

Candles

"Miss Terror"

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Before the fire burns, all your blood will be for her

Open your eyes in a cold and rotting room
So weak like a flame under the rain of memories
The death is coming here with her embrace to meet
you soon
She will take away your suffering and all your pain

Someone smiles before you
A lovely face, a body to commit sin

She is a witch
She brought me here
She is my bitch
She would make me sin [x2]

She's exited showing her lustful skin, ready for you
Step by step she shows you more and more and more

No one can help you now
You are the lamb, your blood is now for her!

She is a witch
She brought me here
She is my bitch
She would make me sin [x2]

Her tongue burns your skin and your flesh
Your heart turns like a bomb in your chest

Your sorrow encourages her Lasciviousness

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