

Flesh

Avrigus

Take these hooks from my flesh,
Cast across the ring of fate
By the fire in thine eyes.

This Temple is reduced to ash.

This Corss this thing of hate,
Desire never dies.
Burried deep beneath a shroud of sleep,
Desire never dies.

Lord have mercy.

Thake these tears and wipe the slate.

Fear not heresy!

Draw the line across this circle of my fate.

Take these hooks from my flesh,
The flesh of a sentient being.
This temple is reduced to ash,
by looking back and seeing thee in chains.