

40 – Night Mistress

Only the killing thirst and the hunger
May open my eyes
I search for myself on the journey
Under the merciless sun
I hear some tempting demons inside me
They made my eyes blind
And only now can I see them
As my thoughts they've been disguised
Nothing but sand in sight
For forty days and nights
Into the Promised Land
Through the desert of my soul
I feel the words of the past on my tongue now
They're just like the sand
I have to get rid of the burden
That's burning my arid mouth
Nothing but sand in sight
For forty days and nights
Into the Promised Land
Through the desert of my soul
We won't go out!
You can't get us out of here
We won't go out!
You can't get us out of here
We won't go out!
There's nothing we fear
Into the Promised Land
Through the desert of my soul



Słowa: brak danych
Muzyka: brak danych