

# Harbinger

## Chainsaw

Have a guest around, at home  
He is not to take your soul  
His dark face is in the hood  
He'll suppress all lust in you

Fear nothing if you sin  
It's not a judge, the one who speaks  
But forteaste of your ordeal  
The primal promise of hell

In silence he cries  
Knows the abbys  
Knows how one  
Should live for the sky  
But his fate is like a three  
Growing somewhere in the wind

What happens? It's time for a change  
But is there enough time?  
Hear his footsteps on the stairs  
Now's silence, nothing's loud

I close my eyes - go off you monsters!!!  
I'm being torn to pieces, bleeding  
They sneer at my obedience  
I scream buried in my grave  
'Cause for changes is too late

In silence he cries  
Knows the abbys  
Knows how one  
Should live for the sky  
But his fate is like a three  
Growing somewhere in the wind

Out of good and evil, we're not bound by any feelings  
Under a mask, inside a nacked soul  
In truth, we are still alone  
Still we suffer, yet we are here  
Fear grows when death is near  
'Cause it's hard to live and die  
And still belong to humankind

In silence he cries  
Knows the abbys  
Knows how one  
Should live for the sky  
But his fate is like a three  
Growing somewhere in the wind  
Between ground and air