Alpha Noir

Moonspell

Let the good men crush
What they love
It makes them feel alive
Let the fair men build them crosses
And crucifySo let the wise men write
Our death threats, in Bible paper
Let their message be sent
Throughout the thunder
Throughout the underworld
Throughout the AlphaAlpha Noir, we want a new world!
Alpha Noir, our truth, our code!Let the good men search
Revolve their graves
For a shade of paradise
Let the lion's flesh perfume the widow
And sanctify!Let the weak man have
The final word
Order from Chaos
Let their secret be known
Throughout the underworld
Throughout the thunder
Throughout the AlphaAlpha Noir, we want a new world!
Alpha Noir, our truth, our code!

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