

Centurian, Blood For Satan

Liquid jewelry
It gathers in red
As I slit my arms
To release the fiend inside myself
Watch my hands of Sodom
Claws of devine self - slaughter
Torn is my flesh
Just like the sould inside it

Touch my scars
And read my soul
Exposed are the bloody sins of me
My eyes stare cold
I tremble in madness
Flesh lays naked
Demons are screaming

Dagger of darkness
Hasted through my skin

Marked as the marvellous lamb
The black beast
The lamb forlorn of god
My flesh is the feast

Satan, Take my blood

I slowly cut
Life out of me
Satan Lord
My blood is Thine

Finding salvation
Through self mutilation
Draining myself
My soul is soaked
Now without god
And without grace
Yet all this
Seems so natural to me