Tribes of Cain

Samael

Profound is the pain from which is born deliverance
Long is the path which leads to the light
And you march alone...Wash your hands in the blood
Of the lamb
Lick your punishment
This stern eye you fear
This condemning finger pointed at you
Make them both part of yourself
Make one out of two
And rememberRegret is a worm born from your jealousy
Someone lives on in the depths of your heartFight your deepest feelings
Deny your own existence
It never heals, it never healsOpposing darkness to obscurity
Doesn't lead anywhere
Shine if you want to beProfound is the pain from which is born deliverance
Long is the path which leads to the light...

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