

As Divine Grace, In Low Spirits

When there isn't light
We gather all right here
I am a nightly owl
I close my gleaming eyes

I never will forget
Then pain you made me feel
The seeds of great madness
Are growing slowly

There is a blue pressure
When sky is coming down
There is a white relief
When all we are away

Leave me standing here
I want to be alone
I want to take my place
And have my own revenge