

Death's Song

Vampiria

Burning souls in lakes of guilt, blind slaves of fear to god, lives without identity, just a mass of cheap lives without identity, just a mass of sheeps (feeding on the carrion of knowledge). Pour existence full of limits, never burnt by pleasure's fire. A book of guilt leads them lives. At the heart of the dark I shake myself for their weakness (a sea of wisdom to sail, and them, flock of sheeps, drowns down in submission (turn off the light, forgive the sun scaping from storm to store in old dimension. Now I found a door, a mistic door between the trees in a black wood. I start to break the silence... perpetual silence of the deads). When I close my eyes in total dark, turn off the light, forgive the sun scaping from storm to store in old dimension. Now I found a door, a mistic door between the trees in a black wood. I start to break the silence... perpetual silence of the deads.