

# Strange Beauty of Fright

Root

It creeps in our dreams  
The flowers of lotus with wolftooth  
Amazing sceneries with dead  
Breathtaking beauty of death

Strange beauty of fright

Amazing feeling of fear  
Which we love with abandon  
Fantastic pictures of life  
Turned into cruel pain

Strange beauty of fright

We cannot fight it  
We are overcome with the feeling of sorrow  
We are crying upon the dead beast  
Anyhow we love the  
Strange beauty of fright

DAEMON: ...The human was frightened. The tables had turned against him. He didn't have any idea, that We stood behind everything. He did not realize we had become his enemies. He called us, but in vain. We kept ourselves silent.