

Hyperborea

"Lamarchand's Box"

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You are bored of the world you stay
You want to escape away
You choose the Lamarchand's box
But you realize you've made a lapse

And here now before you -
Bodies - parted, ripped
Craving for souls and fleshs bitten

Here is the box in your hands
To change your future days
But at the gates of doom
You realize the fraud soon

Your heart, your soul are ripped at all
And gore from your sore core
Splashed brains and bloody chains
Trapped soul, eternal gall
Pierced head with nails
Thirstily staring at you
You are it's pleasure
And dinner born from your own flesh

Hooks tearing your flesh
Your blood spills everywhere
Watching rotten guts there
Living in endless nightmare

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