

## In My Heart

Nightrage

As we plunged into the inferno of life,  
This is the real hell and paradise is only an utopia.

A debt of honour on the verge of madness  
In my heart of hearts.

Hurt and weaken from the swirl  
Of barbarity poor child of sin,  
Devilish angels, a scornful look  
Haunted by the past.

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