

# Sine Macula, Dark Idols

Tonight we'll grant your big desire  
You'll have to set your soul on fire

Back to the form with a frightening scream  
Use all the spell to change your skin  
Call now your name and call it again  
The presence of hell now fills the air

Turn to the earth, turn to the sky  
All around you can find the light  
Turn to the west, turn to the east  
Wait to receive our mortal kiss

We are the water, we are the rock  
We are the fire your pain will stoke  
We'll play together on your bed  
We are the flash who strikes you dead

Awaken us with a pagan mass Dark Idols!  
Orgasm of death!  
Born from a tear, gods of fear Dark Idols!  
In hell we rest 'cause we're the unblessed Dark Idols!  
Pleasure and fun!  
We are the end and your best friend Dark Idols!

Follow us toward the roads of madness  
We want to show you the biggest sadness  
Erase your conception of the world  
And declaim aloud the chosen words

Tonight we'll grant your big desire  
You'll have to set your soul on fire  
We're here to strike you rival's hate  
'Cause we will catch your mortal fate

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