

Tad Morose

"The Trader Of Souls"

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Oh Merchant, yes merchant The trader of souls The
bringer of darkness
Damnation and cold In secret betrayal with cunning
and lies he steals you,
Deceives you There's fire in his eye

A strange world of neon of light by your side There's
paradise waiting
The stranger remembers the lines in your face Through
ages that follow his
Due stays the same Collecting his children still fire in
his The burning
Desire consuming their minds
A strange world of neon of light by your side There's
paradise waiting

A long way from grandeur It's passing you by
Merchant, oh merchant an angel
Of light The trader of souls Believe me he's lying The
trader of souls
Believe me he's dying

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