

Separation

Immer

the lie, cheat, fake and pain,
true is tied up with chain
no one believes in good
evil and lie has become in flood

any fucking son of the bitch
inside monster poses gently
hopefully will meet the death
which will cut his fucking head

the son of the bitch being alone
his soul locked in dark compression
the son of the bitch forever alone
the soul locked in separation

cold rain, wailing songs to hear
violin creaking, coffin is let down
flock of starving crows is able to hear
shallow hole becomes cathedral

a sing out of tune, it is the last tour
dark unknown is coming soon
as same as life the death is such
it is up to who was bigger fucker.

the son of the bitch being alone
his soul locked in dark compression
the son of the bitch forever alone
the soul locked in separation