Bejelit, Son Of Death

Born between light and darkness childhood Madness was my only nurse My mother hanged from the tree My master sold me for two coins While I have to see and travel in this world I speak by my sword all my pain While I have to bring the bread on my tongue I scream all my rage But I'm the son of death And the bad luck is on my way I'm the sin of death And the bad luck is on my way Grown between violence and shame Greed took my father's mind my master died by my hand The black crow saw all my cries While I have to see and travel in this world I speak by my sword all my pain While I have to bring the bread on my tongue I scream all my rage But I'm the son of death And the bad luck is on my way I'm the sin of death And the bad luck is on my way While I have to see and travel in this world I speak by my sword all my pain While I have to bring the bread on my tongue I scream all my rage But I'm the son of death And the bad luck is on my way I'm the sin of death And the bad luck is on my way But I'm the son of death And the bad luck is on my way I'm the sin of death And the bad luck is on my way