

Meressin

"Ripping The Angel's Heart, I Find The Hidden Truth"

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Breathing the stench of death
Release soul from monotony of choked life
I am and I'll stay in the attraction of the dark
It's only space of rest
Tracks of pecculation, pain of ceremonies
See the look of the beast
Which is dissecting you alive

Chosen way into the pulsing fire
Burning senses prompt the danger

I'm not afraid of the pain, it's the custom
Bloody sunset, I'm killing myself again
Like I'm beaten through with nails
I stay in quad of hysteria

Ripping the angel's heart I find the hidden truth

Anxiety in my heart during pain of ceremonies
Roots of all evil taken deep into the man
Like roots of trees into the ground
I'm living in surroundings which rule

I'm going into pushing fire
Into promptly growing temptations

All my sins before you
Look into my eyes and this will suffice
Living in surroundings which hold my bloody soul
Ripping the angel's heart I find the hidden truth
Those tracks of pecculation pain of ceremonies

I'm going into pulsing fire
Into promptly growing temptations

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