

# Vampiria, Darkness, Swallows - Me

The gray wind heats my face, and pestilence that I smell moving me, death I bring, death I leave se

Whimpering souls lash my body, dragged by the dark ancestral wind.

If this was a dream I don't want to awake, still its memory will be impossible to drag.

Darkness, Swallows - me!... Darkness, Swallows - me!

Now the truth is accepted by me, only remains resignation, everything arond me lost its colour I'm o