

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