

Kalmah, Black Roija

Morality - the sickest thought
Of a weeping lust waiting the revival
Fear inside you of a painful nausea
It bites your weak soul to suffocate the fire

Reach out over hopeless distance - extinguish
Feel the king inside you - take a pull

The spirit rises you're the one again
Nothing left of painful distant memories
Feel the strength before the end
Reveals the final truth for your comfort

Reach out for your minds obsession
With shaking hands hopeless distance
Blessed emotion your only devotion
Demons hunger your Black Roija

Imagine rules - changing mood
Bitter tears after surge of emotions
Once with glory you know the story
Liquid years no more tears

And with the beast you will release
Chained evil out of your withdrawn mind
Turn into sickness point of no return
With the demon find the leader till you die