

Thorns of Crimson Death (Alternative Mix '95)

Dissection

See the plains lie ghastly silent
As being frozen in time
A place of distress where evil
Still lies vigilant enshrined Years that passed are now centuries
And forgotten seem the fallen ones
But on lived the memories
In the spirits of a battle sons Hear the choirs
Is it the wind that brought back their cries?
Once forged in blood by tragedy
Sharp were the thorns of crimson death Through the air again our voices whisper
And awake are now your eyes
For too long closed in slumber
But death didn't prove our demise By ages so dark we've been sculptured
As fragments of story and tales
As we haunt we are endlessly captured
And shrouded in the wind that here wails Hear the choirs
Is it the wind that brought back their cries?
Forged in blood by tragedy
Dark were the thorns of crimson death By ages so dark we've been sculptured
As fragments of story and tales
By the place that we haunt we are captured
Against eternity we can prevail Hear the choirs
It was the wind that brought back their cries,
Forged in blood by tragedy
Dark were the thorns of crimson death

Songwriters

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