

Rule the Beast

Torche

A fool's flight
Ripped deep into your charm again
Torn, cold and wins the home of foolish men

Rule the beast
I've gained
You're lost
And my demons bear no cross
Right

Choose your doom
Reached deep into the holy muck
Word of pedestrians that feed the young

Rule the beast
I've gained
You're lost
And my demons bear no cross
Right