

Sig:Ar:Tyr

"Vanitas"

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I am waiting for my time to come;
The truth I did not want to know,
To the place (anyway) I had to go,
Incineration will begin,
(The) golden ages now are gone.
Blame my weakness,
Mind in bleakness,
Blame my meekness,
Then burn my sins,
Death to follow,
It's the end to hallow,
(Why) you need the sorrow when it's (so) equal.

I see no reason but (I know) I am a slave,
I'm on a leash in the reaper's hand,
I see no reason but (I know) I am a slave,
A helpless slave of the time's asands,
I've been waiting for my desire since I found my empty
truth,
I've been waiting for my prayer since I found my empty
truth.
I need to freeze my sorrow so that I can please my holy
death,
I need to seek my sorrow so that I can lead my final
breath,
O the great one, (there's) no need to be afraid of you,
O the great one, in the end I'll be your bloom.

Please give me your freedom then (I'll) give you my
eternal pain,
The torture without agony is blessed through my black
veins,
What should I learn in this hell in which I was forced to
be born,
Why should I be burned I'm still alive though poisoned
by the thorns.
Come with us,
Come take our hands,
Come with us,
Come while you can,
Come with us,

Come take our hands,
Come with us,
The race I ran.

I'm dreaming,
(It) seems like I'm dreaming,
I'm dreaming in this dream,
Did you realize;
There is no gleam in my eyes,
Now (the) scream denied, I'm dreaming,
(It) seems like I'm dreaming,
I'm dreaming in this dream,
In my old dreams I was told so,
I know my time will come.
Can you save my light?
Can you save my lies?
Or should I say good-bye before I kill my cries,
Can you save my light,
Can you save my lies?
Or should I say good-bye (to them) and close my eyes.
Like a beauty of a withering flower,
Like a candle that is burning out,
Like a farce in a midnight nightmare,
Like a dying light (still) burning bright.

It's just a dream that nobody asks for,
That will go away while I'm asleep,
So I'll wait till the day my bride comes,
It's just a dream buried in the sands,
None shall remember in the end,
So I'll wait till the day my bride comes,
I am your fear I'm stalking inside,
I am your nightmare to come from behind,
I am your despair to take them all away,
I am your torment, I am your sorrow.

I am your darkness to kill all your lights,
I am your hatred burning inside,
I am your cold grave to bury you alive,
I am your denial,
I am your betrayal.
I am your messenger,
I am your filth,
I am your funeral,
I am your malice.
I am your shadow,
I am your regret,
I am your sorrow,
I am your lies.

My dirty missions are holy though my soul is filled with

purified filth,
My dirty crimes are holy though my flesh is filled with
(an) innocent guilt,
The end had started when I found out (the) final crime
was done,
The end of my time is the end of my crime,
The end of lies, the end denied.
(The) call of the bride from the long lost black tide,
The bride in despair, lost so long,
Fall of the pride to the void I shall hide,
Now I hear the executioner's song.

I wait for my turn,
They'll burn my soul, I wait for my turn, my turn,
I wait for my turn,
They'll burn my soul, I wait for my turn,
It scares me so.

Burn as a dreamer then killed as a redeemer,
Trapped in the illusion filled with deceivers,
Cursed by redemption then saved by deception,
Trapped in the illusion filled with dissensions,
Bury me now in the cold grave,
Bury me now like a tamed slave,
Bury me now, bury me deep,
I am waiting for my time to come,
Vulnerant omnes, ultima neecat.

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