

Nightrage

"Poems"

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Without pain or sigh like the dead. The Obliteration of the
human
civilization.

Within the range of the human mind. You don't feel
sorry for anything.
You don't feel anything.

Last confidence among terrestrial friendships in
defiance of the death.
You walk with your own instincts. Inside those hollow
rooms.
I wonder is there any hope in my dreams? Wasted
Dreams.

[Chorus:]

So alone with my thoughts. Consumed by the flesh of
the mind.
So alone with my thoughts. Poems doomed to oblivion.

Oh my beloved life gave me a chance.
You're hurt by black angels. Optical fallacy. Guilty
silence, general decline.
The Truth hurts when you throw off all disguise.

[Chorus]

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