

# Tidfall, The Empire Of The Pleasures Of Flesh

You, who crawls for creation  
The torn is your mark  
Of deceit and mutilation

Suffering I wish for you  
To be stained in blasphemy  
Come forth and deny  
The holy trinity

Preacher of hope  
Behold they book burning  
Preacher of love  
Behold thy world  
Turning

To the empire of flesh  
Drink the blood and sin  
Extract the pleasures  
Of an orgy in blood

Fell the bloodstained skin next to mine  
I love your wounded flesh  
Entrance me in your fluids of life

The empire of the pleasures of flesh  
Flesh is your mortal combination  
Of a will to be free