

Demise "Blood Breeds Blood"

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Just thoughts are willing to manipulate
Harmony of spirit - that's justice
But that's just a doxy - nothing too faulty
I don't want to have illusion in discovering myself
I need to change and always change more
I need colour unexpected like a kaleidoscope
Be a surprise which is mysterious
Constantly be born and dying
Senses are the second stage of my transmission
Ten thousand times better
I don't know anyone like this
Convent of flames finds without mistake
Is that I or maybe you?
I feel a fire in my spirit
Blood breeds blood
My body is dying
I'm just changing
Which permeates dark
Extraordinary creature
Dismissing dreams from a trap

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