

Mythopoeia

"If Those Walls Could Speak"

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If these walls could speak, they would tell the weird
story
Of some secret cursed dynasties, witnesses of the
time...
And also crimes and blasphemies suppurating blood and
tears...
The unhealthy stench of moist, the aura so dark,
Mesmerizing they lead your soul to blow your life apart
And ask you to stay forever as some others did in the
past...
First they all felt under the charm until it consumed
their mind
Isolation supports the paranoia, until tragedy came...

At night I can hear the chanting of the dead...
Here is no peace... if these walls could speak...

Domain of flies, spiders and rats, no place for human
reign
Even some priest would have changed, revealing the
beast inside
From the cursed day they were built, hiding fear and
mystery
Evil dwells in these walls, satan possesses the moisted
stones
Times stops as you pass the entry, voices call to join
them down
As a golden torture chamber, grim but still living on its
own
Even gold rusts so close to evil, forles call you to stay
To feed them with new blood, as some others did in the
past

Here is no peace.... if these walls could speak...

Fascinated by morbid thoughts, fleshcrawls and fever
pulsions
The paradox of ecstasy when sanity extinguishes
Reversed is the cycle of nature, reversed is the cycle of
life
A few knew it but all were touched, the plague goes on

Sowing the seeds of discord, leading humans to
fratricide
As some icy stone fingers closing on yours destiny
Time doesn't exist anymore, here is no peace
I knew it a time and will never forget this scar...

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