

Ephel Duath "Imploding"

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It's not time to arrange
'Cause I want to taste this infection again.

Wish of tranquillity stinks like an absurd lie,
I long to enumerate
How many ariose conclusions I will dodge.

My beating nerves are devouring entrails and this poor
will to repress.

I can't perceive my dismal singing,
And I admit:
It's not simple to renounce to this deafening torture.

Mr. annoyance is caressing an implosion
And I'm searching for the right communion to rid this
purple light.

Resume to see.

Close the book.

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