

Cemetery Of Scream "Anxiety"

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Where is my real imaginary world? Empty spaces of the
sunset
spaces of the lost hopes of the deprived of feelings
faces
The laughing devil is disappearin' in the clouds of
smoke spiderweb
life is running 'way against the sad light of the day the
left shreds in my hands
Blood in the empty, forgotten tins cut off heads,
strange creations of the nature
the bulbs, black lights from under the vault acrid teste
of blood in mouth
I found oneself death in the room tangled hands like
shoots of vine
the grimace of scream has twisted my face anxiety in
the death and cold eyes
The tyrant of life triumphed

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