

## Tales Of Darknord

# "Nothing More Except Circulation"

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Swells of eyes analyse the kingdom  
Of the moving insects and want find the  
Beautiful juicy food for callows jaws.  
It's usually days. There are we.  
Such creation without salvation  
Is stupor of the spirit to me.  
Enemies around me are ready to torture me.  
I'm blood peace of the horror shriek!  
Some dolt will says: isn't it the truth?  
Sunny days warm ground and the flowers shine.  
May be in other world the evil rules  
But we all right! Hey! Who are you?  
Fall me to ground! No!  
Just the bones of dolt are remain on the ground.  
There isn't laws at other world  
Which are not look like of it.  
Prepare for death without sence - it's naturally end.  
A millions worms eat hundreeds corpses  
Exactly like people eat the organic food.  
A stupid issue: whose quilt in it?  
Why indeed the appetite is  
The main cause of all decay?  
The name of which may be is life.  
Or global way to water-closet pan.  
You must learn to chew!  
This is the main aim!  
Eat and manure!  
Isn't it the high pleasure?

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