

Neurotic World of Guilt: Slaved Sorrow

Thy Disease

Stare through broken glass
Bloodless, dead, you are
Slaved sorrow i despite

Unleashed macabre

Slaved bastard of christ
Satisfy me with genocide
I desire your foolishness
Two faced transforming being
I deny this beliefs
Lie to me with holy truth

No fear no guilt i'm the one who's blessed
Baptised in fear you open pandora's box