

## De-Sire "Chapter Xiv: Dark Angel Bird"

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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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