

Darkness, Swallows - Me

Vampiria

The gray wind heats my face,
and pestilence that I smell moving me,
death I bring, death I leave seems to whisper and my soul back
to feeling lost.

Whimpering souls lash my body,
dragged by the dark ancestral wind.

If this was a dream I don't want to awake,
still its memory will be impossible to drag.

Darkness, Swallows - me!...
Darkness, Swallows - me!

Now the truth is accepted by me,
only remains resignation,
everything around me lost its colour
I'm one more soul dragged by the gray wind.