

Catamenia "Morning Crimson"

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Red suns burning slow
inside the night, soft whispers echo
tides of darkness flowing like stars
crimson colours, paint our hearts
behold the sky so distant and bright.
Screams whispered, memories won
we are free to roam, destination nver
shown
gaze those in the mist, gleam in night
without battles we dominate.
The dying light of eternal grey
above it all creations fall
thunderstorm of rage, lead us to the
void
thorns and stones, swords for the moon.

Screams whispered, memories won
we are free to roam, destination nver
shown
gaze those in the mist, gleam in night
without battles we dominate.
Under the clouds, in grace of night
we walk throught the ashes and dust
in the failing light of the stormy day
born out of thorns from dragons kiss.
Screams whispered, memories won
we are free to roam, destination nver
shown
gaze those in the mist, gleam in night
without battles we dominate.

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