

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