

Dying Tears, Jail Of Flesh

In the temple of lust
Where pleasure of flesh
Is melting to blood
She's dressed in a shroud
And she walks on thorns
Night gets darker and darker
And slowly candles become
Images of god
One more time,
Wolves will bite her...
Spoiled, raped and naked
She cries alone.

She just can keep face and whisper
Peace of mind is her only desire
Welcome into jail of flesh

Treated as an animal
Forced by hate
Men superiority overcomes
This miserable creature
She just can endure
This endless torture
Abandoned by love
Forgotten by hope
She'd like to close her eyes
And disappear somewhere
Release her wings
And fly away...