

Funeral Time

Wine From Tears

It's raining cats and dogs
The cemetery is embraced by the fog
Night of dead babies, would you cross the line
Until the dawn, until the dawn

Rise of your black rose
It's funeral time
It is closing curse
No time to cry

When bitter moon turns red for beast
Ten sharpened nails against you fists
Your tomb is ready, you're hurtled swan
It's funeral time, lay down, come on

Rise of your black rose
It's funeral time
It is closing curse
No time to cry

Close your eyes for the one last time
No mercy here, inside the line
Fallen angels sing infernal song
You will turn into a dead black swan

Like wicked serpent on the apple tree
Satan's womb will born you free
A poisoned virgin's suicide
It's funeral time, no time to hide

Rise of your black rose
It's funeral time
It is closing curse
No time to cry

Now you are buried by your dreadful sins
Raven whispers silent: "six six six"
Crimson tears keep falling on the ground
Every midnight is the funeral time