Misteltein "Where Angels No More Roam..."

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Music: Nirag & Mishrack / Lyrics: Nagrinn

I kiss the untouched heavenly carcass
As sacramental dying becomes art
Saintly pains send chills down my spine
As I penetrate the very womb of life
A venomous moon is gazing
Through my hollow soul
Forcing me to bleed
As many times before

Again I bleed... with desire
And its' savage breath reaches angel skin
Within the holy wing temptation haunt
A spit of filth moisturizing her sinful cunt
Whispers in the shape of lust
Echoes in the veins of night
As a haze of bleeding lurking souls
Among deflowered angels cries

"I feel the presence of thy arrival
As the heavens are set aflame
Ashes of serenity with the essence of rotting saints
Beautifully beckons thy infernal path
Master, for thee I raise my bloodstained blade
And plunge it through the heart of the sun"

Whispers in the shape of lust Echoes in the veins of night As a haze of bleeding lurking souls Among deflowered angels cries

"I feel the presence of thy arrival
As the heavens are set aflame
Ashes of serenity with the essence of rotting saints
Beautifully beckons thy infernal path"
Master, for thee I raise my bloodstained blade
And plunge it through the heart of the sun
I plant the seed of thy sinister realm
I invoke thee Tyrant of the damned
A venomous moon is gazing
Through my hollow soul

Forcing me to bleed As many times before Sinful pains send chills down my spine As I penetrate the very womb of life

As many times before

I behold the falling sky,
as my chest becomes a rapist temple
A temple of dying love,
nailed with a thousand bleeding dreams
I behold the falling sky,
as my chest becomes a rapist temple
A temple of dying love,
nailed with a thousand bleeding dreams
Dismal it lay, this shattered utopia before my eyes
And paints the last pieces of paradise with the echoes
of angel cries

Master, for thee I raise my bloodstained blade And plunge it through the heart of the sun I plant the seed of thy sinister realm I invoke thee Tyrant of the damned

And I'm reborn in their dismal pain
Their death, the tongue on my infected wounds
I stare into the hollow where the dust of time still moan
Upon a bleeding paradise, where angels no more
roam...

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