

Septic Flesh, Razor Blades Of Guilt

Hedonism, power in life without end
Morality and remorse banished
An epitaph of useless beliefs and countless mistakes
Left to the outcasts.
Those who were found guilty for self torment

Never admitting so, betrayed by their shiver
While mutilating their happiness
With razor blades of guilt

Their voices rise like an irritating whisper
To the AEONAON fortress
But there is no need for warriors
That can not win their own battles

Razor blades of guilt

No beggars are allowed in, to feast in sympathy
This treasure is kept and shared
With the beloved loyal comrades

Wearing the title of the trinity
Warlord, magician and king
Hands are raised grasping golden cups
In a toast for hedonism.
Power in life without guilt