

Nightrage, The Tremor

Nothing hurts like the truth, a piece of perfidy, a deceitful behaviour,
women's lures, deserted like an empty corpse, an uneasy conscience.

Stigmatised in hell, he's puffed up with conceit,
there will come a day of retribution, they're just lost dreams,
cursed to crawl between hypocrites and vain promises,
my heart bleeds.

(CHORUS:)

The tremor of leaves in the breeze.

You can't weigh up, where does this road lead,
at whose door should the blame lie?
The lie lay heavy on his conscience.

(CHORUS)