

Rise

The madness of a big city where in the evening near  
Walls stare crippled trees  
Ghost of the bad  
Wearing a silver mask with magnetic scourge  
Thrust aside my death in stary night

Twilight comes again  
But silenbtly in a dark cave  
Ceased mankind would bleed  
Awful laughter of gold  
Head from heart  
Whore who brings forth a dead child  
The gods build rage in icy rain  
Raging lashing the brows  
Before the end comes  
Plague purple on the possessed  
Green eyes the hunger breaking  
Sunken in sober sin  
Ringing of the passing bell

Your laughter in the dark  
Snow rins through the shirt frozen cold  
Blood rins from the eyes  
Purple over the black face  
Flute of light  
Mournful and weird I stand  
Hallowing a sleeping child  
Bloodstained revenge  
Now strike me pain  
The wound glows  
This pain I cannot stand  
As from the cut dwells a star to the night  
Strike me death  
I`m done