

Slechtvalk, Cries Of The Haunted

Why hast thou forsaken me?
Why hast thou turned away thy face
From me thy servant in distress
Oh Lord bent me thine ear!

All night long I drown in my tears
My bones are vexed, my heart is sore and vexed
Water rises to my lips
My throat is sore, I cannot speak

Lord I beg thee to free me of this grief
Which still haunts my soul, and makes my heart grow cold

I am merely all skin over bone
My flesh is too weak to resist the temptations
Which the evil layeth upon my path
I fear I yield to this heavy burden

"What has become of the son, who loved me
for so many years and now calls me into doubt
He who has worshipped me for so long
Now lives under the spell of the wicked
That brings his soul only further in Darkness
Away from love and closer to hatred
Don't you know that I'll always love you?
Return to me and I'll take care of you
I'll bring peace in your mind and rest in your troubled heart
I will treat you as my son
I'll make you a warrior of the Light"

Nightly creatures still haunt my soul
Crawling against the walls of my broken heart
screaming inhuman blasphemous words
Exalting the hordes of demon lords

Where are you God?!?!
"Here, waiting for you my son."

I will always love you Lord
Even in times of terrible Darkness
Nothing can stop me from worshipping you
Even if it means the end of my earthly life