

Behold for here she is - spawned in the underworld
Hear her cries - from those you cannot hide
Feed the wind - with your sore depression
Touch the sky - before you die

An undead whore mourns by the waters of life
Her beautiful skin mirrors the glittering stars above
Her bewildering eyes
Enmesh every spirit more or less
Sindarilla
No one can match your demise
Sindarilla
The death you spread on life

Her hair as fine as feather, but arched like the life she lived
Her veins unfolds in bloom of magical energies
Her corpse so beautifully kept as if she never died
But fury came with the angels dark - from them you cannot hide

She dances with the dead in the showering rain
One dance - she bleeds again

Lifeless - She holds you
Caring - She feeds on your soul
Lust loss!
Debauch!

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