

## The Black (live)

### Before the Dawn

This place like hell where you belong  
nation of leeches, kingdom made of thorns  
civil war inside your head is starting  
to breed and reform it's own identity

Here you have no name so death can't find you,  
define you and hope to be resurrected  
back to life is gone forever

And the black wearing out your soul  
is the black haunting  
you in echoes

The gaze like death what you  
behold greyscale reflection, perfection so  
cold flawless shell of man is starting to break and l  
eave the inside for demons to take

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