

Mr. Jarrod

Dawn of Tears

Betrayed by the hands of greed
My beloved art turns to buried sea

They thought that I was consumed
Into a hell-raised pire
And I'm just hidden awaiting
For the precious time I'll be back

Now all of my talent will show
How to face the revenge
Know how to learn to taste my
Sadic Masterpiece

Complaining myself
I've found out my Muse again
She has returned from her grave

Tearing the veil
I've lost my reality
Nothing compares to her grace

Twisted minded behind of my mask
My unsouled children
Reclaim their revenge from the past

Screaming in silence
My sons of history live

What does your heart want to see
Through the mesmerized eyes of the myth?
Crystallized time through the shades
Of further times

What does your heart want to feel
Through the caress of a frozen skin?
Are you sure that they're not alive,
After all?