

## Celebration's Day

Pink Turns Blue

Drawn into myself  
Into the maw of hell  
Rot and fermentation  
I'm facing through  
Corpses hang around  
Gazing somewhere about  
Crying into the world  
It's dying  
Candles burn on easter night  
All are bearing his damned sign  
They are howling  
Howling  
He's the one who is to come  
Black air's smelling from his blood  
I'll receive him with a kiss  
To be one of his  
On celebration's day

In the end we're eaten all  
I will rise and they will fall  
Seven trumpets I can hear  
I'm sinking  
This is how it feels to die  
No one could escape his crime  
Just cry  
Cry  
On celebration's day