

## Art of Sin

## Rotting Christ

Chasing shadows  
Before fire  
Illusions follow  
The ghost of many tears

Once again today  
Forever withdrawn  
Is this the way  
Is this the way

Words never spoken  
Truth lives in insanity  
Secrets always forgotten  
Stand up to your entity

The memory is very deep  
I will get through this  
Enchanted sleep  
Sin becomes an art inside it

Crawling screaming  
I stand before doubt  
Can't stop shivering

No life is ever lost  
This is my comfort  
What I like most  
What I like most  
Is your pure cruelty

I am still afraid of you  
My enemy is here  
I wish I knew  
Is the end near  
No life is is ever lost  
This is my comfort  
What I like most  
Is your magic oath

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