

Rise

The madness of a big city where in the evening near
Walls stare crippled trees
Ghost of the bad
Wearing a silver mask with magnetic scourge
Thrust aside my death in stary night

Twilight comes again
But silenbtly in a dark cave
Ceased mankind would bleed
Awful laughter of gold
Head from heart
Whore who brings forth a dead child
The gods build rage in icy rain
Raging lashing the brows
Before the end comes
Plague purple on the possessed
Green eyes the hunger breaking
Sunken in sober sin
Ringing of the passing bell

Your laughter in the dark
Snow rins through the shirt frozen cold
Blood rins from the eyes
Purple over the black face
Flute of light
Mournful and weird I stand
Hallowing a sleeping child
Bloodstained revenge
Now strike me pain
The wound glows
This pain I cannot stand
As from the cut dwells a star to the night
Strike me death
I`m done