

Azazel, The Damned Live Well

Devour these sins of mine
In this great fire
I find a friend
You cut my soul
I bleed the blood of life
I felt you laugh away
I felt you fall away
This part is played
The words are spewed forth
I hurt the forgotten
Screaming a flow
The hands
I will live this
Sketchy outline
Of existence
To exist
Feel my life fade
Horried, horried
Etched in the heart
Is the curse of man