

Theatre Of Ice "Regions Of The Night"

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By crookend moon and waining starlight
In the blood-red thickening twilight
I find myself upon a path bathed in gloom
That has no end except the tomb
With eyes cast upward I'll give no thought of hell
But if there are gods are there not devils as well
Hiding somewhere in the flickering screens
That fill my mind like erotic dreams
Forget not the legends of old
The stories of hell that your elders have told
For they are without a doubt all quite real
There is a devil and your soul he will steal
I lay my brain before the flickering screen
And shudder as I watch the silent screams
In the distance hear the monsters call
They're searching now for living dolls
I search for a place amongst the thorns to pray
Perchance to contemplate the dying of the day
But there no solace for me to find
For I am nothing but ruins of a mind
Forget not the legends of old
The stories of hell that your elders have told
For they are without a doubt all quite real
There is a devil and your soul he will steal

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