

You wake up like every morning and you ask yourself
Is there anything or anyone to listen to you?
You need someone or something, to listen when you pray
Your faith is dying so you have to find another way...

Do you beleive in the power of the night?
If you want to go with meh refuse the light...

I am the air that you breath
I am the sand under your feet
I'm the water on your skin
I'm the soultaker

Why Don't you go on your knees
Why don't you pray to me
I can be your redemption
I'm the soultaker