

She said, 'Do you remember what you said to me at midnight?'
I said, 'How could I not I'm in so close.'
You'll say, 'Don't you look back into your mirror.'
I'll say, 'Ax siktir your body and your bones!'

She thinks every sac-religious view to no end.
I think she has every moment to offend.
You'll say, 'Don't you look back into your mirror.'
I'll say, 'Ax siktir your body and your bones!'

Day after day, hour after hour my evenings are mournings.

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Day after day, hour after hour my evenings are mournings.
Grave after grave I will come for all of you.
Grave after grave, after grave, after grave...
Grave after grave, after grave, after grave...