

Vergelmer, Purifying

My soul is amused
As I spit on you
Worshippers of weakness
You're poison to my mind

My soul is amused
As I cut through this mortal shell
Entrusted to me by the god of lies
I laugh in his face

The blade runs again, through mortal veins
It's been sharp for centuries - cannot rust
My body shivers in pain
As my blood is pulsing out of my veins

My soul, frozen to sluggishness
Now it can act freely
There's only one problem left (my veins hold holiness)
Purify them and let my soul fly free

It's freezing my soul
Now it will only freeze the ground
It incarnates the snow of eternal winter
As I'm purified from mortification

I see the true light
Death of mortal shells
Gathering of fallen angels
My soul is amused