

How am I gonne sleep tonight with this light in my face?
It's clinical, cold, white
Reflecting from the faces they recall all the time
They press me; » Say, it's gonna be okay!«
Well I will not 'cause it's not
Ill news' an ill guest but who am I to keep you from this
The unbearable trith in my eyes
Red it from my eyes

You will never smile again
I'm that prophet that breaks your hopes down
Make yourself at home in hell
You're not to awaken from this nightmare

I've seen grown men break the moment I release the names
Be my guest and search for mistakes I made
They ask; »Have you ever felt like this?«
Well I have not
I feel cold
Words are no use as they sharpen the edge of the knife
It's like your heart is being excised
My heart is beind excised

You will never smile again
I'm that prophet that breaks your hopes down
Make yourself at home in hell
You're not to awaken from this nightmare

I'm stormcrow
Bringing an end to your hope
All you loved turned into dust
Dead and gone