

## Demiurg

### "From Laughter To Retching"

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So comes the night,  
no time for rest or sleep  
Barricade the door,  
tired and weary with hands so sore  
Counting bullets,  
so many days left in this hell  
Days are a haze...  
trying to sleep yet getting none

Nights are infernal;  
it feels like life undone  
They crush and pound,  
their cold hands on our door  
In greater numbers,  
than ever before...  
They storm our bastion,  
grasping for our souls

Their cold skin...  
I feel it in my dreams  
A thousand grasping fingers,  
choking my dying screams

There's no escape...  
Upon this island afar  
Seeking shelter in resistance,  
just like in my life before  
The great escape from another life,  
it stranded me in this secluded hell

If I shall die this freezing night...  
at least I will do it well

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