

In Red Iris

Darzamat

Second two or maybe a day
I glance over yellowed pages
Touch the scares of your unpure soul
I drown in sticky passion of your memory

Born from chaos wind of hatred human faces it posses
The sand of the sarcophagus of memories blows
And every seed is a diamond blade

In the tact of their language beats my heart
And pass centuries

I touch the scares of your unpure soul
Sometimes death comes at night
Sometimes death is silence
Sometimes death scares the wind
Sometimes death gives birth to the dark

Let the show go on

I touch the scars of your unpure soul
In red iris daylight dies
Nothing shall escape from me

Sometimes death is filled with the blood
Sometimes death fades away in fog
Sometimes death il like a black storm
Sometimes death scares the wind of life
Sometimes death comes to you at night
Sometimes death gives birth to the dark

I touch the scars of your unpure soul
Sometimes death is filled with blood
Sometimes death fades away in fog
Sometimes death is like a black storm
Sometimes death has many names