

Shrouded Are The Pleasures Of Flesh

Ablaze My Sorrow

There is things about me you don't know
There is feelings in me I'll never show
It's an eerie sound in my head
Why can't I ever sleep?

Insomnia
Dementia
Paranoia
Phobia

Sleepless nights I lie alone
Watching watching on the wall
Hour after hour until the light of day
Then with the sun they disappear

It's calling for me in tongues I've never heard
Telling me to kill, telling me to die
Voices In the darkness of my mind
Like a child's painful cry

Other occasions they command me
By terrifying visions of reality
I hope that some day I will be free
Now I'm lost within myself

Growing more deranged by every week
I feel a need to feast upon the weak
Insanity wrapping its arms around me
Enfolded I become enlightened and see

The taste of human flesh so sweet
I can feel the power flow from my hands to my feet