

Nightrage

"Macabre Apparition"

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You think that this night will be the last,
the loathsome details of this tranquillity,
beyond from the last frontiers of the mother earth
all of a sweat bodies and black murky shapes.

Recollections and dirges mangled by the time,
the ideals worships of this crude religion, after every
dawn,
hoping for a rainbow that may never come,
shadows which you can't feel.

[CHORUS:]

Macabre apparition, like a flight of dead swans,
unable to see the forest for the trees.

[BRIDGE:]

An oasis which is not an illusion it will be forever there
waiting.

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the loathsome details of this tranquillity,
beyond from the last frontiers of the mother earth
all of a sweat bodies and black murky shapes.

[CHORUS]

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