Behind the Iron Mask

Septic Flesh

(Music : Sotiris/Spiros, Lyrics : Sotiris)
In an empty room eyes without a face.
They are stirring other images,
glimpses of a distant life,
of a gone life.
The hands cannot identify the face
Behind the Iron Mask
Dim is within on the plane of the mind
a kneeled spirit under the boot of fear
cleansed with torture
traped in purity by the whip.
Daggers from sound penetrate
resistance behind each one,
a Holy inquisitor.
Mouths reveal the presence of
haunted beings unworthy to be said alive.
Open the window
Release the spirit from this empty body
Behind the Iron Mask
Draining pleasures from mental wounds
a need opposed to false excuses
unveils the greatest beast.

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/