

01- Desolate World

Music: Guilherme de Alvarenga

02- Concerto No. 6 in C Minor, Cold Spring

Music: Guilherme de Alvarenga Lyric: André Damien

The rain never seems to end
And the stone forest remains damp.

No people on the streets everyone is scared.
There is an unknown disease that plagues men.

In a wicked world of atrocities.
The four seasons became one.

The cold spring, the eternal black cloud over our eyes reveal the prelude of doom.

-Never forget!
-what you've seen.
-You chose to live with your lies.

-My lord I'm completely blind
-My lord I don't want to die.

-The disease will not bring death just your acts.

—My lord, How can I live without being able to see.

This is a collective delusion.
A religious disease created in collusion.

This is part of a nightmare that you'll never wake up.

Now let's dig our graves with our own hands.
Now escape reality like they always did.

-You chose to forget
-You chose to live with your lies and your god.

-My lord I'm completely blind.
-My lord! I killed to survive.

-The disease will not bring death just your acts.
-My lord! It could be my dead son in your arms.

The epidemic that arose from the murmurs of the church walls spreading horror and illusion.

03-Black Wings

Music: Guilherme de Alvarenga Lyric: André Damien, Opus Mortis

It was on the most arid and punished soil that the disease claimed its first victims.

There was a woman who needed a reason to believe.

By God, she gave herself completely.

Her youngest son suffered from a rare disease.
And the little church in her vile has blinded her to medicine.

- Give me your gold, give me your soul..... Give me your gold. Give up your material goods and purify your child's soul.

The sun reflected the heaven over the sand.
No god around, there is no voice that can save her kid.

She was completely alone....(with her son in her arms)

She covered her son's body with her black wings.

Little boy stopped breathing
And she began to cry with regret for the life that made her blind.
And God could not to hear.
no help, no hope, no gold.
Death comes, uninvited until the end of time.

- Please don't leave me. Please don't leave me.
- Get your knees off the ground and get up, move and look at the sky.

Deadly soul , reason not to believe.
The blindness gone by the power of black wings.

04- Reasons to not Believe

Music: Guilherme de Alvarenga, Andre Damien Lyric: André Damien,
Guilherme de Alvarenga

Life passes before her eyes. The reason why she fought died.

Nobody was able to see the real life.
The whole past has been forgotten. The herd was tamed.

There is hunger everywhere... And riches of great proportions in small fractions.

-Blindfolded our eyes and put lines on our hands, like puppets without desire
we follow the god's dance.

Dancing the waltz of the blind.

-How we were deceived?
-How can we get out of this cage?

-God... Men will bleed own your greed.

Life is imperfect on the walk to the death.
But the search for utopia can be a trap.

-I see hunger everywhere... And riches of great proportions in small fractions.

05- I feel the plague

Music: Andre Damien, SJ. Bernardo, Guilherme de Alvarenga Lyric: André Damien

-I feel the plague approaching. Death everywhere.

Burning ruins and psycho pain are the rules of the holy domain.
Created chaos out of a romance.
The purgatory will be a silent judgment.

Blessed by darkness. The legion of evil.

Fake like a saint.
They'll die by the cross.

Embalmed like an angel
They'll kill for a god.

Little by little, groups of mercenaries emerged in the name of God.
Many of them pretended not to see to deceive their victims.

Souls reaped by selfishness, discarded like garbage.
How can we live the nightmare without being asleep.

Now the church would need to negotiate with the murderers.

The quest of power...I feel the plague again.

Fake like a saint.
They'll die by the cross.

Embalmed like an angel.
They'll kill for a god.

06- The cure*

Music: Andre Damien, SJ. Bernardo, Guilherme de Alvarenga Lyric: André Damien

Those who believed in Satan could still see.
And the priests said it was an evil curse.

-Their lives were taken by the devil on the date of their birth.
-They will follow the path of hell.

-But we are blind and kill to survive, this is not the world we idealized.
-Can't be justified...Living in a dead world...And being dead inside.

