

# Necrodeath, Black Soul

My black soul, slowly bleeds, fragrant sweet, slowly drowns  
I scream for pleasure in presence of death, violence is my blood  
Nobody dares to look at me my eyes are full of disgrace  
Fly, fly away, my black soul  
Your face twisted by fear incites my cells, my blood regenerated by horror  
I laugh observing your rotten minds, and feed myself brutal things  
Fly, fly...  
Arcane symbols are my light and my trust, dead skin adorns my body and my soul  
IN HOC ETIAM ANIMA POENAS EXHIBET  
Your face...  
fly, fly...