

Nebular Moon

"Demons Of Time"

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When their arms reach out for you
They seize thy heart for an atrocities embrace
With demoniac fingers the shroud covers your face
And then you know: thou shall die

Pursued by nothing zhan your fear
But their steps resounding in your tortued ears
Tormenting your soul, no place to hide
No sword to fight: thou shall die

You struggle when you hear them coming

And every step you run, thousand pursue your poor
soul
Demoniac laughter when they tear off little parts
You're bleeding when times and feelings come off and
die
Every tick of the hand a part of you
When you crawl to the tombstone of thine
You know
You die
In pieces
Time to resign
But you are already dead.

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