

Dimensions Of Thy Unforgiven Sins Part II

Abigor

Soon I'll reach towards your soul from the grave
And not to hand my heart on you
Because I am not the shade you're waiting for
My wings stir the moonlit dust of the place in which the past is buried
In this forest of wolves which is my home
Some things lighten nightfall... feel my presence...
Hurry up and hide you from your desire - you godforsaken whore!
What luck are you waiting for?
Your sins will never be forgotten!
The swiftness of time is a joke for me,
And I still feel the taste of your flesh on my lips
As it was in the beginning, it's now, and ever shall be...
Oh beloved blood
I am thy bitterness, I am immortal... and hunting eternally...