

Two of a kind for seven Mary's
awaking darkest joys of pain
Breath by a cold reaching the ecstasy

Drown me with a blackended lust
reach for up to the 7th moon
Blessed pleasure for several souls
serenity roams...

Dream for the lust
serenity roams
Breath by a cold
reaching the ecstasy.

Grace open the secrects through visions
pouring lastly her wasted time
Filth covered under a pure white silk
...throne bleeds her last piece of a grace...

Drown me with a blackended lust
reach for up to the 7th moon
Blessed pleasure for several souls
serenity roams...

Gods trial begins for her gate... of a death
Breath by a lust, by a lust
Seeds opens (take me) full of the flesh
Her body cold as she rests...