

Tales Of Darknord "Risus Mortis"

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Words - appliance.
Appliance for making a fool.
Unilateral denunciation
Of a treatys. Stupid rule!
Loss - a result of vegetative life
Of monotonous shadows of the same type.
Dead body desecration!
Already lost generation!
Things are not looking up with
Appearance of liar.
Where is the brutal middle ages laws?
Judgement by fire!
Play pranks with world is dangerous
And so point. Thong for lean back of
Unbrushing holy terrors. Disillusion
In sweet taste of a dismey turn into
Secretion pus our saint prayers.
You allayed your asses by life of world.
You betrayed unhappy people. Bloodsucker!
Probe price of mind and stop my mouth!
I am seting fire against your force!
My meat is hard to chew!

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