

How Like A Winter "The Night, Then Him"

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The mirror watches
He's hiding
Yet knows he's everywhere
A swarm of faithful flies
That unconditionally love Him
Like a festering fruit
He creates the void in his eyes
Paints Himself by shades of red
With drops of absinthe
And laudanum
In that wretched Sundays
That fast become violet
Then black
Limbs in gangrene in a crippled body
The guest in the mirror
Hopes that night would give him
A gleam of nasty pleasure
In a life so tiresome
The guest awaits
His moment for He knows He won't go too far
Soon He will be back with His prey so young
And scary, but beautiful like a summer's morning
The hunger will be satisfied for just a moment
Alas! he wants more and more and more...
Crying, He watches
While He's eating
No face lives
No sound tunes
Forbidden meals that intoxicate more than wine
A sleepless killer
And an hopeless sinner
Enslaved by his own beauty
That now shines once more
Deep in that mirror
Soon thirsty again
And again... the guest will wait.

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