

Chapter 4 A Song for My Sorrow

Black Sun Aeon

Throw of the scent
To seace the chase of life
When one with death no light in sight
I have been told that before the end
The angels will come, angels will come
Years has taken the best out of me
The sharpest edge
Endless burdensome journey without a rest
Murder in cold blood instead of a suicide
This crime is justified
I have killed myself so many times
That for me wihtout a doubt
Heaven is denyed
I am here, I am waiting, In silence
With no fear of dying
No more bleeding inside
Waiting for the black sun to rise