

Abigor, Soil Of Souls

Souls of infidel men
Is a fertile soul
Like dusky forest grow
On fallen leaves
We draw the essence of mortal weakness
Holyness - the worst gift of light
Is long dead and gone
Buried by our sisters ages ago
Whilst the sun rapes the day
Grow borns below
Armoured and strengthened are the sons of the moon
And not blood keeps us alive
Souls of infidel men flow through our veins
One last silent scream
One last breath
The moment we appear from the shadows
To inhale another soul
Of an infidel men