

# 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  
Horrified, horrified  
Etched in the heart  
Is the curse of man