

Mistress Of The Damned Souls

Arkan

Black Earth, white mistress
Enter the Gates of Death
Out of the Lands we know
Where sleeps the sorrow
Bright Light of Nights
Out of the Gates of the Living
The Land of No Return
Where sins are dogma

The roots of decline around her
In extase, sitting on her throne
A vision of despair
Governing the underworld
Funeral rites in the realms of the dead
Virgins' purity abused

A vision of sadness
Governing the netherworld
Black Earth, white mistress
Enter the Gates of Death
Out of the Lands we know
Where sleeps the sorrow

Rejected like a leprous
The heart filled with rancor
A vision of hatred
Governing the underworld
Directing the wandering souls
Nourished by their frankness
A vision of revenge
Governing the netherworld

Out of the realms of living man
Beyond the lands out of your range
Enter the gates and see her reign
Mistress of the damned souls

Believing in forgiveness
But killed in cold blood
Hung with a hook on the wall
I'll look at them suffering
Believing
In forgiveness
But executed
In cold blood

Crawling like vermins
The vultures in the sky

Crawling like vermins
The vultures will gather in the sky
The smell of decomposition
Will embalm
Believing
In forgiveness
But executed
In cold blood

The roots of the decline around her
She directs the wandering souls
Funeral rites of the realm of the dead
Govern the underworld