

Unclean

Lost Soul

It's a sin
Blasphemy and sacrilege
It's a sin
A sin is to call it in that way

Shine with your might, oh insolent Wisdom
Your messengers sow pestilence
Thoughts in chaos, without a shelter
No supports point

Ignorance, made ignorance
Impotence - powerless as always

Eager souls
Condemned minds
confirmed in conviction
Flourishing decay

Angels, devils faithful and obedient
Devils, angels waiting for their shepherd
Frightened crippled creatures
Worthy to each other

No trial of strength
Devoured by fire
A puppet in a crown of thorns