

Misanthrope "Crisis Of Soul"

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Les crises de l'Ã¢me
Crisis of soul

Succumbing to the eternal grief of sorrow
Mangle my plaintive cries
With shattered torments
I shan't modify your life's faith

Banish our endless sadness
Combustion's drying tears
Oh God, please try to help me
My soul is lost... disaggregate

Crisis of soul
Weakness of the brave

In a mortal silence
I emerge beyond my inner mirror
In a pure wounded harmony
Death keeps shelter over me

My blind eyes recognize
The sweetness of the sun light
Only one hope remains
In sickness to welcome you

Crisis of soul
The all lost souls' day

In a mortal silence
I emerge beyond my inner mirror
In a pure wounded harmony
Death keeps shelter over me

Crisis of soul
Would-be hypochondre
Crisis of soul
Infinite tragedy
Crisis of soul
Would-be hypochondre
Crisis of soul
Absolute mockery

Les crises de l'ÃfÂçme

Hour of vengeance
Arrives on humanity's reign
Beneath the lying down corpses
I'm walking on the asphalt-victory's streets

My wish is to live
In this dream which evades me... intoxicate
But my heart is bleeding
For those comrades who died for our cause

Les crises de l'ÃfÂçme
Dead star Misanthrope, wandering and disposed of
everything

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