Macabre Apparition

Nightrage

You think that this night will be the last,
the loathsome details of this tranquillity,
beyond from the last frontiers of the mother earth
all of a sweat bodies and black murky shapes.Recollections and dirges mangled by the time,
the ideals worships of this crude religion, after every dawn,
hoping for a rainbow that may never come,
shadows which you can't feel.[CHORUS:]
Macabre apparition, like a flight of dead swans,
unable to see the forest for the trees.[BRIDGE:]
An oasis which is not an illusion it will be forever there waiting.You think that this night will be the last,
the loathsome details of this tranquillity,
beyond from the last frontiers of the mother earth
all of a sweat bodies and black murky shapes.[CHORUS]

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