

H.I.M., Soul On Fire

There's a flame that leads your souls astray
No ones safe from its tender touch of pain
And every day it's looking for new slaves
to celebrate the beauty of the grave

We are like the living dead
Sacrificing all we have
For a frozen heart and soul on fire
We are like the living dead
Craving for deliverence
With a frozen heart and soul on fire

And again we're falling for disgrace
And hate will shelter us from the rain
Well we are enslaved by the sacred heart of shame
and gently raped by the light of day

We are like the...

addicted to our devine despair,
the venom of the cross we bear,
the guilt will follow us to death
We are like the...