

Divercia "Transylvanian"

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Deep inside the heart and through my ears the voices
are whispering
If you don't evolve you'll cease to exist as an object of
recreation
The sound of silence awakens me and it feels I'm dying
again
Like the creature born from the sin, I am moved by the
hands of my God

The violent storm keeps raging down, to me life and
death are the same
Away from the light and into enslave like the dust that
must move again
I am commanded by hate without a will, as an object of
recreation
Away from the dream of what will it be, let this world be
drowned in it's grief

Reincarnation of a man. Distilled through a pile of dirt.
Shed a tear and let this world be drowned in it's greed.

Deep inside the heart and through my ears the voices
are whispering
If you don't evolve you cease to exist as an object of
recreation

We slowly cease to exist as an object of recreation

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