

Artist: nightrage

Title: The Tremor

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Nothing hurts like the truth, a piece of perfidy, a deceitful behaviour,
women's lures, deserted like an empty corpse, an uneasy conscience.

Stigmatised in hell, he's puffed up with conceit,
there will come a day of retribution, they're just lost dreams,
cursed to crawl between hypocrites and vain promises,
my heart bleeds.

[CHORUS:]

The tremor of leaves in the breeze.

You can't weigh up, where does this road lead,
at whose door should the blame lie?
The lie lay heavy on his conscience.

[CHORUS]