

Years Of Dying

Hermh

There's anger hidden somewhere
Love is carving
The flame of contempt
There's a flower...
Which blooms at dark
It's the fire that kindles
The grief...
Of hatred
There's glory effaced
Off the cheeks
There's anger caressed with flame of longing
They're my words
That'll separate you
The beast has confessed
With the flame of despair

Like little roses the touch my lips
Like butterfly in beautiful flowers
Like vampire in the most bloody night
I'm run away from my destiny

The same one
That dries tears
The same flame
That remembers...
And cries...
Two little flames
Will unite in bliss
The two flames will carry love,
And it's fervour will give them passion
And fire the same
Now...

And millions ages
It wanna bless
With the warmth it has
The same and lost
It's me who catches
The passion of flames

It's me who craves
And it's you who desires
Will the bitterness of the day
Soothe the night?
Will the gale, of the day
Give peace at dark?
And again two flames
You...
Me...
And the fire
Of feverous feelings!
Praises the night!

Maybe that's only fate dream
Am only the illusion
Am only forgotten ghost
Maybe

Maybe
Maybe not I feel like...