

## Mephistopheles

### "Stigmata"

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Those dreams Thou hidest before my sleep  
In darkness dwells their potency  
Until unleashed in ecstasy of monumental pride  
So purely focused within my heart  
I promise we will never part, my darkness  
Let the blind ones kill the light  
And even death shall not survive

Alas, I await these final days  
When all false grace shall be washed away

Thus, torn apart am I between the worlds that I once  
knew  
Unequal are the boundaries of mental strength  
Through which my will surrenders to instinct  
Unleashed is hatred, the seed of existence  
Possessed by alliance's words they shall die

Und was mir bleibt sind nur die Traenen  
Worin die Finsternis noch brennt  
Unvergessen diese Seele  
Die nun die Welt vom Feuer trennt  
Vergib mir die Unendlichkeit  
Es tut mir leid, es tut mir leid

Combining silence with primal fear  
I hunger for lost innocence  
Pray for an end but no-one hears  
The echoes in a sheltered mind  
Sheltered from the path of Thine

Our hearts remain as one to forever be undone  
I will intoxicate the sun  
Burning colder since they're gone  
In an endless maze of remembrance  
...breeding grace... vengeance...  
(As I adore the lack of existence)

