

Professor Fate, The Lustful

The naked and weary, weak, they shout their shameful cry
Infected with melody of lost thoughts, soon they die
This lost souls, united wretchedness and pain
Behold the storm of hearts(?) of suffering in vain!

Wounds of flesh will last ...
Temptations fade as souls decay
Walk by passion we reach our last
Burned to ashes, we turn to dust

Greatening the Baal(?)
Last souls alarmed
We, which ... last
Return to dust

Hanged and crucified, their human half is burns(?).
For death and tower tales their pages have returned
These blaken hearts are greed, I've honored them flesh feet
Satan will prevail, offended hopefully.

Greatening the Baal(?)
Last souls alarmed
We, which ... last
Return to dust