

9 Mm Salvation

Vomitory

Depressed emotions lost, inanimate searching
For the past obscure state of disease
Contagious disagreeable senses
Must get discharge through outrage against the carrier

Lunacy bites once again, existence prospects fades away
Scent of death fills the nostrils, 9 mm salvation

In self defence against lunacy
A stream of hot desire fills the nerves with faith
Insanity has escaped, overcome by concentration
A shattered souls last breath

Misty dreams like realistic episodes
A tranquil mind glance anxious through a terrifying abyss
Erased by forces unlike the calm dreams
Everything get crushed in a neverending hell of chaos

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