

Morbid Fascination of Death

Carpathian Forest

Lifeless landscapes
Dead trees up in the hills
Pure autumn bliss

In cold November
On a night of gusting wind
Clouds came down - down

Together we were beasts
We lay in the cold dusk -
Of his negligence
In the mist of the turmoil

Frozen heart
Beast of winter
Mental frost
Beast of winter
Mental frost