

Dark Millennium "Spiritual"

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Mother sin, you know my bent
Responsible for all
That colours the paths
I have gone
A tragedy was torn
From innocence and sorrow
To a region I belong
Where days of trust grown
Inside life
Have not existed for one stand
Not even
Day
Has come.
I may obey.
Path into black.
Raven on my shoulder.
Bow to spiritual.
You who taught me conjuration
In hours of hellish creed;
Fragile, grey-haired picture dead
Why you will pass, and I will sneer.

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