

## **Nightrage** **"The Tremor"**

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Nothing hurts like the truth, a piece of perfidy, a  
deceitful behaviour,  
women's lures, deserted like an empty corpse, an  
uneasy conscience.

Stigmatised in hell, he's puffed up with conceit,  
there will come a day of retribution, they're just lost  
dreams,  
cursed to crawl between hypocrites and vain promises,  
my heart bleeds.

[CHORUS:]

The tremor of leaves in the breeze.

You can't weigh up, where does this road lead,  
at whose door should the blame lie?  
The lie lay heavy on his conscience.

[CHORUS]

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