

Morbid Angel

"Gentle Whisper"

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[music by Morbid Death]
[lyric by Ricardo Santos]

Fields of flowers
Crops of sorrow
Spreading fresh air
To the ones of tomorrow

That gentle and innocent look
Expressing the sadness
Involving that young soul
Into the deepest madness

Little one, free your mind
Let the wind blow trough
Your weak soul

You can continue crawling
Look behind that window
Whisper gently, whisper...

Little one, free your hope
Open your hand
So I can grab you

Keep on stretching your hand
So it could be possible to grab you

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