

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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