

Elvenking, Death and the Suffering

(Suffered I have and Suffer I will... Counting my days in the blood that I spill
The sweetest of tortures, that we call Life... Will hopefully cease with the slash of a knife)
How can I accept this way?
A countdown to the final day
Holding by the blade the knife
How can I accept my life?
The Skeleton beholds our race (for)
New faces to deface
Grinding our hopes to be
Plunged into fire
I strive just for anything, anything that could save me from this hell
And I dream the most dreadful things, dreadful things, back in mind and wrathful eyes
Too late cause the moment has died
The Skeleton benights us
Broken strings on a harp like
The sirens departing with their beautiful songs
The Skeleton benights us
Overdashing with sorrow the path paved with love and hate
My heart is bleeding, bleeding everyday
My mind can't stop from dreaming dreadful
Death and the suffering
How can I deny this way?
Forgetting 'bout the final day
Why can't I put down the knife?
How can I deny my life?
The hooded Queen beholds our race (for)
New faces to deface
Rushing forth the tides of life Into the ocean
I strive just for anything, anything that could save me from this hell
One day oh will anything, anything come and dry the tears I cry
Too late the moment has died
The Skeleton benights us
Broken strings on a harp like
The sirens departing with their beautiful songs
The Skeleton benights us
Overdashing with sorrow the path paved with love and hate
My heart is bleeding, bleeding everyday
My mind can't stop from dreaming dreadful
Death and the suffering
Kneel down to the Death and the suffering
The Skeleton benights us
Broken strings on a harp like
The sirens departing with their beautiful songs
The Skeleton benights us
Overdashing with sorrow the path paved with love and hate
My heart is bleeding, bleeding everyday
My mind can't stop from dreaming dreadful
Death and the suffering