

Cemetery Of Scream "Ironic"

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Road made of crosses
Way to the eternity
Symbol of the death
So ironic

But adored by the living ones
Crying their tears
Prying over
Over the cold stone.

Here is the darkness
Just the panic of the weird reality
Desire of lasting
Incessant chase after the unknown.
I can feel it in my vein.
I can grasp this thin border between the dew.
Over the green grass
Whisper of the distant trees.
Between the glow of sun
and the shadows over the dead mouth.

Here is the darkness
Just the panic of the weird reality
Desire of lasting
Incessant chase after the unknown.

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