

End Of Green, Demons

It was the night when the darkness came and the days were getting cold. It was the night when the angel died and the demon had been crowned. It was the night when my soul has died and my Heart was getting cold. It was the night when the Angel died and the demon had been crowned. Ride On the same old feeling, something strange and sad. Ride on, dead wings of sickness, the demon in my head. a time to go, a time I'm feeling dead.