

Imago Mortis "The Shoemaker"

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The waiting darkness holds things,
Deep into the colors of dream
Living tones of suffering,
Hidden shades of sadness within
Blinded by it's painful glimpses,
I can see It flashing back my life
The waiting darkness holds things,
Shining on the blade of my knife

I'm the shoemaker
I know how to heal your disease
I'm the shoemaker
I will put your anguish at ease

The mournful sounds that I hear,
Ghostly symphonies of the past
The weeping tunes of my fears,
Dying lips expiring at last
Dancing by the silent music,
I can hear it's dreadful voice again
The mournful sounds that I hear,
Harmonies of steel, blood and pain

Hear the shoemaker
Words of delusion and hate
See the shoemaker
Pictures of a man and his fate

In the dark
Dying woman crying weakly
In the dark
When I love, I love too deeply
It's all gone
[The Voice from the Pit:] Life isn't fair
It's all gone
[The Voice from the Pit:] But death and despair
I'm a slave
Killing for my sacred mission
[The Voice from the Pit:] Kill for my joy
I'm a slave
Of nightmares and hallucinations
[The Voice from the Pit:] Live to destroy

[The Voice from the Pit Charlie the Head:]

Kryos Mary Krystos

Kryos Krystorah

Kryos Mary Krystos

Krystorah Krystorah

I'm the shoemaker

The last note of one sad symphony

I'm the shoemaker

The final verse of my elegy

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