

# Sinn, The Project

I'm the voice of your obscenity  
I'll give you the means of your pornography

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The blood of the innocence will color our union  
Babies sacrificed on the altar of your desires  
Is not the crime better in pain  
Sing and dance the death and its silence belong to you

I' m the blood  
The blood of the offense  
The face of the torment  
I'm the scream  
The scream of the demons  
The arm of the affront  
I' m the blood  
The blood of the offense  
The face of the torment

Come with your will  
In a breath we leave

Ashes to ashes  
Dust to dust  
Here stands the ghost of your obsessions  
Rocked by the sweet sound of some agonies

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666 x murder