

Millenium Dark

"Peace In My Hands"

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Flowers are fed by the guilty sun
guilty for keeping the life command
winds grow to stroms, storms bear futher sons
this is my breed ... this is the cycle of need.
If you play for me - I cannot be.
Lost in you and nothing
but peace
in my hands
nothing but a smalltalk with my death
nothing but
a pioneer who climbs the
highest mountain
to fall
And the course of the stream
makes us to madme we've never been
awakes the psychopath who rests
to watch the suffering process.
You have not pleaded for me - now I'll be
Los in you and nothing
but peace
in my hands
nothing but a smalltalk with my death
nothing but
a pioneer who climbs the highest mountain
just to fall ...

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