

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