

Seventh Circle

Zhaga

With the secret of your sin
Walking dead by your side
Endless victims of your soul and sword

Buried bodies underneath
your corruption and lies
there's no pray or begging that could save you

My thirst is growing
it won't be bind
five senses fold in
sarcastic smile

One's impunity is a drug
that could explode in your face
i was in need of a clown to roast

Giving meaning to my thrill
to my new hunting skills
It's the beauty of karma that will kill you

Lyrics submitted by Francisco.

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnlyrics.com/>