Stigmata

Dark Funeral

Stigmata - Stigmata - Stigmata - StigmataSave 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 downI can't get away
If this is a gift from god
I give my soul to - hellLord, 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
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