

Mist

"A Shallow Grave"

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In a place where the sun burns red
And the sand is burning coal
Where nights are cold and black
As the corners of your soul
There lives a woman so innocent and pure with a man
She doesn't know
She took his hand at an early age
And it was then her faith was sealed

Her screams echo in the night
But no one is there
Her blood will colour the sand
More red than the sun
Then laid to rest in the ground
Painted in shame
Her memory is lost in time there she will remain

In the twilight of the setting sun she fell in love
Both desire and lust were reborn
Taking her by fear
All of lives precious gifts
Struck all of her at once
As her eyes met to others
Her sentence were signed in blood

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