

Cultus Sanguine, On These Nocturnal Wings

In depression down
I'm falling
down in the oblivion deep
My mind, my force, my power
seen to be unreal
The death like air I'm breathing
wares my fear
my fear

Descends with the night
the growing delusion
of live
I feel like be unworth
of living
depression shines on me

As a child
under her guide
I feel my blood
flowing out of my veins
Sister blade help me find
The right way to an higher side
Finally I've found
the higher of side

As the blade
ends this life
I feel a sense
of satisfied thirst
I'm free
is like flying
this death
on my own