

Black Symphony

Saint Deamon

The rain is pouring down the day has just begun
The twisted mind has no regrets of what he's done

Deep in his mind he knows he can't find peace
Until he's written into history

Oh!

Painting the images in blood reflections of all that he has loved
Seeking to create a masterpiece in the black symphony

The sun goes down and the night will soon arise
Lurking in shadows he will make his sacrifice

Deep in his mind he knows he can't find peace
Obsessive thoughts saying she'll be mine

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There is no way she can love you, but can you take it if she turns you down
It is pure and it's all about craving, being denied what your heart longed for

Yes!

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