

Azazel, Hymn of Fire

The sun cried
Fire upon me
I feel the pain
My skin buckling
And I giving away
To a new horrid life
I loved you
For my soul
Burns without you
Tonight
Rise
Live without you
Burns
Ruling this life
Burns my soul
Rise
Why
Good thing can not
Be left alone
I want it all
Take him
Pull out my eyes
And cut my tongue
I'd rather rule
Than serve, than serve
I won't be you
I can't
I die for it
I can't
The flames are my home
Again and again
I know this life
Again, again
I hate this life
Oh, death becomes me