

Second Sin: Homicide

Besatt

I know, I can kill slowly
You know, you may be the next one
Now I see, do not expect forgiveness
You can feel it, you will not find mercy

Homicide
It gives bliss, but not relief
Homicide
The sweet fruit of my revenge

There is no way back
You know, you have touched my holiness
Now I see, a knife stained with blood
You can feel, how your life escapes

Blood has flowded

You will never touch me
You will never come closer
You will even never look at me
Satan is in my soul