

De-Sire

"Chapter Xiv: Dark Angel Bird (A Poet Of Tragedies)"

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Through the night... All night long...
A tragic croaking can be heard...
The voice of an angel keeps calling...
An angel with a bleeding soul is falling...

Dark angel of melancholy
I am a cold tear of misanthropy
Dark angel of suffering
I'm an angstfull whining

You rant poems of pain
In a biting elegy
Deep red is the color
Of your boundless agony

Dark angel of melancholy
I am a cold tear of misanthropy
Dark angel of suffering
I'm an angstfull whining
An angstfull... An angstfull whinning...

Dark angel bird...

The sadness in your chant
Is my own grief
A mournful melt of tears
Which arises as nightfalls

In your eyes...
I behold the eyes of a soul
A soul with a bleeding heart
And nobody's love

My existence depends on yours,
My... My soul is as yours,
For... For you I cry
In the cold bare night

Take me beyond infinity
In your moonlight wings
I want to cry out a last scream

I want to fall asleep and dream

I am... I am the Dark Angel Bird...
A poet of tragedies...

I am the Dark Angel Bird...
I am the Dark Angel Bird...

I am the Dark Angel Bird...

Scratch with your deadly claws
Pounce well on, on my chest
Burial ground for autumnal invocations
Sanctuary for a broken love

Selfless I call for you
My soul bleeds for yours,
For you I die...
For you I die...
In the cold...
In the cold...
In the cold bare night

In the cold bare night... In the cold bare night...

"Anjo de cora o ferido
Como   triste o fim...
Sentir-me perdido
Morrer dentro de mim..."

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