

Cultus Sanguine, I Ride The Winds Of Hate

Slowly as my sister night comes
With her coil of shadow and sorrow
I feel myself, I taste the power
In the cold of moonlight I'm strong
In the dark of shadow I'm real
Now that my sister has come
I've drunk the chalice of supremacy
I'm on a level higher my nerves are in wait
I've the power to ride the winds of hate
I ride the winds of hate
I ride the winds of hate
I ride the winds of hate
Hail hate
In my darkness I find myself
Hear the cold of shadow as well
Eternal time, eternal guest
When my sister will take my hands?
My self
My self
My self
Slowly...