

Gothminister, Nachtzehrer

Here comes the last caress from deep beyond the grave
Burn slowly time to rest slave to this manifest

Need the one to save your soul impossible to hide it
Need the one to rise again so the future can return

Why are you afraid to do this I don't know it's kind of scary
Why do you fear to open your mind no don't let me step inside
We are leaving this world you don't know what you're doing this time
Through shades of shadows the fear shall not return
And the children shall never burn

We were destined to survive we are sick of being depraved our fantasy
Bow to the new army of salvation when your weary days are gone
Hail to the wicked sons

The fear of being crucified on your own blackened cross
The fear of seven inch nails battered through your defenseless body
The fear of waking up from the dead and
Smell the scars of two thousand years failures