

Daemonlord "The Voice"

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No ear can hear it
No mind can understand it
No mouth can repeat its words
As it's been cried by all mouths

Despair and lust
Jealousy and love

Echoes in the distance
Living poetry in a spiral cycle
Stories that would make you cry

Tremble, laugh, or hate

Cacophony, stream of consciousness
complexity, twisted loneliness
Reality, repeating the same sounds
Monotony, in all this variety

Different feelings, a same origin
Different minds, a same beginning

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