

Cemetery Of Scream

"Anxiety"

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Where is my real-imaginary world?
Empty spaces of the sunset
Spaces of the lost hopes
Of the deprived of feelings faces

The laughing devil is disappearin' in the clouds of
smoke
Spiderweb
Life is running'way against the sad light of the day
The left shreds in my hands

Blood in the empty, forgotten tins
Cut off heads, strange creations of the nature
The bulbs, black lights from under the vault
Acrid teste of blood in mouth

I found oneself death in the room
Tangled hands like shoots of vine
The grimace of scream has twisted my face
Anxiety in the death and cold eyes

The tyrant of life triumphed

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