

Acid Death, The Mirror On The Top Of The World

We stand in a corner astonished
With what man is capable to do
A watcher of all and always
Of good times and bad
But after centuries of deep faith
You have come to understand
That the Evil within longs for Piece of Mind
And Good wants a taste of Sin

Angels you see filled with desire
Demons you see cry in regret
A reflection that brings pain

And you stare on the Mirror
On the top of the World