

## Blessed Be Thy Hate

Orphaned Land

Enriched with crimson shades of pain the river runs dry

Full of painfull memories of happiness - together we fly  
And I curse you death - cold flesh of ice  
I see your beauty through a halo of flies  
Oh God prevent my fall  
Oh God inside my soul, Allah !  
The night falls upon my wretched self  
And he who hath forsaken the giver of my purity

And so I never cry, the night falls upon my dying eyes  
There's no power source left to me, and so like this I lie

In this barren castle I can't find any tears

My fear takes hold, I flow onto the mold  
Sinfull souls, dark with fire  
Burn freeze cold with desire  
Heavens start to cry  
Crawl for me, beg for me  
To hear your cries  
Why it seems like a life that dies ?  
Silently I watch you die  
And see you cry  
The tears of hope denied  
They are falling but never from my eyes