

Unbeliever

Septic Flesh

[Music: Spiros A., Lyrics: Sotiris V.]Hate me

Help me

Convert my mind

Direct me to your gloom

The halls of kingdom

To the land of no return

Take me ignorant

Show me your master and creatorTake me

Take me to the tombs of your sacred relics

Where bodies bend like weak betrayers

What a fitting punisher you are

Bring your own redemption

The touch of the nails to the skin is the fruit of your love for masochismI don't deserve your trance

I am the adversary of a dominant race of zealots

I am the kind that doubts the unreasonUnbelieverI won't forget to ask the question before I give an answer to me

On the land of no return there are all that you can't find:

The lack of sense - The lack of anything that you can feel

I won't decide to play the master instead I chose to be

You say I am incomplete

I say I'll always beCover your mouth with tape

Cover your heart with pain

Cover your eyes with shame

Spend all your life in vainI don't deserve your trance

I am the adversary of a dominant race of zealots

I am the kind that doubts the unreasonHate me

Help me

Convert my mind

Direct me to your gloom

The halls of kingdom come

To the land of no return

Take me ignorant

Show me your master and creatorI don't deserve your trance

I am the adversary of a dominant race of zealots

I am the kind that doubts the unreasonUnbeliever

Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

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