

Depravity Favours the Bold

Anaal Nathrakh

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Our sins are stubborn
Our repentance weak
Lavish our confessions
Sins cleansed by tears
Everyday a step closer towards Hell
Without horror, through gloom that stinks

If rape and poison, dagger and fire
Still not embroidered their pleasant designs
On banal canvas of our pitiable destinies
It is because our souls, alas, are not bold enough
