

Balzac, Vanishes In Oblivion

In fear flow in your vein
In your soul
Lie in a bed of bloody genocide
In fear of seeing the end?
Mourning the end?
Lie in a bed of bloody genocide

(Bring suspicion, Give birth to lament)
Bring tear to the eyes of innocent

Bleeding light
(Sorrow night)
Vanishes screaming
Bleeding light
(Sorrow night)
Bleeding light
(Sorrow night)
Vanishes in oblivion
Bleeding light
(Sorrow night)