

Mental Home, Christmas Mercy

[Music - Sergey, Roman]

Taste the sky, grip the snow in your hands,
Suffering comes again... again...
So alone, like leaf on the wind in little world.
Ask yourself "Where is my God ?"
Still alive, your skin on face's like a stone,
No one stands near your bed, you lay unmove.
Darkness closes and dried lips feel the heat,
Oh, my God, how much I repent...

Sun goes down, and never rised for seven years.
Mist of night embraced your wheel chair.
Think of past, and bitter piece seals your throat,
Comprehend, it's greatest sin you've made.
Samael !... Show me path, I feel my wings,
Break the spell, in gasping snow I feel my love.
Take my soul, I wanna return in this dirty world,
But give me back... My heart...