

Soul Addicted

Hour of Penance

It will be a smoke screen.
Dawn of deepest evil.
Once you dreamed about him,
now he's standing, bleeding, freezing,
gazing at your empty body,
craving for your choice soul,
one more time.

Meaning of no-life.
Suddenly caught in terror.

Cauldron of praying souls,
piled up in the fire.

Bleeding.
Undertaken from beyond death.
Souls are falling.

Solo:

Power never understood,
drench and course of all men.
We must see all our dreams
caught and burned at awake, forsake.
Dimming of the feelings.
We didn't care so we're in.
New church of the blind ones
in search of short-lived hopes.

Bleeding.
Undertaken from beyond death.
Souls are falling.

'Till we die.

Evil resurrection, heretic gathering.
Souls he wants to squeeze, blasphemous power rising.

Boredom seems to altar, ignorance is the knife.
Ceremony of fools. So shall we survive?
Aware of the slaughter, submitted as a corpse.
Legion from the dark, the hunt works ahead.
Possessed for he's god, body becomes a jail.
The spirit will be free, devouring everything.

Addicted to soulraping.
Far from being a nightmare.