

Mirzadeh "Fullmoon Dream"

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Slave of the saviour
Has got the chains broken
Has found it's temper
From the slit of evil sword.

Lonely one is calling me
To the company of guide
Awakening my instincts
On cold winter night.

Blood runs as the young heart beats
Feeds hunger with steaming meat
Leads me into the extacy
Ah... In Fullmoon Dream.

So Now i praise this night
And the moon of winter
Cold pale light
Shining like silver

Human mind is awakening
To the burning light of sun.
From the Fullmoon Dream
To the prisoner of self-pity.

'Til the moon will turn to full
Again so powerful
It leads me into the extacy
Ah... in Fullmoon Dream.

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Has got the chains broken
Has found it's temper
From the slit of evil sword.

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