

Gothminister, The Calling

She's bearing a vicious featus
Descendent from a distant past
It holds an ancient secret
The curse will unfold at last
She carries the force of angels
Transmitting from the phantom land
For healing souls of godless breed
She was left with the children of the damned

Behold, he's calling
Deep down where your dreams end
Darkness embrace you
One day it forsakes you

We're stalking the last disciple
She's spreading the old decease
Possessed with demon skills
Giving birth to eternal heresy

Burn skin, and no regrets
She was left with the children of the damned