

Sinfeast

Pyogenesis

Taste my lips and fly away
Taste my mind, your thoughts
Drown my death and fly
The divine taste of sin

Away away like a history to the infernal
I'm always on the run
Not so far away and through my soul

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Faith in the ways of lust
Holy deeds inside my path
After all pure lust
I give it all away to you

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Burn with me, hit me
You're out of luck
Bless good sins, loss of love
Do you think that I'm still insane

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