Without Delight

Sacrilege

There's a land without delight
were saints immortal were slain
Infinite day expelled by night
and pleasures unite in pain
In this land without delight
thousands of candles glow
within their flame of misty light
my blood will always flowDrown me in the crimson sky
and utopian disease
The spirit of all life will die
Hail the godless seasRepeat firstCome burn with me
in the oean so deep
The mirror of our soul
Burn, burn with me

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