

At The Gates "Windows"

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Eternal, now you live a dead lie
Plague years, a walk down the trail of misery

Put fire to your soul
Set it ablaze

A lunatic music, the end of flock kingdom
Sheep, you thirst for our insanity

Windows, sharp, cold
Wrap your psyche in blankets of pain
No more light of day
We're the windows to your insanity
Screaming, roaring, we'll alter your reality
Dancing razors cut your sanity

Windows, sharp, cold
Wrap your psyche in blankets of pain
Fuck you, light of worlds
We're the windows to your insanity

Reflections in the shattered glass
Singing songs of blasphemey for your soul

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