

Pretty poor  
the spiritual devices form  
Perform!  
another way of life beyond.

Asking for!  
mechanical devices form  
to torture  
blind another human sight.

Maybe it hurts  
my anger will turn into laugh  
getting strong  
every second that it lasts.

That it seems  
my soul takes apart of me  
but I see  
another one of my partners here  
smiling in dark!  
oh beautiful glorious time.

Profanate!  
a single silly night's mistake,  
so it has been  
punished with this fucking rage  
Profanate!  
a single silly night's mistake.

Iron forks  
steel inside my bones  
Broken laws  
dominion's rape my soul

Killing works  
turn into steel my wounds,  
Spirit soiled  
with metal, blood and knuckles broken

Here in the dark  
I really will discover light  
down in the ground  
you're fucking masters of disguise.

Leave the night  
I've found my life inside my mind  
I enjoy my fear  
just turn my lust into sickening greed.