast

Darkane

Cries echo in the halls of dread
Left in the shadows of loneliness
The cold walls of madness
Staring at you with eyes of retaliation
Looking back, at memories forgotten
Feel the anguish return
A forsaken place without opportunities

Unlock the gate to passionate pain
A wound that nourish the evil inside
Believe the illustrator of the perverse
Obey the outer rage of depravity

Brought back from hell
The taste of life reborn

Looking back at memories forgotten
Feel the anguish return
A forsaken place without opportunities

Savage spirits haunting my half done soul
Angry at the awkward place
Where they have been left
A statue carved from explorers of the dark
Endure the true suffering in this paradox

Cries echo in the halls of dread
Left in the shadows of loneliness
Believe the illustrator of the perverse
Obey the outer rage of depravity

Slipped through the hands of the
Guardians of the perverted beast
Brought back from hell, the taste of life reborn
Slipped through the hands of the
Guardians of the perverted beast