

Cathedral of Pain

Entrails

Pale - Face of death
Your lights go out as I crave into your flesh
Death - Stench of death
The rotten smell fills my lungs

Soulless - Abandoned in the dark
Fleshless - Your skin is torn apart
Boneless - Your corpse will fade away
Darkness - Imprisoning you

Through the gates of dark desires
Beyond the putrid flesh
The pits of doom are calling you
And its cold caress
A journey through the art of pain
The vile and the insane
I'll drag you down with me
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Grave - Cold, moist grave
The final resting place for your realms
Pain - Endless pain
Your suffering will be heard outside of hell

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