

The Scythe

Elvenking

(talking)

On this night of nights, she's coming my way
Under this rain, dirty with agony and pain
Mistress of doom, winner of all fights
My glance is reflected in the blade of the scythe(The song starts)
A sparkling golden sickle
Mows down souls whistling in the air
Reddens little by little
The seas of life and mankinds lairsA fall into the abyss
Deep into agony and pain
Spiral down to the anguish
It has been all in vainWelcome, please join the fair of failures
Enter into the hall of pleasures
Righteous the act to kill
Wasn't it one of Gods wills?Leave behind all the trails of winter
The time has come for me to go
The fear has gone, the storm is over
And there's someone at your doorAnother name to be carved
For every slash of my blade
Until the day you find
The one reflected is your faceCome, taste blood, rust and terror
Come to the show with no restraint
"It's your time!"Mother of desperation
Death of thunder and rain
Sighs and tears are all in vain
Clad in a cloak of despair
Shell take you awayLeave behind all the trails of winter
The time has come for me to go
The fear has gone, the storm is over
And there's someone at your door
Hold your ground and watch your back
With the aim of remaining the last
I asked this night for a oiece of advice
This time the scythe won't fall, keep still!

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