

# Daemonarch, Samyaza

Samyaza, touch me  
The powers watch upon  
And I will invent for you a victim  
Never concealed before  
Samyaza, your children grow  
Will you ever be involved?  
I draw your number in my heart  
To acclaim my very prize

And in supper  
You'll give birth to an angel  
And from this small creature's  
Each one of us will have a new try

And you'll try!

And in supper you'll give birth to an angel  
And each one of us will have a new try

Samyaza, your children grow  
When did you get involved?  
Arise numbers in my heart  
And foregain my very prize

Through her lips, those orders birth and rise  
Rake problems, get them off, with the number of your days  
Where's the old grievance, you'll get of the Lord of the poverty  
Herald here in your service and bring to me the demon

When in supper Samiyaza will come  
And present us the true lore  
The true lore and the storm  
And turn to it in my time

To kiss all that I here have behold  
For we have finally achieved  
What we always had

Glory

For his glory  
Guilt is glory