

# Crisis of Soul

## Misanthrope

Les crises de l'me  
Crisis of soul Succumbing to the eternal grief of sorrow  
Mangle my plaintive cries  
With shattered torments  
I shan't modify your life's faith Banish our endless sadness  
Combustion's drying tears  
Oh God, please try to help me  
My soul is lost... disaggregate Crisis of soul  
Weakness of the brave In a mortal silence  
I emerge beyond my inner mirror  
In a pure wounded harmony  
Death keeps shelter over me My blind eyes recognize  
The sweetness of the sun light  
Only one hope remains  
In sickness to welcome you Crisis of soul  
The all lost souls' day In a mortal silence  
I emerge beyond my inner mirror  
In a pure wounded harmony  
Death keeps shelter over me Crisis of soul  
Would-be hypochondre  
Crisis of soul  
Infinite tragedy  
Crisis of soul  
Would-be hypochondre  
Crisis of soul  
Absolute mockery Les crises de l'me Hour of vengeance  
Arrives on humanity's reign  
Beneath the lying down corpses  
I'm walking on the asphalt-victory's streets My wish is to live  
In this dream which evades me... intoxicate  
But my heart is bleeding  
For those comrades who died for our cause Les crises de l'me  
Dead star Misanthrope, wandering and disposed of everything

Lyrics provided by

<https://damnyrics.com/>