

Dark Millennium

"Peace In My Hands"

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Flowers are fed by the guilty sun
Guilty for keeping the life command
Winds groa to storms, storme bear further sons
Thia is my breed... thia is my cycle of need.
If you pay for me - I cannot be.
Lost in you and nothing but peace in my hands
Nothing but a smalltalk with my death
Nothing but the pioneer who climbs the highest
mountain to fall.
And the course of the stream
Makes us to madman we've been
Awakes the psychopats who rests
To watch the suffering process.
You have not pleaded for me - now I'll be.
Lost in you and nothing but peace in my hands
Nothing but a smalltalk with my death
Nothing but a pioneer who climbs the highest mountain
just to fall...

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