

Anonymus

"Das Its Zum Erschiessen Schön"

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I will die tonite for the second time
I must die tonite
I could taste the wine, but it's too late
I'll burn with pride
I'll die tonight upon the storm
And I will cry over heavens
No wound shall ever satisfy my senses
No wound !
Never !
And I will cry over heavens
No wound shall ever satisfy my senses
And in my journey within the night
I have made love with the divine
In remembrance of an existence
Which has much been filled with void and nothingness
I'll burn with pride
I'll die tonite
I'll die tonite upon the storm
Feel the flesh of sacred Aeons
I have felt all around me the flesh of sacred Aeons
In my womb grows the child of thy fornication
My hour is almost come when I to sulphurous and
tormenting flames
Must render up myself
Now I can touch your lips
And kiss you goodbye
For I leave
For I leave you alone
Eternity ain't enough
Frozen heat of hell overcame my body
You're not enough for me
No woman nor man
I shall ever love
As I only praise
My own sad savour

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