

Whispering Forest "Of All The Beasts"

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Through this life of mine
Telling wanton lies
Saying senseless words
Laughing at my faults...
Can I trust her? How?
Vultures wait my fall
Cawing grief like crows.
Useless strife at all...

I am just waiting here
On the throne of fear,
Right beside your heart.
I will be your guard.
Of all the beasts
Why did you choose me?
To fill my soul
With endless misery?

Here I am now
Surrounded by all the desolation,
Depleted till perishing...
And you should be called hope!?
A mind that is hazed by hate
Carried by men so faint...
But hope cannot be faith
Fed by lies so sly.

My tantalizing words
Are pandering your soul
With poison that I give.
Your tantalizing words
Again will make me whole.
You urge my will to live.
A throng of dreaming birds
Will devastate your creed
And render you too weak.
These morbid dreamer-birds
Are feeding off my need -
The poison that I seek.

And in the hottest of hells
Men can still stay alive

Detained only by hope
Around their necks like rope.

I'll scar your neck with fangs
And make you sing in tongues
A thousand saddest songs.
I'll poison all your will
And make you yearn for hell
You'll never break my spell.

And every day I look at the sky
One thought in mind - I wish you would die.
The demons cry. They wish I would fry.
Can't force me back on this extoled rack.

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