

## Spirit Black

Jorn

It's a rising wind and you heart is winter  
Pounding in the cold  
Going far away you're the deepest thinker  
Walking all alone

Building your world of sin  
Like a Judas you're a liar  
Betraying all the ones you love  
You burn your soul with evil fire  
And when it all falls down  
You wave no flag of weak surrender  
Hiding deep in your coldest sorrow  
You keep playing the pretender... yeah

When the past has turned  
Into a roaring silence  
You're lonely as the sun  
You are dreaming far to a distant morning  
No more on the run... no more

Sending deceiving winds  
You're a killer for desire  
A traitor to the things you love  
Your victory won't take you higher... higher  
Crushing diamonds to sand  
Winding scars inside the warrior  
Bleeding doorways of time  
Healing wounds of killing war... yeah

Riding a demon wind  
I am evil I am fire  
Burning the turning wheel  
I can tempt you with desire... desire  
Yeah... ooh... ah... all right

You're a devil playing God  
It's the nature of your heart  
Oh...