

Unholy, Wretched

"Why so soft,

O' my brothers...

So pliant and yielding... how can you one day triumph with me..."

Rejoice in sweet submission of murder, of conceit

How can you ever triumph with me?!?!</p></div>
<div data-bbox="115 131 584 149" data-label="Text"><p>I'd rather be wretched <wretched? > and broken</p></div>
<div data-bbox="115 145 418 163" data-label="Text"><p>Than join into your fraudulent joy</p></div>
<div data-bbox="115 159 416 178" data-label="Text"><p>I'd rather leave my will unspoken</p></div>
<div data-bbox="115 174 435 192" data-label="Text"><p>Than stain it in your sick vaudeville</p></div>
<div data-bbox="115 203 403 221" data-label="Text"><p>Petrified spirits, oblivion of past</p></div>
<div data-bbox="115 217 518 235" data-label="Text"><p>Vulnerable whisper, cheap kiss for a second</p></div>
<div data-bbox="115 246 488 262" data-label="Text"><p>=u=s=e=f=u=l=i=n=f=o=r=m=a=t=i=o=n=</p></div>
<div data-bbox="8 968 320 990" data-label="Page-Footer"><p>Unholy - Wretched w Tekscior.pl</p></div>

Petrified spirits, oblivion of past

Vulnerable whisper, cheap kiss for a second

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