

From the gates of paradise to the virgin
World below
She was cast away for what she has done,
Bereft of her home.

You have to believe her there was only one choice for her.
She longed to stay, to resist the beast,
But Creator's scorn
Was lashing out at her.

She is the mistress of her destiny,
At night she hunts their souls.
Victim of the holy trinity,
A fall from grace.

Hora mortis nostrae
Her illusions sacrificed to heaven's hierarchy.

Her wounds healed quick, loved by Samael at night.
His spirit's lust did guarantee
A fallen angel's destiny.

In the garden of Eden submission is no path for her.
She wanted to stay, to resist the beast,
But Creator's scorn
Was lashing out at her.

Lord I guess I must concede that pride's my coven's creed.
So my past dies, so my horns rise!