

Shape Of Despair, Angels Of Distress

Come closer for myself...and let your angels fly away.
As i am , forgiven by them... my angels.

Feel mine cleansing touch... fall through your worlds...
fall...onto me.

Let me caress you...let me take you through my worlds.
Let them (my angels) taste you with this night, with this tongue of this might.

Perish...onto us...feel your mind weaken, your cold body withered...
let us... take you far of this night, far away within distress to die...