

# Third Moon, Shadow

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