

## The Sirens

Asgaard

Standing face to face  
I feel cold lips  
Treason on my mouth  
Voices from the hills

On the heaven roads  
Sinister silence  
Silver silence  
Silver angel's tears  
Drop on the world  
Sins will burn with us  
And will ask for fire  
So that we could born again  
Thought nothing stops the night

From the castle of Sadness  
I came to new world  
Other eyes look at me  
Damnation of the feeling  
My treason on my mouth  
I feel taste her lips still