

## Blodsrit

### "The Last Moans Of Hope"

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She danced like a snake  
And spat her poison  
Directly at the sun  
Burned, Skinned, Fleshless  
Still with a grin  
No one, Gods or Devils  
Can measure her sin  
She's the unknown soldier  
A pitch black provocer  
With the brightest of skin  
I know her as hope  
She moaned as I strangled  
Her with a rope  
Come measure my sin  
Her voice and the choir of thousands  
Will be silenced, one by one  
This is nothing but tyranny  
Nothing but joy  
Nothing  
And the nothing is the all  
To seek a death  
Where death is victory  
And the final fall

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