

# Tad Morose, Trader Of Souls

Oh Merchant, yes merchant, the trader of souls  
The bringer of darkness damnation and cold  
In secret betrayal, with cunning and lies  
He steals you, deceives you  
There's fire in his eye

A strange world of neon  
Of light by your side  
There's paradise waiting

The stranger remembers the lines in your face  
Through ages that follow his due stays the same  
Collecting his children still fire in his eye  
The burning desire consuming their minds

A strange world of neon  
Of light by your side  
There's paradise waiting

A long way from grandeur  
It's passing you by  
Merchant, oh merchant  
An angel of light  
The trader of souls  
Believe me he's lying  
The trader of souls  
Believe me he's dying