

## Demise "God Insect"

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Tears are blazing as torches  
Intertwining completely  
Everything what is create  
The world is burning and on it's remains  
Will rise a new unwanted material  
Don't help me  
Don't pull your hand out  
A cold as a crystal and so indifferently  
Dreams are drowned, this fair and pure  
You are waiting for my end "novissima verba"  
But you will hear anything,  
My lips are close  
I'm quite, but my thoughts are swearing  
Flouncing in dark, I can't reach a breath  
I hear freighting scream, I laugh at it  
I have my own world in which I'm a master

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