

# Winter Of Apocalypse

Cryptic Wintermoon

Empty Streets, constant fear  
Faces mist, something's near  
Here in this valley of fearful dreams  
Where is nothing as it seems  
we are scared of things unknown  
our darkest phantasies are shown

A whisper in the deathlike silence runs like sirens through my mind  
The shadows getting longer, night comes, no way out here I can find

A flash of light lighting up the darkness is like thousand nails cutting my flesh  
These are the echoes of our darkest trips, this is our winter of the apocalypse

The smell of death is in the air, the fate of others I don't care  
the bloody end, now I can see, the one who dies is finally me  
I will fly into eternity; It's finally me

Now in my thoughts I even forge total extinction  
I am the seventh sign, Devil's reincarnation

Strange, strange things you fear,  
now it is me, I am a part of  
the ancient enemy

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I am the seventh sign, Devil's reincarnation

My master has told me to  
escape the three dimensions  
noone believes, it's true  
I am the phantom in your nightmares  
the mystery beyond reality  
the bringer of your doomsday

Mayhemic thoughts destroy my mind I am enslaved by .....  
the ancient enemy, the deepest abyss of my lost soul

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