

The Molesters of My Soul

Sigh

Will you save me from this nightmare
With your blood-covered salvation
With your revelation covered with blood
With your blood black and blessed

Am I god or am I not
It doesn't matter I'm destined to rot
Am I god or am I not
I'm going to lose all I have got

Molesters, molesters
Molesters of my soul
They won't rest my soul
They molest my soul
Please rest my soul you stole
(I was) born cursed
To die blessed
(I was) born blind
To die in bliss

Your hands are red, as red as my blood
But your blood is black
Black and blessed
Don't you ever learn?
Into the flame I'll return
As I have no eyes to see
I'll be your servant

I am a holder of your fate
I am a bringer of your hate
I am a savior, I am a messiah
I am a bringer to the scorching fire
To cleanse your soul

See the angels with their eyes closed fall
See the angels with their wings torn fall
See the old tombs waiting to be filled

I know not when
I know not where