

Dark Tranquillity **"Hedon"**

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Enter Suicidal Angels;
How hungry we've become;
Like animals naked in shame
Fed with the hooves of apocalypse
That galloped down, disordered worlds behind
From word to a word I was led to a word
That spanned over cultures in rage
Crimson masses, slept in decadence
Holding our tongues to the thirsty sun
So, is the future still open?
Then enter, hornet, from our hive-dark hearts
To draw down the end from within
We need not the horns
That emanate from our warty, haunted bodies
Severed and numbered they are
Nihilist, Hedon
The priceless art of their lives
Sorrow is a wing laid atop their heads.
Skin deep, we carve our immeasurable sorrow
In the fold of your shivering arms
Hedon,
Your children wild
And filled with death

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