

# Peccatum, And Pray For Me

I am born  
But still not living

And pray for her  
When her soul descends

Living the life  
Known to mankind

And pray for her  
When gloom moves into mourning

Born out of darkness  
And sculptured into the shape of  
brightness

And pray for her  
When the blood of hers reveals

I was set to be  
The carrier of Sorrow

And pray for her  
When demurity is forced away

Which cluster me into a world  
Of specimens for me unknown

And pray for her  
When nature betrays her again

I am one of natures mistakes  
Not only born decades to late

And pray for her  
When you shalt be forced to see  
The image of her creation

But not able to survive  
Born and killed at the same tide

And pray for me once more  
Merely because she was made into  
Me...