

Spirit Black

Jorn

It's a rising wind and you heart is winter
Pounding in the cold
Going far away you're the deepest thinker
Walking all alone

Building your world of sin
Like a Judas you're a liar
Betraying all the ones you love
You burn your soul with evil fire
And when it all falls down
You wave no flag of weak surrender
Hiding deep in your coldest sorrow
You keep playing the pretender... yeah

When the past has turned
Into a roaring silence
You're lonely as the sun
You are dreaming far to a distant morning
No more on the run... no more

Sending deceiving winds
You're a killer for desire
A traitor to the things you love
Your victory won't take you higher... higher
Crushing diamonds to sand
Winding scars inside the warrior
Bleeding doorways of time
Healing wounds of killing war... yeah

Riding a demon wind
I am evil I am fire
Burning the turning wheel
I can tempt you with desire... desire
Yeah... ooh... ah... all right

You're a devil playing God
It's the nature of your heart
Oh...