

# Singing Dead Men

Blutengel

Truths are in the words of angels  
Let us awake the ghost inside  
Follow us into the mirror  
Curse the day, escape the night

Break all the chains of imagination  
Don't be afraid of coming home  
We'll open all the doors of secret chambers  
And take you to our labyrinth down

We open our evil arms of fables  
Around your pure and fragile dream  
The sun went down, the night is rising  
Fear pushes you forward like a storm

We'll tell you tales of endless pleasures  
And put our black seed into your heart  
A flower needs the sun to keep from dying  
Like this we spread our wings in your heart

Oceans burst upon the rocks  
Laughing skulls there sing our songs  
Riding death above your head  
Descend you into eternal depth

A thunder storm who calls your name  
Life kneels to kiss you once again  
A thunder storm who calls your name  
Life kneels to kiss you once again

No way back into the real world  
You're feeling empty and cold inside  
You're just sitting in this white room  
Demons whispering from far behind

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