

OnceOver

"VI"

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I know something very old is present tonight
A moment out of this world, filled with something very
I'll

I smell death in this ugly place, far from the light of
Christ,
Which has impaled my eyes for thirteen years

An abomination of Satan's summoned by sickness in
these ghastly hours
At this gebite I am sworn to die
I will die to enter

My human shapes would be dead
If not... deeds were undone
And I am indeed blessed by damnation
I do not wish to live, but devotion stops me
My sacrifice continues

I smell death in this ugly place, far from the light of
Christ,
Which has impaled my eyes for thirteen years

I am tired and I hate this place
But my beseeched lord: The greater is thy finger
I know the meaning with life is Death

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