

## Seasons In The Twilight

Holy Moses

When we learn a spiritual dance  
All things are dead in our brains  
Splattered red in our sky of dreams  
The blood is dripping in your soul

When twilights blanket falls  
All times are ending here on earth  
Replaced by the others empty existence  
The light you see is not the end

Ease your pain and fold your hands  
Be your silent prayer for yourself  
Raise your life and trust your words  
And lead the hell for yourself  
Kiss your eyes - in your mirror  
Procure your Satan for yourself

When your name is dying in the sun  
All hopes are dust in the blowing wind  
Blackened void under your judgement chain  
The echoes you hear are mortal pain