

The Sirens

Asgaard

Standing face to face
I feel cold lips
Treason on my mouth
Voices from the hills

On the heaven roads
Sinister silence
Silver silence
Silver angel's tears
Drop on the world
Sins will burn with us
And will ask for fire
So that we could born again
Thought nothing stops the night

From the castle of Sadness
I came to new world
Other eyes look at me
Damnation of the feeling
My treason on my mouth
I feel taste her lips still