

# Novembre, Sirens in Filth

Bitterness blows in the heart  
Like chilly draughts in the hall  
Of a crystal castle  
Lost among clouds made of gold

Those anxieting visions  
Images behind frozen windows  
Make my eyes bleed  
Ebony blood

When the silvergray fluid shall crack reality's walls  
Mixing with blood and filth as sirens swimming in pitch

When the sweet arcades of these desperate our owns  
Trickle down upon yhe misery of this dead everyday life

Like pitch on your wings  
Like a child lost in a war  
Like dark paint upon a shiny picture  
Like dirty sperm on a toy

And whwn the new star will shine of its own black  
And there will be nowhere to shelter  
Maybe they'll understand who we are  
What we'll always cry for