

Undertaker

Omnium Gatherum

He wears dark clothes my dear
Liquid transparent as the night
He leans on you
On worst our of harm
You crumble down
Step aside
Make a move
Gives him a free ride
He wears dark intentions
Fear

Who creeps in here tonight
A burden to the blind eye
Kills the upper level
Provokes the fight

Who carries the cross
Takes him to one's back
And eats the loss, an eye of black
He is there
Take a look
A drop of blood drips down

A daily sacrament
To have ease under the looking glass

To get her
A circle inside each other
To carry the myth alive
For ever
The circle inside each other
To see the myth alive

Who creeps in here tonight
A burden to the blind eye
Kills the upper level
Provokes the fight
A pool of blood in the head