

Morgoth "Travel"

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pine away in this cold box penumbra passing by
this rookery of undead souls romanticize the truth
save me from what is left to be the tartness of my
death
save me from what is left behind the underground
excess
select more bodies for this game
unconscious they will be
dedication of this life
the tourist will be in your mind
minds are lost in counterclaims of insanity
death unfolds his wings

despicable agony
your first self forever gone
now respect the last words you said
frozen into this adorable block structure of mind
decays
still waiting for a new life to use more morbid ways
twisted, that limbs of this passed life away
cut the strings of death to stridency
born into a new world filled with death
now you can't escape you have to rest

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