

O`angels come to guide me in my sacred land
Thine holy glance enlightens my chamber
Stranger worlds in fractal thoughts
A gentle thrill

I'm crowned with thorns
Who will remember this
Quiet domes of whispering circling in my head
Collapsing mental boundaries

Draconic lips of mine
And angels still corrupting with a silent word of wisdom
O`angels find their sacred land
In my debility they bloom

Kill my flesh
Kill my skin
Cure my sore
Cure my belief
A wince, just to regret
To wear a willow

A wince, just to regret self - sacrifice
To wear the willow- lost within
And grieve for what I've lost - a mournful eye
My thirst for life embodies prayers at night

I sentence myself - a wilful execution
Disclaiming innocence indeed
O'angel find their sacred land in mine
What they have never dared to be

O'angel find their sacred land in mine
Where they can be what they greed
O'angel find their sacred land in mine
For they can still make me believe

O'angel find their sacred land in mine
For they have crowned me
...Crowned with thorns