

Cold Colours

Rotting Christ

the cold twilight
was giving way
to that frozen night
when he started to say

through you eyes
I can see
none of your lies
convince me

the dancing shadows
I wait to appear
the omen that shows
you are here

away from you untrackable
and yet near you untouchable

a sudden fear came into me
the night is here it circles me

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came into me
the night is here
it circles me

the silver of the moon
so intoxicating
I'll see them soon
it's almost scaring

undoing hatred
reflected the gold colours
golden fire and red
the black of death follows