

# Into the Dark Past

Angel Dust

Rising from the night of time  
rising from damnation  
growing furtive to old size  
a thousand years old nation  
Finding victims for their "Reich"  
the lands' got a lot of strangers  
they call back the crystal night  
to burn the war creation

In a land where neighbours are strangers  
and misled feel called for avengers  
in a land with bloodcovered history

Then the last man of their kind  
finished life in prison  
he's a martyr for their aims  
started killing seasons  
Now they march the insane hords  
call the "Neo-Nation"  
again the right hands risen high  
a skinny revelation

In a land where neighbours are strangers  
and misled feel called for avengers  
in a land with bloodcovered history

Back to the dark  
Rising their hands higher  
Back into the past  
from the night of time

Banned graphitti on the walls  
words of hate and murder  
waiting for their masters call  
back in line and order  
In a land where neighbours are strangers

Back to the dark  
Rising their hands higher  
Back into the past  
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