

Children Of Bodom, Everytime I Die

The faint blaze of the candle of my life,
slowly dying like a fire in a pouring rain.
No sparks of hope inside,
no shooting stars on my sky.
On broken wings, no flying high...

Another night, another demise,
Cadaverous wind blowing cold as ice...
I'll let the wind blow out the light
cause it gets more painful every time I die.

Out of strength to fight.
I cannot take another night.
I cannot take it no more.
Lust of light slips through my fingers
like blood on my arms.
Black candle wax has buried me...

Another night, another demise,
Cadaverous wind blowing cold as ice...
I'll let the wind blow out the light
cause it gets more painful every time I die.