Like animals in the slaughterhouse waiting for the lethal blow.

-A blurred image begins to form on my retinas. Before there was nothing to see or nothing to feel.
-My mind is flooded with the idea that I might need to kill.

They found the cure.
Just forget it...

*Special guest Bruno Paraguay on vocals

07-The Priest

Music: Andre Damien, SJ. Bernardo, Guilherme de Alvarenga Lyric: André Damien

Be my guide : -Ave Sanatas
Be my guide:- Ave Maria

Behind the sacred facade
Lies a soul that's black and flawed
Your prayers fall on deaf ears
While your congregation lives in fear.

The priest wearing black begins his speech
as a messenger of death in pursuit of sins.

- Their sins must be confessed.
- May this world find peace.
- Bring an end to this age of death.
- Hand over those who are against God.
- Bring me the truth just confess.

And they all nodded their heads and seemed to agree.
After all, they believed it was God's will.

08- Endless Night Battle

Music: Guilherme de Alvarenga, Andre Damien, SJ. Bernardo Lyric: André Damien

All paths of life will lead to death,
but she, getting lost on this journey, found her breath.

The searing winds carried whispers of despair,
And a legion of pagans was approaching exhaling the scent of death.

Desire burning fire fueling dreams left behind.

Through the flames of damnation defying the gods of desolation.
The black fire of demise will burn all mistakes.

With fire in their hearts and fury in their eyes,
They'll wage this endless battle until the end.

The red moon bleeds into the dusk of the ancient village.
The sea of blood drowns creeds that made a free world impossible.
-For the free world.
-Fight for freedom of thought.

She led the army into a tragic death trap.

-09 War sonata

Music: Guilherme de Alvarenga, Andre Damien, S.J. Bernardo Lyric: André Damien

Among the lies of a tale of sorrow,
There're lives lost, erased from tomorrow.
Beneath the crimson-stained arid ground,
Countless souls have fallen, they are gone.

Echoes of battle, they're haunted through all night,
with weary hearts, they survived until the sunrise,
on the field of war, where dreams turn to dust.

Black Wings didn't know about the Legion of God.
It was in the heat of battle that fate unfolded.
In a symphony of screams, and an orchestration of guns.

Through blood and tears, they fought to survive.
For honor and glory, they fearlessly strode.

The missionaries of death were warned by the priest, placing fate back in
God's hands.

-Behind the truth

-Returning to the Age of Death.

10-Age of death

Music: Andre Damien Lyric: André Damien

In the aftermath, where darkness looms,
arises the age of death, an eternal gloom.

Amidst the silence of the resigned, the new middle age appears.
With a desolate landscape, consumed by fear.

Divinity reigns over the earth.
The church redid control in a single state.

Be prepared for a holy war.
But the Gods won't bleed.

Haunted by the cries of the fallen, lost and forlorn,
The age of death emerges, in a world torn apart.

Age of death...

After a thousand years the crusades are back.
Like a vicious cycle in which power will always change hands.

And it will be in the pale light of the full moon from a blackened sky,
that the black wings will be broken and without them one will not be able to fly.

11- Angels & Devils

Music: Guilherme de Alvarenga, S.J. Bernardo, Andre Damien Lyric: André Damien

In a world that has changed, where uncertainty resides,
A silent epidemic, they could not hide it.
Behind closed doors they took shelter from the storm,
Each person seeking solace, without being able to trust.

The melody that went out of tune made the senses a gift from God.

Confessions echoed,
words bounced off in the walls

Exposed sins, in whispers and moans.
Exposed sins, in the silent house.

Ghosts from the past linger in the air,
whispering forgotten prayers, filled with despair.

Caught in the twilight, where truth is concealed,
the lines are blurred, illusions revealed.

In this strange duality, they struggled to see,
if it was a nightmare or reality.

Visions danced before their eyes, surreal and bizarre,
Whispers of uncertainty, left deep scars.

A constant battle from a twisted mind.
A constant battle for the answers.

Gods? Demons? Gods and Angels...Illusion.

