

Whispers Of Sin

Cadaveria

I listened to the sound of the rebirth and chaos
Timid essence of an ancestral ego
I had the visions of an enchanted world
Mucked up by the vile actions of men.

I abandoned the oasis of fragility in the desert of my
confusion.

I listened to the sound of the rebirth and chaos
Timid essence of an ancestral ego
I had the visions of an enchanted world
Mucked up by the vile actions of men...

...But delighted by the whisperings of sin
If spirits shook hearts and minds
Then souls would rise to splendid capricious and
prismatic beings
No longer in the shade of pain trees.

In the not-light of few angels and fairies in ecstasy
That bewitch suffering and turn it into blinding,
gratifying night.

I listened to the sound of the rebirth and chaos
Timid essence of an ancestral ego
I had the visions of an enchanted world
Mucked up by the vile actions of men.