

Colosseum

"Aesthetics Of The Grotesque"

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Murder becomes essential in preserving the worlds
beyond within
Last night I slept with mother earth
She become my precious whore

Now night breeds the flock of stillborn thoughts
There's nothing more
Flesh and soul are but words
Insomniacs transparent phantasms

Worlds within worlds
Unchanging chemistry and science

Sleep for you'll never see any of me
No..

Now I'm standing under bloody rain
I wish I had had words, but they never came

Now I'm standing beside the dead
I wish I had had something I've never imagined
You're just one, one among others
They're taking me away..
Away for good

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