

# Saint deamon, Black symphony

The rain is pouring down the day has just begun  
The twisted mind has no regrets of what has done  
Deep in his mind he knows he can't find peace  
Until has written into history  
Painting the images in blood reflections of all that has loved  
Seeking to create a masterpiece in the black symphony  
The sun goes down and the night will soon arise  
Lurking in shadows he will make his sacrifice  
Deep in his mind he knows he can't find peace  
Obsessive thoughts saying shell be mine  
Painting the images in blood reflections of all that has loved  
Seeking to create a masterpiece in the black symphony  
There is no way she can love you, but can you take it if she turns you down  
Its pure and its all about craving, being denied what your heart longed for  
Painting the images in blood reflections of all that has loved  
Seeking to create a masterpiece in the black symphony