

Septic Flesh, Faust

[Music: Chris A., Lyrics: Sotiris V.]

All my life I strived to gain insight to things that sacred most men
Through the dungeons of the mind I learned the tricks playing with fire
Evil wears a weird facade invented to protect man's hate
For the painful, The unknown, The feared and the forbidden

I dreamed the devil was I
My quest complete
I dreamed the devil was I
I was awake
My quest complete
Faust

Captive from philosophies that root on hopes like rotten trees
I see the hanged men on their ropes
Which harvester will rip these crops?
If their soul deserved a dime their chance is lost - No bargain now
I want now all that I can get
Riches, Power, Pleasure without end

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