

A Black Minute

Periphery

Our voices echo on a quiet night,
Silver vices on unholy cathedral.
Moon and sun,
A birthing light in this duality.

Embrace the feeling of our human skin,
Intertwining now in ecstasy.
Lie in the circle of a few who stain,
Our bodies with their own blood.

The presence getting as the child grows,
A family burdened with a line full of evil.
Sacrifice,
Now you can live to see another day.

Embrace the feeling of our human skin,
Intertwining now in ecstasy.
Lie in the circle of a few who stain,
Our bodies with your own blood.

Embrace the feeling of a soul within,
Lie in the circle of a few who stain,
Our bodies with their own blood.

Our voices echo on a quiet night,
Silver vices on unholy cathedral.
Moon and sun,
A birthing light in this duality.

These voices echo so violently,
A comprecation with a life full of evil.
Sacrifice,
Now you can live to see another day

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