

Gardens Of Gehenna, From A Silent Yearning Dark

Every defeat's a little death.
It's a disaster for the weak,
but for me it's just a challenge,
a passage to another me.
And therefore, rouged with blood and ashes,
I'm singing on my way to hell,
I'm dancing toward Golgatha,
I'm guided by an inner knell.
There are many shades of black
and that I use the signs you've chosen,
that I'm talking in your tongue,
doesn't mean that you're my friend.
I don't want your fucking pity,
'cause one gets it for a song,
but your jealousy honours me,
for which I've been working hard and long.

From a silent Yearning dark
a secret, mighty spell is born.
Beneath a red sky burning cold
from my ashes I will rise.