

L'art De Mourir

Sigh

When death is tamed,
Hell dominates,
When sanity fails,
Fear prevails,
The scenes from hell!

The (black) tears shed on the wise men's tomb;
In the night of gloom, the blood flowers bloom,
I'm ready to return to the liar's womb;
I'm ready to return to the liar's womb.

No prayers will be heard in this hell,
Impending doom which I can smell,
Unbreakable curse, something worse,
Worse than death that lies beneath.

Nothing can ever be done to stop this madness,
When we all face a fate filled with sadness,
Life as a slave or death as a slave,
In the world in a grave, they're the same,
I've come so far away, so far away from bliss,
(I've) turned into evil or was I just born like this?
As I see,
As I hear,
As I feel the night,
The fire to cleanse the fears unseen,
Shatters my hope to be,
(From) stain of death,
Chain of death,
Deliver us tonight,
The fire to cleanse the sinless lives;
Defeats my will to live.

They will take us one by one,
No mercy given, the end's begun,
Till the moment (I) meet my doom,
Till the moment death consumes.

A sleep of patience (in the) smell of death,
A sleep of silence (in the) smell of blood,
Life is dark, so is death,
Life as a slave, a slave of death.

Forget your name or fame, it means nothing at all here,
Look into the coffin and you'll face the things you fear,
Face us, fear us, remember us, then praise us,
Soon you'll belong to us.

We all live in hell on this earth or is it something even worse,
Death after death, (against the) holy verse,
Is it God's wrath or witch's curse,
The prayer is the only way to soothe our endless blackened fear,
The world becomes our nightmare and the world becomes our own fear,

Die! Die! Die!
The end comes so quick,
Die! Die! Die!

This ain't magic or a trick,
Die! Die! Die!
There's no hope to return,
Die! Die! Die!
As the black flame burns!

When death is tamed,
When hell dominates,
I'll seek my way to die,
And you'll do the same,
When the sanity fails,
When fears prevail,
I'll dig my own grave,
My grave!