

Torment

The Browning

No soul
Shapeshifter
No soul
Tormentor

Deceiver, Annunaki, Disembodied
Lucid dreaming out of body can not stop me
In a battle with a demon that's inside me
But the truth is I'm at war with everybody

Fake, two faced
You've stolen flesh to become a perfect person
Late, its too late
You've fallen prey to the sermon of the serpent

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Where do you stand
As you watch the world crumble in the palm of your hands
Where do you stand
As we fall into hell with the hopeless and damned
Where do you stand

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Lucid dreaming out of body can not stop me
In a battle with a demon that's inside me

The serpent has me by the throat
Hellfire consumes every soul
The serpent has me by the throat
Hellfire consumes every soul
Am I the true deceiver

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