

Aardvarks, Profondo Rosso

Forming fantasies of hate
with pure demise
cause in her eyes
there's no disguise
an open gate
Although the mirror bears the sign
truth passes by
unseen for days
the victim prays

Kept inside for all those years
the strangled dreams she dreamt
the unflown tears
suppressing fears
bringing death to mortal life
the soul to please
to reach release

Stabbing knife and smashing head
boiling face and eyes of dead
while the blood is running red

Breeding thoughts and stunning greed
licking wounds until they bleed
all those needs to feed

Life is hasting towards death
all that is left
is just a bitter taste of all the waste
You can't change the speed of time
You cannot change the speed of time

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