

Satyrian

"Feel The Rush"

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Crossing the scarlet sea
Towards the world within,
Here in paradise, the rain tastes like blood.

Look into my eyes, eyes that still behold.
Raining tears, no whipping clouds, and no liquid gold?

Crossing the scarlet sea
Towards the world within,
Here in paradise, the rain tastes like blood.

The sinister sound of my fading breath -
An answer to the sweetest kiss of death.

And while my life is fading,
I feel the rush once more,
As it runs, warm and vital,
Like it has run before.

Look into my eyes, eyes that still behold.
Raining tears, no whipping clouds, and no liquid gold?

Where my duty? tears, duty? tears I laid,
Memories of pain and sorrow, down there in my grave.

And while my life is fading,
I feel the rush once more,
As it runs, warm and vital,
Like it has run before.

I kiss the soul that fades,
The last days of my life,
That wipes? our world in mines
Of my earthly strive.

Drowning in? fortune fire,
No passion in the light that I admire.

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