

## Abigor "Soil Of Souls"

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Souls of infidel men  
Is a fertile soul  
Like dusky forest grow  
On fallen leaves  
We draw the essence of mortal weakness  
Holyness - the worst gift of light  
Is long dead and gone  
Buried by our sisters ages ago  
Whilst the sun rapes the day  
Grow borns below  
Armoured and strengthened are the sons of the moon  
And not blood keeps us alive  
Souls of infidel men flow through our veins  
One last silent scream  
One last breath  
The moment we appear from the shadows  
To inhale another soul  
Of an infidel men

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