

Moonspell, From Lowering Skies

Diurnal shall be your redemption
The last of spirits now leaves your body
We all act as if You are not there
Seeing is not believing

Possessional your communication
What gets inside us the moment we are born?
What was that descending?
From lowering skies

I am no One
The center of Universe
What got inside you?
The moment you were born
Could you see Him descending.
Descending supreme
From lowering skies