

## **Pik**

# **"Don't Promise A Kingdom It Doesn't Exist"**

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Demons, witches, wizards with me  
I like their company  
Darkness, stars, winds it's my world  
I feel safely in  
I'm the flame that burns your sick  
Pest from inside  
I show to world your rachitic lies  
Which you preach  
I'm a witness of your deeds  
The bells are beating lamentable tones  
In those rich crimson garments  
You still pray to the plastic saints  
I see the fear in your eyes  
Don't promise a kingdom it doesn't exist  
I see the fear in your eyes  
Don't rape the world with your false  
Relics  
In temples where you're cleaning your  
Guilty consciences  
From your confessional like rats  
You licking up the sins that are  
Whispered to you  
It excited and rapes your brains,  
Uncover you animal desires  
So, take look in the crystal mirror  
Than you see your false decaying faces

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