

Death Come Cover Me

Satariel

Withered roses crisp underneath my feet
as I head my steps for the outside
The soles of my feet meet grey concrete
but I feel not the grinning cold

Life stays so silent
A deserted battlefield
The hair is all covered in dust
as the wind gently caresses and lifts it

I am trying to die I think
I am trying to fill the void
With death's every poison
And death's every spite
So come, oh come, oh please come then

In the cold breeze levitates a gross of seeds
My dry eyes move slow and scattering
and meets in some distant form of slumber the landscape and it'
s vast void

[Repeat chorus]