

# 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...