

## Vii Arcano "The Inner Deathscape"

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Frozen and hidden in dustsmiles  
The naked voice rises so pale

With fear forward to loneliness  
Yet so proud like wolves in their habitat  
Removed the veil of endurance  
Thorns scratch the skin

Warm are the curtains of innocence  
Strong enough to obscure emptiness  
But scathing is the story behind the audience  
In search for prefabricated roles

With fear forward to loneliness  
Yet so proud like wolves in their habitat  
Removed the skin of endurance  
Thorns has scratched the veil

Warm are the curtains of innocence  
Strong enough to obscure emptiness  
But scathing is the story behind the audience  
In search for prefabricated roles

The eyes we cannot see  
Are the truth we can't conceive  
The borders of blindness suffocates the liquid

The eyes we cannot see  
Are the truth we can?t conceive  
Moans invoke the inner deathscape

Mutilated so gently. Fire of falseness  
Wings of desperation react to the void  
Embracing the lost paleness  
Emerging for safety the inner deathscape

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