

Rossomahaar

"Moscow - The Sanguine Reign Of Terror"

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Easening, fore come the
Dreary images of gorgeous past.
Hectically they do breathe
... spitting blood.

Sobbing uncontrollably
Mourning it's own perished gripe
... the sanguine reign of terror
And millions of souls bereaved

Libertine and wicked
It stands proud and glorious
... yet the rot's still visible
(oh, it's a bridal shroud!)
Taking over the roving grandeur.

Ecstatic in it's failure
The insanity progresses,
Comes forth and forth and forth
... ending in harrowing perdition.

How many have been perished?
How many have been expelled?
... none shall be questioned
Noone shall be returned.

Clad in bones and unforgiving destiny
Filled with reek of heartless centuries
... colored in everlasting grey
With blood of innocents.

It burns, it rains, turning crimson red
Disengaging and monstrously enlarging
Consuming lives and devouring minds
... a city, the kingdom in itself.

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