

Devilyn "Soul Snatcher"

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You are picking crops of the acts
Acted and no existed
Tunnels to infinity
Gloomy, cold and wet
Are Gaping like beast's muzzle
A lots of gates are open
On the edges of mind and dreams
Lack of time is your the worst nightmare
Feelings against instincts
Slowly dying with resistance
Where your bodies rascals
Are going for a butcher
Pie after pie, for pieces
Step by step to the edge
Scattered in the abyss, lonely
Your fate-your choice
Rapid stream of time is a transformation
Against you and for you
Whispers-answer for unknown
Naked triviality of life
Shroud of darkness surrounding the souls
"Dreams those small pieces of death
How I hate you"

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