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And with the beast you will release Chained evil out of your withdrawn mind Turn into sickness point of no return With the demon find the leader till you die