

The Black (live)

Before the Dawn

This place like hell where you belong
nation of leeches, kingdom made of thorns
civil war inside your head is starting
to breed and reform it's own identity

Here you have no name so death can't find you,
define you and hope to be resurrected
back to life is gone forever

And the black wearing out your soul
is the black haunting
you in echoes

The gaze like death what you
behold greyscale reflection, perfection so
cold flawless shell of man is starting to break and l
eave the inside for demons to take

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