

In the twilight I stand  
In the faint light of the moon  
Like blood flowing out of an open wound  
Will grief and hate companion my soul  
to the unchallenged heights  
of my profane desire

Forever marked by the light  
I am seeking on downwards,  
Led by the dreeping tears  
Of the mourning origins

Swept in moisty moonfog I am  
Tempted to die by my own hand  
Sardonic wrath overwhelms me  
Now blinded by hate and it's all I can see

My weeping soul  
Beg for the twilight to come  
Frustration eats away my sanity  
Waiting for cheerlessness to come  
lying in my cave longing for eternal night

As a wind of the past blows through my wind  
My eyes swollen up by all the tears  
Infinite sorrow flow through my veins  
As I am thinking of taking my last breath