

Tactical Sekt, Soulless

Soulless

Blood boils
Counting the seconds
The demons inside me wail

Between the sheets
I tear the satin
Like a train come off the rails

Crash, crass evil
21st century soulless people

I'm so tired
Escaping consciousness
I wrestle sleeps prevailing winds

City to city
Nation to nation
I thank the devil for all my sins

Crash, crass evil
21st century soulless people

Soulless people
Scourge of the light
Pound of flesh
For creatures of the night

Crash, crass evil
Were all going to die!
If you want to live forever
Prepare these wings for flight