

Dream Widow, Angel With Severed Wings

It is upon us
The time is night
This life of servitude
I would rather die
This heart is empty
My soul is spent
I've made a final vow
Never to repent
I feel his presence
The king is near
Resolve this mortal man
Fate I cannot bear
Now full of loathing
Hate has arrived
Coursing within my veins
Finally alive
The serpent begins to
Coils around
An angel with severed wings
Gathered before the king
I was not born
To be enslaved
I am the lonesome goat
One you cannot save
Dread + repulsion
Intensifies
Bathing within fire
Dancing in your eyes