

Through The Eyes Of The Dead "Between The Gardens That Bathe In Blood"

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Between The Gardens That Bathe In Blood

Glass taints the surface where gods cry and souls
decay. Shadows hang
themselves to escape this place they've made. Don't
worry my children,
this is hell. Our souls are faced with damnation. Blood
soaked gardens
bound for death, to kill or be killed. They will smile in
their
disparity in battle. In the fields of sorrow a corpse
stands alone.
Childrens' mothers pray for their safety and return,
knowing that they are dead.
Glass taints the surface where gods cry and souls
decay. Shadows hang
themselves to escape this place they've made. Don't
worry my children.

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