

Gutter Sirens

"Towards The Dark Eternity"

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Drawn in crayon the visions of dream
Which sense is the key to open the hundreds gates
In the labyrinth of unusual matters in mirror - fear
Whether it's gift or a whip you must decide

You wish to float, wander till the end of your days
You wish to discover new land
Sound powerfully like the ancient bell
Avoid clocks, the dust of hour glass, the witch's curse

Never wander along the paths of stress
They lead you to the land of ice
Never wander along the paths made by death
The dusk is always at their end

Towards the dark eternity

You see he got older although is young
Why did he choose the stress of the tie killing him
In the chase for money he kills each day
Buying grey hair every minute from the devil

Never wander along the paths of stress
They lead you to the land of ice
Never wander along the paths made by death
The dusk is always at their end

Towards the dark eternity

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