

Mother of Unbelievers

Crimfall

Shone the sign, shone the star
Wed on vile faith
From the cradle of dust and war
Rose prophetess pure unlaidd
Celestial whore, virgin goddess

Daughter of deceivers
Mother of unbelievers

When gods of any child
Any child of nine
Turn to worship their kin as divine
Truth that frees no soul
What is shorn atones no vow
What is born is forever lost

Childbride riding the red ropes
From these grins the fate was sung
Against these throats the promise broke
Marked with duskblood and seum
In sacred forgiveness defile goddess

What is binding must be shorn
As will fire retaliate in kind
Never been a flame without a thorn
So must light reveal and blind