

Second two or maybe a day  
I glance over yellowed pages  
Touch the scares of your unpure soul  
I drown in sticky passion of your memory

Born from chaos wind of hatred human faces it posses  
The sand of the sarcophagus of memories blows  
And every seed is a diamond blade

In the tact of their language beats my heart  
And pass centuries

I touch the scares of your unpure soul  
Sometimes death comes at night  
Sometimes death is silence  
Sometimes death scares the wind  
Sometimes death gives birth to the dark

Let the show go on

I touch the scars of your unpure soul  
In red iris daylight dies  
Nothing shall escape from me

Sometimes death is filled with the blood  
Sometimes death fades away in fog  
Sometimes death il like a black storm  
Sometimes death scares the wind of life  
Sometimes death comes to you at night  
Sometimes death gives birth to the dark

I touch the scars of your unpure soul  
Sometimes death is filled with blood  
Sometimes death fades away in fog  
Sometimes death is like a black storm  
Sometimes death has many names