

## The Calling

Gothminister

She's bearing a vicious featus  
Descendant from a distant past  
It holds an ancient secret  
The curse will unfold at last  
She carries the force of angels  
Transmitting from the phantom land  
For healing souls of godless breed  
She was left with the children of the damned

Behold, he's calling  
Deep down where your dreams end  
Darkness embrace you  
One day it forsakes you

We're stalking the last disciple  
She's spreading the old decease  
Possessed with demon skills  
Giving birth to eternal heresy

Burn skin, and no regrets  
She was left with the children of the damned