

Kult Ov Azazel, My Misanthropy

Die

Cut my wrists with laughter and pleasure
Slit my flesh for my own wasted mind
To Satan I offer thee
For what once was, and what I could be

Bloodstained eyes
Written by my demons
Take no disguise

In my own blood I draw the symbols of memories
My own disease
Take forth the shell that once breed the parallels of infinity
My own divinity

My misanthropy

When - will my restless journey begin
Night - will conquer with the enslaved ghosts of

Times
Tragedies

In my own blood I draw the symbols of memories
My own disease
Take forth the shell that once breed the parallels of infinity
My own divinity

In the woods with silence and serenity
My hatred for humanity
Guide the blade, fuck you
I'll Spill my blood just to despise you

My misanthropy