

# 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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