

# Dying Of The Heart

The Crown

Welcome to the dying of the heart  
The path of pure damnation  
The dark horse will bring glory...  
The pale horse will bring death!

In a ripping evil flash I give me to kill you to death  
As I stab the seven daggers in, nothing touches me now  
Feel the vacuum of my heart; suck the life out of your bones  
Feed upon the spirits force... tear down, breakdown, fear me!

Now, in the House of Deadly Dreams  
Empty me of all but death, the darkness never ends  
I have seen the truth of me  
The three denials are complete, no mercy left in here

It is finished!

Back again, in the symbolic winter night  
Where I hunt and where you flee, paralyzed with fear  
I will leave you dead in dreams  
Storming through the astral snow, devouring your soul

So I got on the horse and I rode for miles, but I did not see my face  
Riding the dark horse, hunting and speeding, flying fast and free  
And I carried the scythe, and was reaping the harvest of crying help-  
less souls  
Laughing in triumph, in bitter passion  
Weltering in blood, cruelty, and nameless pain

In a mystic nightmare void I gave me to death you to kill  
As I stabbed the seven daggers in, nothing touches me still  
Now the vacuum of my heart sucks the life out of my bones  
I can feel the death inside... tear up, break up, fuck up!

I got on a horse and I rode for days, but I did not know my name  
On Sorrow's pale horse, foaming with pest, flying too fast to see  
Wielding the scythe and reaping the harvest of screaming sacrifice  
But killing you is killing me  
And dead I shall till the end of my time remain...

I'll tear you down, and make you look at me!  
I have no soul... my face turned to a mask!  
Cold winds of death blow straight into my heart!  
I'll tear you up and rob you of your life!

My freezing blood runs cold... when darkness penetrate  
My dying heart can't hold... when sorrow detonate