

When The Blackened Candles Shine

Ablaze in Hatred

The moment of bizarre calmness
The tranquillity of morning dew
While my silvery tears drifts on these times

(My cold blade of sacred souls)
With a mission of pure slaughter

The moment of deceptive awareness
The blood of innocent ones
When the blackened candles shine

(My cold blade of sacred souls)
With a mission of pure slaughter

How I love to drown in this serene dreams
The dream of these who deserve to die
While my silvery tears drift on these times