

# 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