The Black

Before the Dawn

[music: Tuomas Saukkonen, words: Tuomas Saukkonen/Panu Willman]this place like hell where you belong
nation of leeches, kingdom made of thorns
civil war inside your head is starting to breed
and reform it's own identityhere you have no name so death can't find you, define you
and hope to be resurrected back to life is gone foreverand the black wearing out your soul
is the black haunting you in echoesthe gaze like death what you behold
greyscale reflection, perfection so cold
flawless shell of man is starting to break
and leave the inside for demons to takehere you have no name so death can't find you, define you
and hope to be resurrected back to life is gone foreverAnd the black wearing out your soul
is the black haunting you in echoes

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