

Miscreant "Miscreant"

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The black moon rises
Over the world
In the Abyss
Of eternity.
There're no stars on the sky
Between the heaven and hell.
Jesus is dead,
But I continue dwell.
I want to cry:
"This world like insanity!"
But it doesn't disturb of me
All this is depravity.
Blood-red whirlwinds
Are sweeping in my soul.
Wars, pain captivates my heart,
Created from a stone of anger and hate.
Miscreant - creator of wave of grief.
I'm MISCREANT - tiller the land of sorrow.

Sun willn't rise
Over the world
In quiet
Calmness of the joy.
There will be no stars on the sky
Between the heaven and hell.
Jesus has died,
But I continue dwell.
I'll be crying:
"This world like insanity!"
But it doesn't concern of me
All this is reality.
I have erased all human feelings
From my soul.
Blood, tears melts my heart,
Created from ice of anger and hate.

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