

BrainStorm, Marahaja Palace

Prisoners are guided through the golden halls of the palace of the souls.
Fairytales that have lost their gruesome origin by being handed down from
generation to generation.

Down in the darkest silence
just hear a lonely laughter
Except the sound of violence
Where the dagger rules the king
One hundred million people wrong
Don't be afraid to bare your soul
They clean the streets of scum
with darkness in their eyes
Afraid, that I don't know where,
of memories gone forever
The reason why I still care
blinded by the light
On golden gates you read the words
Reminding you of your memories
forever lost in the dungeon's might

Your screaming's my laughter,
a golden disaster
I'll take you forever
down where hell is
Now callin' my keeper,
my pleasure, soul reaver
A bitter taste of my deep, dark palace

Of female voices singin',
Where diamond glasses are shining,
When eagle-wings are bringing
you to my paradise
In a thousand stories a golden history
one left, tells you the true story,
of eastern religious slaves
Under a half-moon
blood and wine so colored red,
Last drink for your lifetime
two different stories,
one hero's dead

Together on your way
no pleasure but you'll stay,
but never will decay
Now you know where hell is
now you are my keeper,
my pleasure, soul reaver
a bitter taste of my deep, dark palace
ruler of the palace