

# Septic Flesh, Unbeliever

[Music: Spiros A., Lyrics: Sotiris V.]

Hate me  
Help me  
Convert my mind  
Direct me to your gloom  
The halls of kingdom  
To the land of no return  
Take me ignorant  
Show me your master and creator

Take me  
Take me to the tombs of your sacred relics  
Where bodies bend like weak betrayers  
What a fitting punisher you are  
Bring your own redemption  
The touch of the nails to the skin is the fruit of your love for masochism

I don't deserve your trance  
I am the adversary of a dominant race of zealots  
I am the kind that doubts the unreason

Unbeliever

I won't forget to ask the question before I give an answer to me  
On the land of no return there are all that you can't find:  
The lack of sense - The lack of anything that you can feel  
I won't decide to play the master instead I chose to be  
You say I am incomplete  
I say I'll always be

Cover your mouth with tape  
Cover your heart with pain  
Cover your eyes with shame  
Spend all your life in vain

I don't deserve your trance  
I am the adversary of a dominant race of zealots  
I am the kind that doubts the unreason

Hate me  
Help me  
Convert my mind  
Direct me to your gloom  
The halls of kingdom come  
To the land of no return  
Take me ignorant  
Show me your master and creator

I don't deserve your trance  
I am the adversary of a dominant race of zealots  
I am the kind that doubts the unreason

Unbeliever