

The Mirror of Soul

Root

Look but do not touch !
Touch but do not taste !
Taste but do not swallow !
That's what the law of the descendants of Adam says!

My Soul is black
Like Hell itself.
My Hatred is unlimited
Like the infinite Universe.

My raging roar
Crushes brains of hypocrites.
My Truth is disgusting,
Nobody listens to it.

I murdered thousand times,
I gave birth thousand times,
I scatter Evil in every place,
Which is caught by my sight.

I have seen everything,
I have tasted everything,
I miss only one thing
To reach the absolute pleasure.

How happy I would be to touch you,
O, Satan of my Soul