

Nihil

Moist

The losers are the winners
The saints are the sinners
The angels in heaven
Keep falling, keep falling
He demands
and you deliver

God is no forgiver
The demons in hell

Keep calling, keep calling
Trough the night shall all wash away
All the horrors of the day
And a little angel on my side
Tries to make it all worthwhile
And with a little beauty in my bed

I still wish that I was dead

And the little angel on my side
Takes me on a devil ride
No rose without a thorn
Dead before you're born
A world
full of nothing

So keep praying, keep praying
That what lies ahead of us
In the eye of Horus
A new sacred aeon
We'll be obeying, obeying

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