

Molested

Centinex

Spirits are coming from a dark dead sky
The whispers and shadows are calling me

Molested and lost
My soul is turned to dust

The funeral in fire calls my name
The ancient dark desire tears me away
Power and damnation from the shining moon
Seven are the ways which will lead me through

Molested and lost
My soul is turned to dust

My scorn and my pagan hate
Engraved mournful lies
Realm of chaos arise
The other side awaits

Longing for the aeons under the bloodred clouds
My molested soul will enter the past
Into the abyss and over the stream
My visions became true and my soul is free

Molested and lost
My soul is turned to dust

My scorn and my pagan hate
Engraved mournful lies
Realm of chaos arise
The other side awaits
My dreams are deeper than deep
Visions are darker than black
We will dwell further
Gathered shall we be