Mask of the Red Death

Samael

Sickness born with life
She is a careful and patient shadow
Man's faithful enemy
Unceasingly transformed, rebaptized
Behind a different mask
I know it's always the same face,
Always the same eyes greedy for agony
Always the same compassionate ears
Listening to our Moans,
To Our Heartbeats
Passive and disinterested
Like an infidel wife
This cold and wet mouth
Will give us the very last kiss
Death is red,
For those who experience her torments
Bound to death like a daughter to her mother
She gives her mass graves overflowing
Of sketched life, of projects and hopes
What's good to see her so active
Abandoned, in the arms of another plague
Humanity slowly disappears
Someone prays, some others cry
What's the good to see her so active

Lyrics provided by
https://damnlyrics.com/