

...Repent...

Silentium

"To Save One's Soul, We Need Nothing More Than Regret, And This Shall Become The Fall Of Man" I have
cursed thy grace in heavens
For such torments given to my heart
Such pain to pay for feelings
What throne of thorns inside I've felt "O lo', as the morn breaks
And yon is the memory of thine warmth
O lo', as the morn breaks
Deluge of tears upon frozen soil" ...but this one last night
Would I repent
Her thrashed innocence
For whence we fell...but this one last night
Wish morn delays
Sole bitterness
For whence we fell I have slept with fiends and serpents
For such pleasures given to our flesh
Such balefulness we all have felt
What dreadful deeds the night conceals

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