

Ravencult

"Needles Of Truth"

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A tragedy condemned to breed in circles
A moment of utter pain, what I am
Rabid death, it crawls among the herb
A feeling balance in time, what I am
So grotesque those signs no one follows stars
Like an infant trapped in a phantom, what I am
The last night fades as blood flows slower
Fast are the wheels of no life
Where dead cells hurt, so cold the needles of truth
I am mocking for you're fading
Behold the end of your Golgotha

Behold the dawn of the last days
The unchained side of a life that never existed
I am mocking (for) I never trust bleeding chrisoms
One coffin is still left for a faceless phantom
Chrisoms burn!
Pure is the rage that scars your unseen face
Genuine the pain you feel in your own maze
Phantoms arrive but winter is at hand
So cold the needles that lay in your arms

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