

Hel

"Turn The Page"

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Hel - Turn The Page

There is no time to step aside.
Though He's trembling in despair.
In lack of tears he grin.
A body bruised, he feels the pain.
Visions built of hate,
He calls for strength in vain.

Battle under blood-red skies,
fields of burning flesh,
Reflecting in his eyes.

Lives are ripped out of this world, crying winds are
beeing heard.
Grinds his teeth in blistering rage, feel no pity - turn the
page.

The twisted soul-his own black lair, in a state of
disrepair.
Seems so thin the line to roam, Heaven's calling -
sense Hell's dome.

An autumn day has turned to night,
the veil of fog increase.
Gods' wing-strokes are in sight.
As he staggers on in haze,
he peels his flaking wounds.
He is Caught in death's embrace

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