

# Silentium, ...Repent...

"To Save One's Soul, We Need Nothing More Than Regret, And This Shall Become The Fall

I have cursed thy grace in heavens  
For such torments given to my heart  
Such pain to pay for feelings  
What throne of thorns inside I've felt

"O lo', as the morn breaks  
And yon is the memory of thine warmth  
O lo', as the morn breaks  
Deluge of tears upon frozen soil"

...but this one last night  
Would I repent  
Her thrashed innocence  
For whence we fell

...but this one last night  
Wish morn delays  
Sole bitterness  
For whence we fell

I have slept with fiends and serpents  
For such pleasures given to our flesh  
Such balefulness we all have felt  
What dreadful deeds the night conceals