

## Before Dark

### "The Black"

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[music: Tuomas Saukkonen, words: Tuomas Saukkonen/Panu Willman]

This place like hell where you belong  
Nation of leeches, kingdom made of thorns  
Civil war inside your head is starting to breed  
And reform it's own identity

Here you have no name so death can't find you, define  
you  
And hope to be resurrected back to life is gone forever

And the black wearing out your soul  
Is the black haunting you in echoes

The gaze like death what you behold  
Greyscale reflection, perfection so cold  
Flawless shell of man is starting to break  
And leave the inside for demons to take

Here you have no name so death can't find you, define  
you  
And hope to be resurrected back to life is gone forever

And the black wearing out your soul  
Is the black haunting you in echoes

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