

Wiked Fate I: Mark Of Chaos

THE DISORDERS

Pleasures of evil ways
A Life of pain and murders
Through black arts and prophecies
But the end was so near

Not easy to accept
That's the way we all end up
In the black abyss of death
Falling into oblivion

Just a few months To create an evil offspring
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Just a few months The needed time to make his mark
And meet his fate

No love, a deception
A squalid ambition
To rise again and keep his soul
By abusing a woman

He gave hell to a naive girl
But she was the solution
The way to live throughout time
For a ghost who won't let go

In the wake of dishonor
A new child will soon be born
Nine months and a filthy dusk
Will bring darkness to the world