

Embraze, Filthy Angels

Drops of rain are lashing faces of misery
He is lying, he is no alive, not dead
He is not in a dream, not awake
Staring at the moon
Like a lonely tramp
By the deep rivers shore
Those three pretty faces on the cover
Of the moon
Daughters of the moon
They went to better side of reality
Daughters of the moon
Crying and weeping like those filthy
Angels in the doom
You were so pretty, so soft
I had to satisfy my lust
Please forgive me
I can't heal myself
I am on your grace
Staring at the moon
Like a lonely tramp
By the deep rivers shore
Daughters of the moon
They went to better side of reality
Daughters of the moon
Crying and weeping like those filthy
Angels in the doom
Daughters of the moon
Gave him a tender touch and something more
Daughters of the moon
Killed him by the deep rivers shore
Daughters of the moon
They went to better side of reality
Daughters of the moon
Crying and weeping like those filthy
Angels in the doom