

Alice In Darkland "The Wood"

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The wicked way is steep, tortuous and full of
threatening traps and tortures
Dark paths and deep quietness,
In the evil and envy's rooms,
Cold branches of a demoniac, animated and
untameable nature,
Grip your hairs and scratch your face
Every way and solution seems to bring you to the edge
Of nothing and the edge of the end-life
This is the place of the macabre intentions and the
ghost apparitions
This is the earth of stepmother's wind,
She blows thorns on her head untying toads and rats
In this gloomy chasm it's getting dark and I can feel the
Frozen lullaby's woods from the beyond
It's the obsession eve

I'm evoking the deep in the room of faith
Praying to come back to home
Whispering lies, the obscure fate swallows every right
route
Alice in darkland, on a liquid envelope of lies and
fertile instability
Deceived from the miracles I even bring the blame
But when the day will take a new lease of life, our eyes
Will be disintoxicate from human horror and malice
Overdose; Perhaps it will happen tomorrow
Alice in darkland, on a liquid
Envelope of lies and fertile
Deceived from the miracles I even bring the blame
The wicked way is steep, tortuous and full of
threatening
Traps and tortures

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