

Umbra

Ghost

In the shadows, pale and cold
In the shadows, lay my soul
In the shadows, death becomes your lover

The altar is lit with black candles
The darker, the better, so thrilling
It's killing you

In the chapel of the Holy One
In the presence of the Chosen Son
I see your light shine through
In the temple of the godly scene
In the shadow of the Nazarene
I put my love in you

In the shadows, stripped of sin
In the shadows, deep within
In the shadows, I will make you my angel

The altar (altar) is lit with black candles
The darker (darker), the better, so killing
It's thrilling me

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In the presence of the Chosen Son
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In the temple of the godly scene
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