

Seraphim "Emptiness"

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Merciful of matchless generous,
That's the serious sentence of killing people
It is body mental suffering,
Just like instigating all the masses
A kind of silent slaughter here now,
The sound that burst around to corner
Burn the base morality down,
There's my mind coming hang on to your alter

Leave too far away from the black sea and roaring
windstorm
Seems to hate frosty control terror

Your evil and vicious medium,
Stimulate me going crazy
Belittle the arrogant spirit,
Whiteness teardrop falling down in my hands
A kind of silent persecution,
The sound that cracks around the world
The enslavement of sad and sorrow,
I will sacrifice for your funeral

Drinking all the rigor punishment and strange mystery
Seems to puzzle and passion trembling

[Chorus:]
Emptiness still can't touch, in the only lonely cold body
Wretchedness, cry of pain
Loneliness cannot hide, the soul with great toil and
teary eyes
Beneath the painful groan

[Solo]

Merciful of matchless generous...

[Chorus]

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