

The Sins of Thy Beloved

"Worthy Of You"

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A Haunting thought of my beloved
Tortures me once more
Dreams of love and pain
To Destruct the reality.

Was our passion running though night?
Such condemn of my beloved?
Restless weeping and praying for his happiness
Taste its shades with dead.

Donâ€™t be afraid, virgin.
A lamp of God
For Thee my love
A love that will never become real

Chilling in my mind
Left its place in my thoughts.
Emotions of a beautiful young
Time stole it and ruined his existence.

My beloved is begging me
My harmed sentiment
Deeds of a God upon
Oh, donâ€™t be afraid of me, my love!

My love
Whoâ€™s that person?
Forsaken out of my life
Love is rising.
I am condemned
Of not to be worthy of you.

The pain of the torture
During the defence of sanity
And my lust who I ignore
Memories of scorn were forlorn.

Deny my faded grace
My mind blows the magic
It deserves the demons
Make reality crumble.

My love
Who's that person?
Forsaken out of my life
Love is rising
I am condemned
Of not to be worthy of you.

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