

Valhalla, Flowers Of The Evil

Flowers Of The Evil

Through The Steadfastness Of Centuries Growing Up
Are The Dead Stalks
Dimly Glaring In The Moonshine
Are Cold Roses

Putrid Stench Of Flowers Of Evil
Is The Fragrance Of Death
In The Silvery Shine Of Cold Thorns There Are
Bloody Streams

Like The Fingers Of Black Iron Hand
Are The Panzers Of Buds
The Cold Of Their Leaves Like The Razorblade
Cuts The Flesh

The Black Night Is Fulfilled With Silent Knell
With The Singing Of Death
With The Twittering Of Dead Phantom Birds
In The Dead Roses

Through The Steadfastness Of Centuries Growing Up
Are The Dead Stalks...
Steel Of Thorns, Ice Of Buds
Blades Of Leaves...
Those Were Inhaling The Aroma
Of Flowers Of The Evil In The Black Night
Are Consumed Forever With The Coldness
Of Lifeless Realms