A Fiery Frost

Immer

It's midnight and sleep dosen't come Light of the month, s'get in your in sight Ideas wandering round poor mind It makes you get up, it makes you live second life

Hot blood, sweet blood Fire in heart, frost in eyes

My other self cry and wants to get out Importunate voice rumbles in your head You own to drink you thrilly want Nothing gonna stop you

In morning, hen you wake up, you feel well You don't remember Terst of the night Then your see your hands A blood behind your nails it changes all

Hot blood, sweet blood Fire in heart, frost in eyes

On the other day, You settle with a person Who grows up in yourself, And who'll swallow you uo at the end

The midnight's hunt, your sole passion Massacred bodies, your art Fire in eyes, frost in a heart Crazy brain, growing frant!!