

Bilocate

"Pure Wicked Sins"

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I'll hold my heart and cry with my faith
Forgotten, From destiny by my pain
The only sin that has no birth
Her beauty has gone, Left burning brains

Stealing the sound of hopeless creation
Feeding their pain with a frozen stone
That punches the blood of impure imagination
With the black rose of sepulcher cone

The roots of dark are on her grave
The sins of perdition are on her waves
The story of death is on her nave
Shall blaze tonight in a choky cave

Her beauty, Her skin, Her eyes, Her lips
Made from pure wicked sins...

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