

Misanthrope

"Deus Puerilisâ?!"

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Les crises de l'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'me
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'me
Dead star Misanthrope, wandering and dispossed of
everything

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