

The Black Heart

The Crown

Trapped, locked in life
Not for long, bound for death
My revenge
I don't belong here

Tear down
The blood clotted walls of reality
Break through
The lies of the living world

Burn your body, your disguise
Face eternity with open eyes
Can't you see that this is not real
Taste my wine, drink the darkness of my heart

Ohh Gift of life, pure disgust
I long to die
Singing to praise of Death
Pale worlds of emptiness

Only black is true, only black is real
Written in scars on my heart
Those words of truth, you will feel
That only black is true, that only black is real
This winter of my soul
Is turning my blood into ice

I am death, I kill life
I am here, hungry to kill the light
I kill
In this shape, in this disguise
Sent out, to bring an end to it all

Only death is true, only death is real
Here is nothing like life
Nothing even close
Yeah, Only death is true
There is only death in me
Nothing left but silence
Ashes, dust and darkness

Close my soul and scream out the darkness
Of my heart
Spewing forth, the hate for all things holy

In the night the voices cry
In my dreams I hear them call my name
Night after night
This ghostsong rings on and on...

No candles burn
No lights shines on this deep dark lake
And there is no hiding from this pain

We are of stone like statues cold
But did you see the cracks on my white chest
Just above the heart

Drained of life and blackened with dead love

To speak the names
Invocation of evil

Satan, beast of me
Rise up!, from inside
Of the darkness
Of my heart
The dark disciple of death
And emptiness

I am death, I kill life
I am here, hungry to kill myself
I kill...

It feels so real, this blood is art
Riding high, against the walls of the room

Only black is true, only black is real
Written in scars on my heart
Those words of truth, you will feel
That only black is true, that only black is real
This winter of my soul
Is turning my life into hell

In memory of Dead