

Dying Tears, Dying Lord

You're the scornful lord pralinage
Got the privilege of seeing you dying
You'll know the price of penance
And feel the sin in remembrance

You seek, silence and fight against pain
No more sun just thunder and rain
Now you're blind you cry in vain
Yes, maybe we'll meet again

Forget the past, see this tragedy
Sommellerie in hell, both in agony
At least you feel emptiness
In this life of loneliness

Devil will take your soiled hand
I'm the cause of it, I'm not ashamed
No time for whispers, no time for fear
For this dead world the end is near.