

# Valhalla, Flowers Of The Evil

Flowers Of The Evil

Through The Steadfastness Of Centuries Growing Up  
Are The Dead Stalks  
Dimly Glaring In The Moonshine  
Are Cold Roses

Putrid Stench Of Flowers Of Evil  
Is The Fragrance Of Death  
In The Silvery Shine Of Cold Thorns There Are  
Bloody Streams

Like The Fingers Of Black Iron Hand  
Are The Panzers Of Buds  
The Cold Of Their Leaves Like The Razorblade  
Cuts The Flesh

The Black Night Is Fulfilled With Silent Knell  
With The Singing Of Death  
With The Twittering Of Dead Phantom Birds  
In The Dead Roses

Through The Steadfastness Of Centuries Growing Up  
Are The Dead Stalks...  
Steel Of Thorns, Ice Of Buds  
Blades Of Leaves...  
Those Were Inhaling The Aroma  
Of Flowers Of The Evil In The Black Night  
Are Consumed Forever With The Coldness  
Of Lifeless Realms