Black Soul

Necrodeath

My black soul, slowly bleeds, fragrant sweet, slowly drowns
I scream for pleasure in presence of death, violence is my blood
Nobody dares to look at me my eyes are full of disgrace
Fly, fly away, my black soul
Your face twisted by fear incites my cells, my blood regenerated by horror
I laugh observing your rotten minds, and feed myself brutal things
Fly, fly...
Arcane symbols are my light and my trust, dead skin adorns my body and my soul
IN HOC ETIAM ANIMA POENAS EXHIBET
Your face...
fly, fly...

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