

Theatres Des Vampires

"Apart"

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Alone in the soul of this void
She feels your fears in silence
She follows the shadows of your life
She calls the creatures of this lost land
The sons of sorrow and filth
The sons of death

Walk on the heart of the mother
She digs
Deep as the scars on her flesh
Under the rust of the edge
She breaths
Under the earth and the trees

Her silent void
Her distant eyes
That no-one hears or sees

She rises from legends and old tales
She dances in a circle of flowers
She feeds with your nightmares and blood
She follows the call of the wood

Run through this wood of despair
She screams
Freezing the tears in her eyes
Into the embrace of her grave
She sleeps
Under the dust and the filth

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