

Brodka, Hamlet

In the witching time of night
When hell itself comes out
Contagion to this world
Now could I drink hot blood
And do such bitter things
As the day would quake
To look on

Oh heart please don't grow weak
I cannot risk the danger
My tongue and soul in sleep
My guilt plays with intentions
Let's put a leash on anger
That's now running wild
Running wild
Running wild

For in that sleep of death
Anon the dreadful thunder
To the flaming youth I pray
The devil pulls me under
And heat dry up my brain
Will he let the spirit
Freely soar
Will he let the spirit
Freely soar