

# 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