

When The Dusk Comes... Awakenings Of The Demons

Ethereal Pandemonium

Each new dawn I die, with the sunrise I fade away,
Creating the last drop of the sweat on your face,
I am the evil that remains forgotten on the daylight,
To be (en)throned again when the demons awake the night.

Darkness I crave,
Nocturnal slave,
Four-cornered grave,
Cradle of the Pain...

Diving in black I suffocate,
Reading the rhymes of the twilight gates,
The spirit roams in the infinite nothingness,
Into the abyss falls my day,
Dark waters of Styx wash away,
The dreams that once belonged to emptiness,
You can't escape those dreams of gray,
although with dawn I fade away,
When twilight comes, the wolves hunt for prey,
And when the sun falls I awake,
The Suffering shall last until you break,
Release of malice, the darkest stains...

Come and be my dream,
just a silhouette of hope I see,
On the bed of thorns my body lies,
Awaiting the eternal sleep,
The pain we both did share,
Ment everything to me I swear,
Now without pleasure in the real world,
I shall dive in dreams, right there...

The creator of all the scars in the minds am I,
the real world Satan, hidden in every man,
the mirrors have two faces with the velvet signs of the pain,
Stories they may hide, they are no fairytales...

May I never close my eyes, for the pain the release of long-
forgotten
memories brings to me...
The Demons sleep in thee...