

Rise the harshness light  
On this cold day of march  
Waves the yearning, are moving wild  
Along the involved dirge of broken life  
Broken life... beginning time.

My jailor.  
Lying guardian of my delay  
My soul believed in mourning breeze  
But scythe is tear all certainties of the day  
And love, for life is changed,  
In endless deep remorse  
Cause I can't tell "I love you" at my side.

All medal has its dark reverse  
And you know well, my only friend  
I need a strong, to be beloved  
Cause I want drive my suffering

Forgive me, my guiltiness preys  
Help me...pray for my sin  
My weaver... forgive my soul  
Forgive me like I am forgiving you

Eternal end... in endless nights  
My closed eyes, slowly are seen.

All medal has its shine reverse  
And you know good, my only friend  
I need a strong, that you watch me  
Cause I want know the really true.

Last face...last mask fallen  
Are you evil? Or my awareness?  
Are you evil or my remorse?  
Reflect in mirror of my years

Jesus, show me please while I pray you  
look me while I'm looking you

Please remember you, the kiss from silent moth.  
The stroke of mortal pride  
I'm damned, I'm damned, I'm damned  
Please remember you The kiss from crying moth.  
The stroke of mortal pride  
Cause I'm evil masquerade.