

# Omnium Gatherum, Undertaker

He wears dark clothes my dear  
Liquid transparent as the night  
He leans on you  
On worst our of harm  
You crumble down  
Step aside  
Make a move  
Gives him a free ride  
He wears dark intentions  
Fear

Who creeps in here tonight  
A burden to the blind eye  
Kills the upper level  
Provokes the fight

Who carries the cross  
Takes him to one's back  
And eats the loss, an eye of black  
He is there  
Take a look  
A drop of blood drips down

A daily sacrament  
To have ease under the looking glass

To get her  
A circle inside each other  
To carry the myth alive  
For ever  
The circle inside each other  
To see the myth alive

Who creeps in here tonight  
A burden to the blind eye  
Kills the upper level  
Provokes the fight  
A pool of blood in the head