

Nihil

Poema Arcanus

The losers are the winnersThe saints are the sinnersThe angels in heavenKeep falling, keep fallingHe demands
and you deliver

God is no forgiverThe demons in hell

Keep calling, keep callingTrough the night shall all wash awayAll the horrors of the day
And a little angel on my sideTries to make it all worthwhileAnd with a little beauty in my bed

I still wish that I was dead

And the little angel on my sideTakes me on a devil rideNo rose without a thornDead before you're bornA world
full of nothing

So keep praying, keep prayingThat what lies ahead of us
In the eye of HorusA new sacred aeonWe'll be obeying, obeying

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