

Demons

End of Green

It was the night when the darkness came
And the days were getting cold.
It was the night when the angel died
And the demon had been crowned.
It was the night when my soul has died
And my heart was getting cold.
It was the night when the angel died
And the demon had been crowned.
Ride on the same old feeling
Something strange and sad.
Ride on, dead wings of sickness
The demon in my head.
A time to go, a time I'm feeling dead.