

Poison Tears

Elvenking

(The puritan filth, where ivy grows
The poisoned tear, the thorn, the rose
The sin, the pleasure, the sexual urge
Is what I choose for my last dirge)

This is the day I'll die
The scent of lust, my last goodbye
Devotion and distress - love and tempting flesh

Thousands battles I have fought
Like a falling Ceasar now I rot
The night of the long knives - The weakness of our kind

A human messiah carrying the cross
Still to this day they follow an icon - I can't believe it
Do you believe in the afterlife? - I don't!
An eyeball in the mouth of the snake is pouring poison

Every day I'm lost and found
Torn and beaten to the ground
Like a poison tear that falls without a sound
-crying poison tears
Every time I fall again
A paradox that has no end
Like a vortex turning circles in the sand
-crying poison tears

On Lost Occasion Avenue
Satan's fisting his way through
The false legion of the dead
Puritanie filth they spread

A headless rider I wanna be
To spew out all my anger
The seven deadly sins and the animal within

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Every day I'm lost and found
Torn and beaten to the ground
Like a poison tear that falls without a sound
-crying poison tears
Poison tears my eyes still cry
Pouring venom till I die
On that day you'll realize it's all a lie

-crying poison tears

Crying poison tears