

## **Saint Deamon "Black Symphony"**

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The rain is pouring down the day has just begun  
The twisted mind has no regrets of what he's done

Deep in his mind he knows he can't find peace  
Until he's written into history

Oh!

Painting the images in blood reflections of all that he  
has loved  
Seeking to create a masterpiece in the black symphony

The sun goes down and the night will soon arise  
Lurking in shadows he will make his sacrifice

Deep in his mind he knows he can't find peace  
Obsessive thoughts saying she'll be mine

Painting the images in blood reflections of all that he  
has loved  
Seeking to create a masterpiece in the black symphony

There is no way she can love you, but can you take it if  
she turns you down  
It is pure and it's all about craving, being denied what  
your heart longed for

Yes!

Painting the images in blood reflections of all that he  
has loved  
Seeking to create a masterpiece in the black symphony

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