

# Diabolical Masquerade, Spinning Back The Clock

Drag him down  
That knife, slipping flee [?]  
That knife, slipping flee [?]  
Sweet dreams my dear little child  
I burn for touching a bead of your own mass  
You will be gone now forever  
Try to sleep one more time

A spirit light comes through  
Silent bringer of death  
The cover breezed right open  
Come to steal the cash [?]  
Washed his blade over the kill  
(Here comes the light)  
Furious desertion