

In the twilight I stand
In the faint light of the moon
Like blood flowing out of an open wound
Will grief and hate companion my soul
to the unchallenged heights
of my profane desire

Forever marked by the light
I am seeking on downwards,
Led by the dreeping tears
Of the mourning origins

Swept in moisty moonfog I am
Tempted to die by my own hand
Sardonic wrath overwhelms me
Now blinded by hate and it's all I can see

My weeping soul
Beg for the twilight to come
Frustration eats away my sanity
Waiting for cheerlessness to come
lying in my cave longing for eternal night

As a wind of the past blows through my wind
My eyes swollen up by all the tears
Infinite sorrow flow through my veins
As I am thinking of taking my last breath