

Her vision is misty as smoke
Mists and the smokes of dark
Desirable fullmoon is near
In air her vision as spark

Fire's tongues is tickle her body

He was waiting all who here and now
Path to eternity
He was waiting all who here and now
Blood on the cold couch

Sweetness of suffering
Excitements of lust
Let's fell!
...cold like by needle

Here and forever

Pitiful was called to himself
When gates to the air he closed
Ugly creation, insanity myth

You are all here and now
Let stretch out your hands
Your master don't blind you're by light
By light from the heavnes of lies

Your life burns and burnt
The flames of the end
Our flag is still risen
Rising and immortal

Eternal fiery mysticism