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Cemetery Of Scream "Ironic"

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

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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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