

# Crown Of Thorns, The Black Heart

(Music & Lyrics M. Olsfelt)

Trapped - locked in life  
Not for long - bound for death  
My revenge  
I don't belong here

Tear down - The blood clotted walls of reality  
Break through - The lies of the living world

Burn your body - your disguise  
Face eternity with open eyes  
Can't you see that this is not real  
Taste my wine, drink the darkness of my heart

Ohh Gift of life - pure disgust  
I long to die  
Singing to praise of Death  
Pale worlds of emptiness

"Only black is true - only black is real"  
Written in scars on my heart  
Those words of truth - you will feel  
That only black is true - that only black is real  
This winter of my soul  
Is turning my blood into ice

I am death - I kill life  
I am here - hungry to kill the light  
I kill  
In this shape - in this disguise  
Sent out - to bring an end to it all

Only death is true - only death is real  
Here is nothing like life  
Nothing even close  
Yeah - Only death is true - there is only death in me  
Nothing left but silence  
Ashes, dust and darkness

Close my soul and scream out the darkness  
Of my heart  
Spewing forth - the hate for all things holy

(Lead: M. Tervonen)

In the night the voices cry  
In my dreams I hear them call my name  
Night after night  
This ghostsong rings on and on...

No candles burn  
No lights shines on this deep dark lake  
And there is no hiding from this pain

We are of stone like statues cold  
But did you see the cracks on my white chest  
Just above the heart  
Drained of life and blackened with dead love

To speak the names - invocation of evil

Satan - beast of me  
Rise up! - from inside

Of the darkness  
Of my heart  
The dark disciple of death  
And emptiness

I am death - I kill life  
I am here - hungry to kill myself  
I kill...

It feels so real - this blood is art  
Riding high - against the walls of the room

(Lead: M. Sunesson)

"Only black is true - only black is real"  
Written in scars on my heart  
Those words of truth - you will feel  
That only black is true - that only black is real  
This winter of my soul  
Is turning my life into hell.

In memory of Dead.