

Comatose Vigil "Suicide Grotesque"

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One step from morning to night
One step from white to black
One step from here to beyond
One step from life to death

And the night whispers the names
Of fallen and damned one
By the voice of the wind
Fallen with no remorse
Pale hands are searching for
Sanity below the melting snow
Thousands of hearts bleed
Thousand of souls dissolve in dirt

Yellow pages of the book of lies
Promise a future full of light
Harassing simple minds
Exploring new horizons of illusions
Ropes around our necks
Are like crosses behind our backs
And we crucify ourselves
To save our souls from despair

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