

Locomotive is running inside the mist
The forest receives it's smoking bit
Crouch into carriage, I feel the forward
And my destination, drawing to the shroud

Windows reflect, this quiet...

Grievances is moving, along the mystic rail
Unfaithful apostle is stays morbidly near
But I can't feel the stroke, I'm covered by loneliness.
Triumphant, my preacher, is calling to his mass
And slowly, dying children, are coming to your black
Cathedral burns in tears.
Redemption for all sinner lost in time.

Windows reflect, this quiet...

The storm, is sleeping, between the wood
Running, to grave...my funeral
Candle are waiting...the flame of soul
I'm ready for unclosed the sacred door

And for, my evil, one thousand, candle...are shine.

Grievances is moving, along the mystic rail
Unfaithful apostle is stays morbidly near
But I can't feel the stroke, I'm covered by loneliness.
Every dump brick the sinner corps
Every out candle, sinner lair

Candle are waiting...the flame of soul
I'm ready for the stroke of mortal bell

Window reflect, this quiet

The storm, is sleeping, between the wood
Running, to grave...my funeral
Candle are waiting...the flame of soul
I'm ready for the stroke of mortal bell

Pierce my hand, whit ancient nail
My stigmata they want to blade
And for, my evil, one thousand, candle...are shine.