

## Horror Storm

### Knights Of The Abyss

First to the death are the sins of the flesh;  
those who lurk shielded by the night  
The leopardess shrieks thus unlocking inner lust,  
desire and strife  
For those who are not strong, these urges, to life they  
are drawn  
To commit sins of lust means to be aimlessly thrown at  
the will of an almighty storm  
This raging tempest does exhaust the mind as the bodies  
are torn about  
The screams of the unholy cannot be heard over the  
thunderous shout  
Eternally blown in violent winds of hail their bodies  
do beg rest  
The sins for which we pay, appeal to the most lustful  
of men  
Hunger for depraved acts of flesh entombing your soul  
in sin  
Your skins with boils and puss must burst the wind  
beats your back  
For the morals with which you stay heaven's eternity  
you lack  
Those who spend their mortal lives in industries  
immersed in sex  
Treacherously crave for flesh this penalty should not  
perplex  
To lose oneself in a diabolical path is to needlessly  
wonder  
The storm fulfilling the ultimate wish leaving souls to  
forever ponder  
In this realm, which you now dwell: in the second  
circle pit of Hell