Scythe

Engel

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

A sparkling golden sickle
Mows down souls whistling in the air
Reddens little by little
The seas of life and mankind's lairs

A fall into the abyss
Deep into agony and pain
Spiral down to the anguish
It has been all in vain, all in vain, go

Welcome, please join the fair of failures
Enter into the hall of pleasures
Righteous the act to kill
Or wasn't it one of God's wills?

You leave behind all the trails of winter
The time has come for me to go
Though the fear has gone, the storm is over
And there's someone at your door

Another name to be carved
For every slash of my blade
Until the day you find
The one reflected is your face

Come, taste blood, rust and terror
Come to the show with no restraint
It's your time

The mother of desperation
Death of thunder and rain
Sighs and tears are all in vain
Clad in a cloak of despair
She'll take you away

Welcome, please join the fair of failures
Enter into the hall of pleasures
Righteous the act to kill
Or wasn't it one of God's wills?

You leave behind all the trails of winter
The time has come for me to go
Though 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 piece of advice
This time the scythe won't fall, keep still

Still
Still

You leave behind all the trails of winter
The time has come for me to go
Though the fear has gone, the storm is over
And there's someone at your door

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I asked this night for a piece of advice
This time the scythe won't fall, keep still

You leave behind all the trails of winter
The time has come for me to go
Though the fear has gone, the storm is over
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Leave behind all the trails of winter
The time has come for me to go
Though the fear has gone, the storm is over
And there's someone at your door

And if you follow the trails down this winter wake
She's reaping down souls, one for every flake
Throughout the ages, through centuries
She, mistress of customs of memories

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