

Nightrage, Macabre Apparition

You think that this night will be the last,
the loathsome details of this tranquillity,
beyond from the last frontiers of the mother earth
all of a sweat bodies and black murky shapes.

Recollections and dirges mangled by the time,
the ideals worships of this crude religion, after every dawn,
hoping for a rainbow that may never come,
shadows which you can't feel.

(CHORUS:)

Macabre apparition, like a flight of dead swans,
unable to see the forest for the trees.

(BRIDGE:)

An oasis which is not an illusion it will be forever there waiting.

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(CHORUS)