

Archaios "Silent Killer"

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From somewhere far beyond
When day and night where one
Comes back a thought
A turbulence of mind
Relieve again the same old tragedy
In blood and flesh I taste this memory
Again in fright
I lie here in the cold
Waiting for signs
To tell me where I am.

Grieving, crying, I never find my true relief
Fading, dying, a prisoner of my own disease

Hated
Rising

Hated rise whiting, illusions carry me
I'll stray and fall behind in sin

Without a hope I'll be reborn in sin
And still I see no signs ahead of me
Tonight I'll lie in warm embracing cold
For my remise is tribute to my past.

Grieving, crying, I never find my true relief
Fading, dying, a prisoner of my own disease

Hated
Rising

Searching for answers
But the shies turn it's Bach on my quest for the light
Feel lost in my anger
And my sight and my golden years I leave behind.

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