

She stands on the water on the lake of souls
The woman dressed in black,
She stands with her hair in the storm,
And her arms raised to the sky.
She wakes on the water on the lake in the forest,
The Devil and the woman in one,
She siren stares,
and siren sings.

And she's calling.

So I walked to her grave where the sea meets the sand,
And the moon was shining,
And the rain from the storm comes soaking through,
And I looked to her for the things she knew,

And she was calling.

Come to me.

She said,
It's time to face your master,
give me your soul,
Take down your cross for me and I'll throw it to the sky,
She painted heaven, a picture red and black,
Her sweetness, and for all our hearts,

And she's calling.

She gave me revelations,
Delivered me,
Waves drew back and this ship came crashing in.

And she's calling