

# Razor Blades Of Guilt

Septic Flesh

Hedonism, power in life without end  
Morality and remorse banished  
An epitaph of useless beliefs and countless mistakes  
Left to the outcasts.  
Those who were found guilty for self torment

Never admitting so, betrayed by their shiver  
While mutilating their happiness  
With razor blades of guilt

Their voices rise like an irritating whisper  
To the AEONAEON fortress  
But there is no need for warriors  
That can not win their own battles

Razor blades of guilt

No beggars are allowed in, to feast in sympathy  
This treasure is kept and shared  
With the beloved loyal comrades

Wearing the title of the trinity  
Warlord, magician and king  
Hands are raised grasping golden cups  
In a toast for hedonism.  
Power in life without guilt