

Third Sin: Aggression

Besatt

Give your hand to the Devil
He will clean up your concerns
Dump the bonds of pain and fear
Give a vent to your wild desires
And taste the blood of enemies
It's a nectar for your soul
Don't block unconsciously
The craving of sin

Inside of my soul
I can hear the whispers
The wild impulses
Are guiding me
I don't fight with the instinct
I give my body
I have no influence
On the frenzy of aggression

Aggression
It's passion and bliss
Aggression
It's strenght and power

Passion embraced my body
A craving of destruction
My muscles are tensed
Ready to fight
I am like the battering ram
I crush the obstacles
I give the blissfull relief
For my hungry soul

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