

Let Me Tell You

Karelia

Morning has come, a ray of light
Is coming through the white curtain
His naked body's lying on the tiles
Open eyes, dry blood and tears
Across the deep lines on his face
But no matter, at least death has come
He was the victim of your vice
Madness, cowardice
The devil took his soul and let his body crawl
Across the infinite sands of madness
Let me tell you the story of that man
Let me tell you his life of pain