

Feel The Rush

Satyrian

Crossing the scarlet sea
Towards the world within
Here in paradise, the rain tastes like blood

Look into my eyes
Eyes that still behold
Raining tears from weeping clouds
Made of liquid gold

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Towards the world within
Here in paradise, the rain tastes like blood

The sinister scent of my fading breath
An answer to the sweetest kiss of death

And while my life is fading
I feel the rush once more
As it runs warm and vital
Like it has run before

Look into my eyes, eyes that still behold
Raining tears from weeping clouds, made of liquid gold
When my duly tears, my duly tears I laid
Memories of pain and sorrow, down there in my grave

And while my life is fading
I feel the rush once more
As it runs warm and vital
Like it has run before

I kiss the soul that fades
With the last days of my life
That wipes out all remains of my earthly strife

Drowning in malaise of molten fire
No passion in the light that I admire
Therefore no more shall be night
Therefore dreaming of secret might

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