

Circle Of Dead Children, Beethoven's Children

When you raise your head, can you smell the roses burning?

In the garden we suffer

When you close your eyes, can you hear the angels shrieking?

In the garden we suffer

When you lie asleep, can you feel the scalpels spiraling?

In the garden we suffer, but remember that we were never forced there

Together, hand in hand, head by head, the procession of fools

Icon of fatalism

Rite of the damned

One more rhythm from the owl's heart before we all die

When you follow the center path, you will live black utopia