

Artas

"Between Poets And Murderers"

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Everyday a feeling surrounded me
That all this must be a dream

Like a dream on your vacations
When you're woken up
By the noise of the rain
Dropping on the lake

Building up high waves
Reaching for the sky
All hells are open wide
Unleashing forces
Embracing you
All hells are open wide

Behind the barrier
The silent demons
Watching over Pandora's box
And the rise of chaos
No one is save
When it's guardians are gone

Once again the pack has returned
To hunt me down
To stomp me back
Back in the ground

I learned that I have to give up a piece
Of myself to be free at least to breathe
I am a poet an artist of war
A war I've declared
On the day I was born

Behind the barrier
The silent demons
Watching over Pandora's box
And the rise of chaos
No one is save
When it's guardians are gone

Once again the pack has returned
But for the last time

Now it ends

Foul rain is falling
Black clouds swallowing the land
Cancerous season forsaken
Consuming us all

Behind the barrier
The silent demons
Watching over Pandora's box
Finally!
The barrier is down
The door has opened
Now it ends!

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