

Ephel Duath

"Ironical Communion"

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Sweet Irony,
Hits my tangled troubles, and frees this
Blade
From the stranding line
Cynically slides,
Through dusty gemstone,
To offer a soft respite to my ethereal
Plagues.

Let me cover with silence,
The figures around me:
A velvety sigh on the noisy stammering.

Grow to a physical essence,
And heavily walk on this living mosaic
Called pain...
I can hear the breath of every dowel:
My demons are waiting...

Conceal this fool architecture
From my (singing) conviction.
Blind my cyclopien, trifling dreads
And dethrone the useless days
From my infested eyes.
Irony, my care.

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