

Stigmata

Dark Funeral

Stigmata - Stigmata - Stigmata - Stigmata Save Me...It's happening again

I started to bleed

From my hands and feet

In an odour so sweet

Painful holy wounds of four

The blood-loss increase

Terrified I see they open wide

Oh, don't give me number...Five...The pain become extreme

The more I will bleed

Whipped by a force unseen

And pushed down on my knees

Something holds me down I can't get away

If this is a gift from god

I give my soul to - hell Lord, why have you abandoned me?

Why, don't you hear my cries?

Why, do I have to feel this pain?

Please, don't you just, let me die? Stigmata!

Stigmata! The pain become extreme

The more I will bleed

Whipped by a force unseen

And pushed down on my knees

Something holds me down

I can't get away

If this is a gift from god

I give my soul to - hell Lord, why have you abandoned...me?

Why, don't you hear my cries?

Why, do I have to feel this pain?

Please, don't you just, let me die? Stigmata - Stigmata - Stigmata - Stigmata

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