

Without Face, The Violin Of Erich Zann

I remember the Night
That sight's still inside
On old men's streets
Ghosts of never beens

Voices of the Violin
Cried for many Nights
Flames of the mind
Hunted evil kinds

(Chorus)
The Violin cried out to the night
Silent screaming-by strings' blood
Nowhere I found, nowhere found me
The darkness of Gods
Embrace the crying of voices

He sat in the dark
Candle's gone out
Just the mad sound
Was still in fight
Next to the window
He stared at the Night
And behind the world
Space opened a mind

Coming from the ancient
Dark Dimensions of refused might
A silent man-demonic fight
By the strings of his life

(Chorus)