

Art of Decadence

Thy Disease

Alone - beyond the light
Alone - to loneliness we are
Destined for
Preparing hatred in evil holyness
The interior is filled with might
Day of despise
Sacrificial vite
Wash blasphemy from my holy eyes
Never - no
To gather all the power
I vomit on the mankind

...and never awake
Cause every night
Brings me
The pain of tomorrow
No Messiah for us
And any sense will be seen
For my pleasure in pain
Ashes to ashes
Bone to bone
Humble existence won't remain
And suicide shadow to those who can see

To the void not for the God
I belong to the temple of the damned