

Artifacts of the Black Rain

In Flames

Staring there, leaning to the city moon
Casting silhouettes tall to grip her white rooms
The black clad voyeur in his black clad masque
In the serpentine sun of tragedy basked
Stood there cursing at the soul dead mass
With their fabled illusions, vain dreams that passed
Splinters of a life rushing by in the whirl
A lone silent warrior in a fantasy world
He cried for night but night could not come
So swept in the shroud of misanthrope, he went away
And fed the empty galleries
With the artifacts of the black rain
Sunken into the shadows with a dry sardonic smile
He made the footprints a part of his heart
To rouse a sacred confrontation
Stood at the carving on the monument telling lies
Digging of the earth, making friends with the soil
As the all mother rises and bares her bleeding thighs
He disappears into her cold, icy womb

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