

Disarmonia Mundi

"Morgue Of Centuries"

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Descent
Towards a dead end
Primeval substance
Morphing blake angelic state

Collecting' inside
So near ravenous shine
Damn clear foul mankind's
Rushing' faster to an end

Slash pale wings the core is torn
Skin red beings the soul is gone
Bliss the seeds of confusion
While silent they observe

This life
Fallen' sins from my veins
An army stands to free
Swift mire
Swollen sick from my hands
Domain of history

Ablaze
The western sky red
Over the wasteland
Feathers falling' blake

Digging' inside
Your lunatic feeble mind
A hysterical genocide
Face the end of days

Slash pale wings the core is torn
Skin red beings the soul is gone
Smash the white of these goddamn walls
Uncontrolled

Force the end of the rivalry
Sanctified for a common fear
Bliss the seeds of confusion
While silent they observe

Release my
Wounded soul at the end
Worst of you
My desire in your eyes

Free fall
Resemble the unknown
Oh well we're all fucked
But silent still you watch

Impassable eyes
Null screams calling' for a dreaming'
Sky may cry
Bleeding' forevermore

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