

The Tremor

Nightrage

Nothing hurts like the truth, a piece of perfidy
A deceitful behaviour,
Women's lures, deserted like an empty corpse
An uneasy conscience.

Stigmatised in hell, he's puffed up with conceit,
There will come a day of retribution
They're just lost dreams,
Cursed to crawl between hypocrites
And vain promises, my heart bleeds.

The tremor of leaves in the breeze.

You can't weigh up, where does this road lead,
At whose door should the blame lie?
The lie lay heavy on his conscience.

The tremor of leaves in the breeze.