

## A Fiery Frost

Immer

It's midnight and sleep doesn'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!!