Asta Kask "The Ring"

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Silence is written behind icons
Icons, keep the secret of horror
Whispers, reach your fear inside conscious
Horror, rings deadly horizon
Nails Surrounds your body
Into the area of sketched delusions

Orama of my end, which will be eternal And the smoke of dust will swallow my eyes Fear to think the moment of my death Mad along with body shall burry me

What matters, is the end What kills, will soon come A face will rot my will A child shall meet me here

Ring of Sorrow Trapped Inside Locked in a well A curse from a child

Hatred from Her Father A never born child A spawn on Evil Damnation Child.

Hatred from Her Father A never Born child A spawn on Evil Damnation Child.

Ring of Sorrow Trapped Inside Locked in a well A curse from a child

Epilogue:

Trapped inside the seven nights
I filter the past, no hope for the future

Gathered fear breaks my loneliness

Erase yourself, again (you) shall break Down at the bottom of your shame. System leads first Numbers called humans Erase themselves There is another shame You play on others game.

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