Nihil

Plastique Noir

The loosers are the winnersThe saints are the sinnersThe angels in heavenKeep falling, keep fallingHe demands and you deliver
God is no forgiverThe demons in hell
Keep calling, keep callingTrough the night shall all wash awayAll the horrors of the day
And a little angel on my sideTries to make it all worthwhileAnd with a little beauty in my bed
I still wish that I was dead
And the little angel on my sideTakes me on a devil rideNo rose without a thornDead before you're bornA world full of nothing
So keep praying, keep prayingThat what lies ahead of us
In the eye of HorusA new sacred aeonWe'll be obeying, obeying

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