

## Vii Arcano "Of Suicidal Age"

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Melted in the cage twisted and torn  
In a suicidal age like stones we are born.

Approaching the winter of the century  
Vision slaughtered by the filtering sunset  
Descending in the halls of the blind  
Terminus dawning near  
Withering, passive links  
Agonizing in the age of nonsense mental inferno

Death and sleep, winged sisters in equal genes, so fast  
and silent  
Blacking air, turning the day, wheezes are closing in

Our structures condemned  
To enjoy emptiness  
Circle of repression leads to  
Inorganic sights of a dead screen  
Downfall in the resounding echo of ages - enter  
oblivion

Eroding you'll see the fall of dignity  
Suicidal flowers from a ghost bride. Never so real

Death and sleep, winged sisters in equal genes, so fast  
and silent  
Blacking air, turning the day, circuits are blowing with  
plea

Melted in the cage. Twisted and torn.  
In a suicidal age like stones we are born

Burning is the seed; the fall is your only need  
Eroding you'll see the fall of your dignity  
Suicidal flowers from a ghost bride. Now you hear  
...and see

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