

# Nightfall, Cold Bloody Killer

(Efthimis Karadimas/Nightfall 1997)

Hey old man, can you read my lips  
I shout to you, here I am, among the sheeps  
For that stone of happiness I am looking for  
I'm young, yet no innocent and ready to fight for...

This place that mortals call paradise  
And for a whole life they suffer  
This place that no worms from ground rise  
They've all been shattered

In this so called "heaven" I want  
To build my own black mansion  
Leather for walls, flesh and bones  
Bleeding throats to feed my passion.

Blast my will would be  
As I reach the mortals' dream  
End of hope, that's growing dim...

Here where I cried but no one could see  
My tears have frozen, I'm no longer bleed  
Red scripts I make, none's blood is waste  
Me pen dives in red, quarry lies dead.

I'm now the holder of your soul  
The one to whom your life's being sold  
I'm now your sun, your flesh and blood  
Your own God, Lay down and suffer.