

## 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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