

Darzamat "False Sleepwalker"

Visit "[False Sleepwalker](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

In the dark you head towards the crossroads
Where the wind blows without restraint
Cold and soulless like a wax figure
At times rising over the clouds
You won't get here in the daytime,
You won't see anything in the light of day
The gale is flapping it's iron wing
Staring inside with it's eyes like two abyssal vaults
The armoured heart won't break, it'll just fall into the
gulf of feelings

Hundreds of nights, hundreds of days
All mercilessly sad
All cruelly lonely
All pervaded with gloom
All marked with pain

Over at the sky that never ever dawns
Fell clouds of pallid spectres spellbinding shadows
bleak
Eyes so dark that you need to turn away lest you fall
into the void
Murk seeps in every night, of blackness made, in
coldness carved
A swarm of morbid phantasms is teeming in your
thoughts
Their deathly hands upon your brow
The sleepless flock pushing at you
Leering at you

Hundreds of nights, hundreds of days

Visit [Darzamat](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.