

Rider on the Bonez

Diabolical Masquerade

Terror reaching for me when I am dead
It preaching be fault, match you in love rider on the bones
With fission got the snake on deep
Parable fate, to die under ruin, we go wherever you down
Pierced by grey ophidian wall
Dab my heart; break within worried and worried again
Horror; five sadness goal up
The serial pain maybe to rise it trapped this cult of evil"God, it's true you god. It's true you?
To way you'd my down to you"Its back to fight to terror, life is wrapper of time
To pored your ground Zolath beyond lie life
The chill your rotting kingdom as rising from the elm
Travel far to world above the sure love

Songwriters

NYSTROM, ANDERS

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