

Andralls

"Awake And Dead"

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Black clouds are confusing closed eyes
Tell me about your day of tomorrow
A pillow of stone, fire on bed
Inside twilight, true nightwares
And you woke up dead
Reality is bad
Going to nowhere
Wake up from your terrible imagination
Blow against the flames
that give you scars
Like a puppet on an evil scythe
Crawl to hell's gate
Don't change your mind
Falling into an abyss
Disgrace reminds of premonition
Victim of the night, demolition
Answers were given, no return
Sorrow, excuses, it doesn't work
Invaded by infectors in your blood
to kill you slowly
Enigma of an old cursed prophecy
to be discovered
Eternal punishment
To the slavery I give my hands

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