

# The Almighty

Gothminister

And her hair was as black as ravens  
When I met her  
And her eyes were so sparkling and tender  
Felt I knew her

Bow my head to the Almighty  
I have lost my way  
Time stood still when we danced the last, dark  
And pure September day

From our castles we sent ships with demons  
Witches' lovecraft  
Now she's gone, yet I feel her breathing  
While I tell her story  
Hodja  
Hodja