

# Bejelit, Son Of Death

Born between light and darkness childhood  
Madness was my only nurse  
My mother hanged from the tree  
My master sold me for two coins  
While I have to see and travel in this world  
I speak by my sword all my pain  
While I have to bring the bread on my tongue  
I scream all my rage  
But I'm the son of death  
And the bad luck is on my way  
I'm the sin of death  
And the bad luck is on my way  
Grown between violence and shame  
Greed took my father's mind  
my master died by my hand  
The black crow saw all my cries  
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