

Morgue of Centuries

Disarmonia Mundi

Descent
Towards a dead end
Primeval substance
Morphing blake angelic stateCollecting' inside
So near ravenous shine
Damn clear foul mankind's
Rushing' faster to an endSlash pale wings the core is torn
Skin red beings the soul is gone
Bliss the seeds of confusion
While silent they observeThis life
Fallen' sins from my veins
An army stands to free
Swift mire
Swollen sick from my hands
Domain of historyAblaze
The western sky red
Over the wasteland
Feathers falling' blakeDigging' inside
Your lunatic feeble mind
A hysterical genocide
Face the end of daysSlash pale wings the core is torn
Skin red beings the soul is gone
Smash the white of these goddamn walls
UncontrolledForce the end of the rivalry
Sanctified for a common fear
Bliss the seeds of confusion
While silent they observeRelease my
Wounded soul at the end
Worst of you
My desire in your eyesFree fall
Resemble the unknown
Oh well we're all fucked
But silent still you watchImpassable eyes
Null screams calling' for a dreaming'
Sky may cry
Bleeding' forevermore

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