

Season of the Reaper

Pain

We came with nothing and with nothing we'll leave
The wheels of fortune has stopped and it bleeds
The burning angel and hungry crows
They're black eyes that drill holes in our souls
The tortured souls that won't find its peace

The endless screams that echo on
Lay down with the dead, the funeral has begun
No one comes to pay respect, lay to rest
The night is still yours
When you're sleeping with the dead

And he smiles at you as he takes your life
It burns inside of you
It burns when you die

How sweet and calm, buried six feet under
Ashes to ashes and dust to dust
The time has come to pay the price
When you're left to rot
Close your eyes and rest in pain

The endless screams that echo on
Lay down with the dead, the funeral has begun
No one comes to pay respect, lay to rest
The night is still yours
When you're sleeping with the dead
When you sleep with the dead it burns

Lay down with the dead, the funeral has begun
No one comes to pay respect, lay to rest
The night is still yours
When you're sleeping with the dead