

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.