

Alastis, Remind

A new perception of the world
Appears in your mind
And you retrieve your instincts
On your decision
Open gates on a new truth
You understand
You're only temporary
In this matter's body

Come on, slaves of rot
Kneeling in front
Of your torturer

Don't you feel that
Through the hatred
The light materializes
From your cries of pain
It comes alive
On your distressed it feasts

Come on, slaves of rot
Kneeling in front
Of your torturer

In each being
I guess the death
And if by mistake
You pass my way
Don't expect any fellow
And get ready for
Worst anxieties

Come on, slaves of rot
Kneeling in front
Of your torturer

I'll feast on the blackness
Of your soul
I'll spit on your
Lowest supplications
No ending, no beginning, I draw
My force from your death

Come on, slaves of rot
Kneeling in front
Of your torturer