Unbeliever

Septicflesh

[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

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/