

Twist, Nail, Torture

Astarte

Deliver your madness descent the grace
Suffer the darkness with joyful hate
All devotion a fusion of madness

Twist, Nail, Torture

No pain or sign of sorrow
No age or narrow death
No ending or coming evil

Deliver your madness descent the grace,
Suffer the darkness with joyful hate
All devotion a fusion of madness

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Epilogue:

my thoughts rest in silence
myself fall into emptiness
into delirium's nights
It goes where midnight frosts my eyes