

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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