

Body Count

Morgoth

In a certain life before you
there was a quest
a primitive art solution
into your death
this is the split of soul
you can't protect it
forgotten kind of art is now selected

Is this the answer to a glory life that you've chosen
what is the point to await a world deep frozen
now come to see the world in black is this unreal?

Burn down you can't imagine
a lost part into the engine

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Cursed in your frustration
forgotten destination
a liquid mind is lost
swallowed to rot

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Hate is running through the brain
simply possessed
eternal life erosion
that you compress
animated life-control
deformed impulse
provocated genocide
incubated skulls

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