

# When The Blackened Candles Shine

Ablaze in Hatred

The moment of bizarre calmness  
The tranquillity of morning dew  
While my silvery tears drifts on these times

(My cold blade of sacred souls)  
With a mission of pure slaughter

The moment of deceptive awareness  
The blood of innocent ones  
When the blackened candles shine

(My cold blade of sacred souls)  
With a mission of pure slaughter

How I love to drown in this serene dreams  
The dream of these who deserve to die  
While my silvery tears drift on these times