

# Poison Tears

Elvenking

(The puritan filth, where ivy grows  
The poisoned tear, the thorn, the rose  
The sin, the pleasure, the sexual urge  
Is what I choose for my last dirge)

This is the day I'll die  
The scent of lust, my last goodbye  
Devotion and distress - love and tempting flesh

Thousands battles I have fought  
Like a falling Ceasar now I rot  
The night of the long knives - The weakness of our kind

A human messiah carrying the cross  
Still to this day they follow an icon - I can't believe it  
Do you believe in the afterlife? - I don't!  
An eyeball in the mouth of the snake is pouring poison

Every day I'm lost and found  
Torn and beaten to the ground  
Like a poison tear that falls without a sound  
-crying poison tears  
Every time I fall again  
A paradox that has no end  
Like a vortex turning circles in the sand  
-crying poison tears

On Lost Occasion Avenue  
Satan's fisting his way through  
The false legion of the dead  
Puritanie filth they spread

A headless rider I wanna be  
To spew out all my anger  
The seven deadly sins and the animal within

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Every day I'm lost and found  
Torn and beaten to the ground  
Like a poison tear that falls without a sound  
-crying poison tears  
Poison tears my eyes still cry  
Pouring venom till I die  
On that day you'll realize it's all a lie

-crying poison tears

Crying poison tears