

I would not dare to blame you
I wouldn't dare too much
I only ask for pity
So these faces feel your touch

Upon their skin

My eyes see many faces
Many faces made of stone
I figure they are angels
All neglected by your throne

Deserted as lifeform
Between heaven, between hell
Unknown to one another
They know your eyes betray their spell

Down from heaven where you hide
You have demented all your pride
O' give these faces holy glance
Back their monumental trance

Your anger and your rage still silent
As I provoke that weakness too
So byouti-full, out of control
Your temper now is overwhelming

Is this the place you're born for?
Is this the last frontier?
Is this the world we fight for?
Is this our sense of creed?

Winter souls regain their powers
To multiply the pain in you
Winter souls greed to bear silence
To take away all life from you!

And as I lay your head to sleep
Silences echoes in your greed