

411**"Disturbed Conscious Death"**Visit "[Disturbed Conscious Death](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

An ash grey sky tortures the reflection
Of my image in the cold blade
That soon at falling down is making me dieee!

Dirty ingenuous, your presence wants of the spirit's
Culmination, Dark person, you know that you're
different,
But your pain, feeds his hunger!

El odio fluye, cabalga la dama negra
El sustento es la muerte, el instante
La respuesta al enigma

Al grito de muerte le sigue la guadana
Degollando mi cuello!

Parece mi cabeza al hierro sujeta!

Un cielo cenizo en el charco de sangre
Tiemblo, pero no siento
Mi conciencia aparece cual turbia esperanza

Ahhh!

He isn't one of us,
Madness is his tragic ending!

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