

Dying Passion

"With Brush Of Madness"

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I walked on dusty roads
On burning lands
The wind picked up my sigh
The dust swallowed up my steps
Dark changed the light
The sky wasn't blue longer
Crying trees bended
Down over dried rivers

Fire burned in the night
I fell down tired beside it
The fear spoke from the eyes
Behind the flames
I wait for the vultures
I watch them in silence
As their evil eyes
Are burning into my soul

I let the dream takes me away
Pulls me deeper and deeper
To our future
Painted with brush of madness

When the last leaf
Fell into oblivion
And the rain slowly
Carried away everything
While the wind is crying
The cold white dressed
Infinite night tells about
Frozen dreams

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