

Rotting Christ, Art Of Sin

Art Of Sin
Chasing shadows
Before fire
Illusions follow
The ghost of many tears
Once again today
Forever withdrawn
Is this the way
Is this the way
Words never spoken
Truth lives in insanity
Secrets always forgotten
Stand up to your entity
The memory is very deep
I will get through this
Enchanted sleep
Sin becomes an art inside it
Crawling screaming
I stand before doubt
Can't stop shivering
No life is ever lost
This is my comfort
What I like most
What I like most
Is your pure cruelty
I am still afraid of you
My enemy is here
I wish I knew
Is the end near
No life is is ever lost
This is my comfort
What I like most
Is your magic oath
Chasing shadows
Before fire
Illusions follow
The ghost of many tears
Words never spoken
Truth lives in insanity
Secrets always forgotten
Stand up to your entity