

# Obituary, Intoxicated

Robbed of the soul.

Live in hell.

Rise above the charred believings' bowel.

Rise above the soul's chalky chains.

Give the destiny what it's named.

The darkest white brought in death balloons soon to come.

Rise above the dark demon's tower.

Body's seized the charge.

You've killed yourself X6.

Killed. Killed yourself.

Rotting the soul to leave.

Ranting, &quot;she's one to give.&quot;

Darkening your soul to waste.

Ranting, &quot;She's soon to gain.&quot;

Rotting above the tide.

Ranting, &quot;She's holding time.&quot;

Killing their souls in pain.

Ranting, &quot;she's one to gain.&quot;