

Sacrilege, Sweet Moment Of Triumph

(Music: Bergholtz, Dinsdale)

(Lyrics: Dinsdale, Svensson)

As he wandered in silverly halls among silent marbles,
enigmatic sculptures each with different tales to tell,
he touched their hard faces yet soft
like the mist over a sleeping sea
Their beauty and sorrow was feeding his superior soul

Through a heart of stone no blood will flow,
to cleanse the evil cold as snow
Oh pitiful earth that me inherited
Visions of peace crushed to dust

Without compassion he absored their auras
for his strength to gain,
nor did he feel for the souls he drained
In hysteria screaming...Triumph oh glorious state of mind
With the silent ones gathered the powers combined

No words will break the shells as they broke them
Fear won't shatter the walls as it shattered them

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