

Seasons In The Twilight

Holy Moses

When we learn a spiritual dance
All things are dead in our brains
Splattered red in our sky of dreams
The blood is dripping in your soul

When twilights blanket falls
All times are ending here on earth
Replaced by the others empty existence
The light you see is not the end

Ease your pain and fold your hands
Be your silent prayer for yourself
Raise your life and trust your words
And lead the hell for yourself
Kiss your eyes - in your mirror
Procure your Satan for yourself

When your name is dying in the sun
All hopes are dust in the blowing wind
Blackened void under your judgement chain
The echoes you hear are mortal pain