

# Molested

Centinex

Spirits are coming from a dark dead sky  
The whispers and shadows are calling me

Molested and lost  
My soul is turned to dust

The funeral in fire calls my name  
The ancient dark desire tears me away  
Power and damnation from the shining moon  
Seven are the ways which will lead me through

Molested and lost  
My soul is turned to dust

My scorn and my pagan hate  
Engraved mournful lies  
Realm of chaos arise  
The other side awaits

Longing for the aeons under the bloodred clouds  
My molested soul will enter the past  
Into the abyss and over the stream  
My visions became true and my soul is free

Molested and lost  
My soul is turned to dust

My scorn and my pagan hate  
Engraved mournful lies  
Realm of chaos arise  
The other side awaits  
My dreams are deeper than deep  
Visions are darker than black  
We will dwell further  
Gathered shall we be