

Valley's Eve, Creating Gods

An evil dream did not let me sleep
I saw myself sitting in a burning chair
My wounds start bleeding again
I wanted to touch the moon
A journey to the stars for very last time

Creating Gods
In your illusions
Creating Gods
Nailed to the cross
Creating Gods
In your redemption
Creating Gods
Nailed to the cross

Some black ravens flying over me
Lacerating my face
I hear voices out of the darkness
The black riders are awake again

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Whipped by the wind
Blinded by hate
With their hate the storm will come
With the death the end of all days is near
Winds wakes me up
Bloody snow is falling
My veins are frozen
Blood turns into ice
I can see them
They are waiting for me

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