

Darkness become the rite
Wind sweeps away the white
Black time hiding the lies
Remaining words no wise
Waiting the day of pain

Every cold days waiting you
nothing matter to do
It's not a strange deja-voo
It's the death for you
Waiting the day of pain

Words of destruction
feeling my dissolution
I know it's not the solution
but only a distraction

Fire will be brought by the wind
Last hope to keep everything
Scythe is no more waiting
Have you fear? It's coming
Waiting the day of pain