

The Stream Of Scarlet Tear

Eclipse

Fast wind is whistling over the field
And the evening blood is flowing
This is an echo from a bottom of a legend
When no bird had sung behind the window
I knew - the ancient evil has revived
I must leave fear before I split in the face of death
Oh, damned demonic warlock
I will snatch the spear from your fist - the fire
I will tear off the night from your neck - your coat
And whirling clouds were flowing in the sky, that sky was alive
I could swear, that I'd heard suppressed whispers coming up from above
And the sky has fallen on me with despair
Oh, damned demonic warlock
You are the conjurer of words, the charlatan of feelings
Let the wind sow your bones like seeds
I must go, breathe in the breeze of anger
Nevertheless ... You don't have to search for the gloom
Looking through the twisted paths
It's already here, the embodiment of impurity
He's looking at me in silence
And he's scenting my blood, and my fear
Possessed with pain and rage
I'm burning with rage, I'm screaming in pain
It's time to blind the shadows
It's time to blow off the spectres