

Funeral Time

Wine From Tears

It's raining cats and dogs
The cemetery is embraced by the fog
Night of dead babies, would you cross the line
Until the dawn, until the dawn
Rise of your black rose
It's funeral time
It is closing curse
No time to cry
When bitter moon turns red for beast
Ten sharpened nails against you fists
Your tomb is ready, you're hurt
Swan
It's funeral time, lay down, come on
Rise of your black rose
It's funeral time
It is closing curse
No time to cry
Close your eyes for the one last time
No mercy here, inside the line
Fallen angels sing infernal song
You will turn into a dead black swan
Like wicked serpent on the apple tree
Satan's womb will born you free
A poisoned virgin's suicide
It's funeral time, no time to hide
Rise of your black rose
It's funeral time
It is closing curse
No time to cry
Now you are buried by your dreadful sins
Raven whispers silent: "six six six"
Crimson tears keep falling on the ground
Every midnight is the funeral time
Song Discussions is protected by U.S. Patent 9401941. Other patents pending.

Lyrics provided by

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