

Tales Of Darknord "Dirge"

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Hear my scream dreary bay.
Now I'm submerged deep in pain.
Odious beast from the world
Hidden beyond graves and
Filled with cold.
My crypt made from stones.
I'm sleeping and seeing crosses.
My dark soul is dead.
My dream so real. It in ripping head.
Grave number 1 and number 2.
Killer and victim. Who is who?
Our lifes are dead.
One will burn in Hell.
Endless file of hearses drive
It's dreadful load
Crunching with skulls and bones
Which are covering the road.
I'll die with feeling of terror.
Death - this is the cause to be everywhere.
We were saint but the dead brain
Kills us and lead to the last way
In this mortal pain.
I washed by bloody rain.
You stay at the abyss
And may be will die.
You never overcome this.
Forgive me and die!

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