

Once again I find them playing with my fire
Running round in circles within my mind
They're acting pretty funny amuses me for a while
But then again so suddenly they all begin to cry
Pale is the one from the land of the week
And the weaker you grow yet the stronger I get
Walk inside the forest I feel so weird
Trees are singing quiet of mortal peace
Then I hear them calling the voice from the past
A poem of hope forever lost.
It's a never ending story with a voice
From the past calling your name
In a scream of despair where every
Hope is lost driving you insane
When you try to sleep and make it disappear
It enters your dreams
So you're caught in a nightmare
Where everything is real
The time has come to face your animal
Please me tease me don't forsake me
Know that soon you'll rip my heart out
please you tease you won't forsake you
Quiet and soon the party starts.
Little dirty angel and devil hold hands
Around the filthy humans and give a trance
Caught in purgatory they twist and they twirl
In shapes of manic creatures
Before they burn