

# Demoniac, The Fire And The Wind

The early sun it breaks across the misty hills

The thought of wintertime we are the brave that kill  
Another soul to take  
My thoughts will instigate your death

Realise your death is full of lifeless pain  
Shattering your soul, the flight of misery  
Tortured minds the course to end the suffering  
Come with me, till the end of time

We are the fire and the wind  
We are the morning and the night  
We are the shadows in the fields of might  
We are the fire of the storm  
We are the evening and the dawn  
We are the fire and the wind  
And the pain of tortured minds  
Burning candles in the wind  
We are the fire of the line  
Be me tonight