Worthless Soul for Sale

Abyssos

I may bethe stargazer who still hopes for you to enter my zodiac.
But the lines between time have disappeared, lost forever in the fields of ages.
Fire, walk through the flames of a time to come,
I've seen your face in the blaze, comeforth my beloved evil one...Take this black ribbon off my eyes,
I want to see from where the sweet blood comes,
I want to see the red running down your thighs.
Please smear it into my eyes,
dark mistress in a daimonic disguise...You looked at me hoping I was an angel underneath,
but inside I am pure evil just like you.
All the way from beneath,
we are the same, one not two.Come on, let me hear you say it,
let me see you disgrace the feeble god above
Our name is a number - three times six,
it's our ticket across the river styx.
Trapped between blood-drenched thighs.
Cure me, curse me. I don't care if I live or die.Is it the truth that is told in the tale,
that your worthless soul is for sale?
For goldcoins more than twentyone,
you'll become the bride of Satan.We are the ones you were afraid to see,
those you only read of in daimonology.
We are the ones not afraid of your cross,
We are the mighty, they are Abyssos.Wolves, vampires, satyrs, ghosts!
Elect of all the devilish hosts!
I pray you send hither, send hither,
The great grey shapes that make men shiver!We are the ones you were afraid to see,
those you only read of in daimonology.
We are the ones not afraid of your cross,
We are the mighty, they are Abyssos.Take this black ribbon off my eyes,
I want to see from where the sweet blood comes,
I want to see the red running down your thighs.You looked at me hoping I was an angel underneath,
but inside I am pure evil just like you.
All the way from beneath, we the one.Is it the truth that is told in the tale,
that your worthless soul is for sale?
For goldcoins more than twentyone,
you'll become the bride of Satan.

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