

Third Moon

"Shadow"

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Follow the brainsick widow in her last show
She s the dark side, the bitch of my soul
The hidden side, a force of destruction in my head
She will rest only when I am dead

Survive is my taste, she hopes I will fail
Too many excuses for her inner cruelty
She knows my dirty thoughts and vile secrets
Criticises my every flow with all signs of perversity

SHADOW let my sins fade away
MOON my only bride
Forgive my coming acts, don t force me to survive

She likes to place me in the most deadly situation she
can
And forces my will to indulge in many terrible acts
Her ultimate goal is to shatter my will with terror
Loving my disbelief, when I see what I have become

Survive is my taste, she hopes I will fail
Too many excuses for her inner cruelty
My final breath dies in the water
Where I slowly drown to kill the damned whore

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