

## Akran

# "Mistress Of The Damned Souls"

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Black Earth, white mistress  
Enter the Gates of Death  
Out of the Lands we know  
Where sleeps the sorrow  
Bright Light of Nights  
Out of the Gates of the Living  
The Land of No Return  
Where sins are dogma

The roots of decline around her  
In extase, sitting on her throne  
A vision of despair  
Governing the underworld  
Funeral rites in the realms of the dead  
Virgins' purity abused

A vision of sadness  
Governing the netherworld  
Black Earth, white mistress  
Enter the Gates of Death  
Out of the Lands we know  
Where sleeps the sorrow

Rejected like a leprous  
The heart filled with rancor  
A vision of hatred  
Governing the underworld  
Directing the wandering souls  
Nourished by their frankness  
A vision of revenge  
Governing the netherworld

Out of the realms of living man  
Beyond the lands out of your range  
Enter the gates and see her reign  
Mistress of the damned souls

Believing in forgiveness  
But killed in cold blood  
Hung with a hook on the wall  
I'll look at them suffering  
Believing

In forgiveness  
But executed  
In cold blood

Crawling like vermins  
The vultures in the sky

Crawling like vermins  
The vultures will gather in the sky  
The smell of decomposition  
Will embalm  
Believing  
In forgiveness  
But executed  
In cold blood

The roots of the decline around her  
She directs the wandering souls  
Funeral rites of the realm of the dead  
Govern the underworld

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