

Madness of the Dark Shadow

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Madness Of The Dark Shadows

I running from church
There burn my conscience
I'm out of breath
And suffocate with fear
I exile in my own soul
All my hopes are bury under dust

I step alone the sacrifcase
Who don't leads nowhere
Pictures on the wall
I see the first time
Tired to death
Hidden windows count
And cups on the table
Are full of blood

In the big mirror I see death
Closing my eyes but see her always
Morbid ideas, brain putrefecation
Tears and blood pursuer me in dreams

Cursed life
Who want to lived?
Who give me my dream
Who empty blood to my veins?
Death is at heals
In the morbid dreams
In every I see
Only blood and tears
Death is at heals
In the morbid dreams
In every I see
Only blood and tears