

That night you were indescribably beautiful  
O messenger of my suffering  
In pain we rest with the night  
And the luminosity...  
That night you were my torch  
Which eternal blaze  
Brought all the demons to me...

Priestess of the night  
Latern of the morning star  
The crown of death is on your head  
Illuminating path for the mad  
Of damnation and sin...  
And when the sun will rise  
Never fear again  
Defiance and pain, it's who I am...  
Like the dark that has it's profundity  
So I call the primitive rights  
You shall not have strange gods before me  
And forfeit the syndrom of pulchritude  
Giving yourself mto the impulse...