

Rotting Christ "A Dead Poem"

Visit "[A Dead Poem](#)" on MotoLyrics.com

It's the season the trees die
The birds don't sing anymore
The rivers never come back
Nature dies out.

It's the season the trees die
The birds don't sing anymore
The rivers never come back
Nature dies out.

Focus tomorrow's horizon
Sorrow means no future
Cover my face
With my guilty hands

This tragic future
Destinied to hurt never heal
What end can save me?
What good gives me an end?

It's the season the trees die
The birds don't sing no more
The rivers never come back
Nature dies out.
It's the season the trees die
The birds don't sing no more
The rivers never come back
Nature dies out.

First passion
Now is lost
A dramatic dead story
I killed all I have

My sadness - Translated into madness
I spell meaningless words
A poem for sorrow and death

Nothing is innocent
Nothing is fair
I keep wondering
I keep wondering
How did I end up like this?

Focus tomorrow's horizon
Sorrow means no future
Cover my face
With my guilty hands

This tragic future
Destinied to hurt never heal
What end can save me?
What good gives me an end?

Visit [Rotting Christ](#) page on MotoLyrics.com, to get more lyrics and videos.

[MotoLyrics.com](#) | Lyrics, music videos, artist biographies, releases and more.