

The Trader of Souls

Tad Morose

Oh Merchant, yes merchant
The trader of souls
The bringer of darkness
damnation and cold
In secret betrayal with cunning and lies he steals you, deceive
s you
There's fire in his eye

A strange world of neon of light by your side
There's paradise waiting
The stranger remembers the lines in your face
Through ages that follow his due stays the same
Collecting his children still fire in his
The burning desire consuming their minds
A strange world of neon of light by your side
There's paradise waiting

A long way from grandeur
It's passing you by
Merchant, oh merchant an angel
of light The trader of souls
Believe me he's lying
The trader of souls
Believe me he's dying