

Blessed Be Thy Hate

Orphaned Land

Enriched with crimson shades of pain the river runs dry

Full of painfull memories of happiness - together we fly
And I curse you death - cold flesh of ice
I see your beauty through a halo of flies
Oh God prevent my fall
Oh God inside my soul, Allah !
The night falls upon my wretched self
And he who hath forsaken the giver of my purity

And so I never cry, the night falls upon my dying eyes
There's no power source left to me, and so like this I lie

In this barren castle I can't find any tears

My fear takes hold, I flow onto the mold
Sinfull souls, dark with fire
Burn freeze cold with desire
Heavens start to cry
Crawl for me, beg for me
To hear your cries
Why it seems like a life that dies ?
Silently I watch you die
And see you cry
The tears of hope denied
They are falling but never from my eyes