

Iskald

"Under The Black Moon"

Visit "[Under The Black Moon](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

Upon the next morning
I walked into an empty old house
Found this scroll on the floor
Among with all her rotten gore
Her name was yet unknown
But she was called the Mistress of Curse
She struck a needle in my heart
Even though she was torn apart
Diary of a Dying Queen
Entitled to the vicious script
I sat and read it all that night
About her everlasting fight
Fifth storm of Blizzard Wings
These last cryptic words was written in blood
I couldnt help myself to wonder
What she had left beyond her
Waking up to painful screams
That day began the fearful dreams
Her love has gone into my head
Im falling for a rotting dead
The reverend said I was infected
But I was awake and smelling the air
Reading from the scroll of love and guarding my angel
flying above
I searched around in town
For clues about the Blizzard Wings
All their mouths was wide, but shut then I stumbled
over a hut
Carved wood on the wall
Oh death where is thy sting
A particular abysmal smell of gore met me as I walked
through the door
Early morning chaos weeped against me once inside
What I found when I was there was to become my
greatest
fear
Inside the Mistress hut
I found what Id been looking for
A torn out paper from the scroll announcing for whom
the bell tolled

Visit [Iskald](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.