

The Cry Of Angels

Rimortis

In flow of days, wind blow through a tearful valley
so fast, cruel and cold
Angels sing songs to those with no sins a cross was around your
throat.

My heart, so hungry, stays to blame longing, quietly crying your name.

I was up, but I'm falling deep again into your eyes, it goes so fast. Your charm is like a moon at a night beautiful as brightness of all stars.

I don't know if it's the God who's got the right take all life,
I only hear the angles cry.

The knights of orders heavenly, the knights of crosses angelic
protect love in my heart, my Agnes.
The knights of heaven, mythical, the knights of angels, peaceful
protect magic of your soul, so untoouchable.

A mist, there is no bliss, a clenched fist above my head. Pray,
this is the day, when the god may hear you prayers. Take, all
that you fake, causing me ache in my soul. Wait, sharpen your blade,
too much you hate, no control.

I don't know if it's the God ...

The knights of orders heavenly