

Hermit Age "The Winter Of Soul"

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Let's make his light a little weak
I will not wake you, but we can fall into this

It's Curdled now...
All this Blood in your face doesn't shine anymore
All that desire that lies in our souls
Spitting from myself
And your screams now echoes

I'm the mirror of god
Use his light to show my face
But he only sees himself
But he only can love himself

Now into the prostitute
I'm the winter that are living alone
Who crosses the sea
Beyond the trees
I'm the way of your feeling of
Seeking the tombs of fate
Searching in your freezing face
Lickin' this final step
I'm the winter of soul

Let's make his light a little weak
I will not wake you, but we can fall into this
Let me introduce myself
My name is fear... I can use your arms against
yourself... feel better?

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