Nomad

"The Demons's Breath"

In desolate thoughts, yearnings search for the taste of
the past.
In dark eye sockets and fearing.
On serious and intent face as the coffin of the ego.
In the split of second, when your nightmares are
torturing imaginations.
In the hardened hug of the Demon, when the whip of
unaware power seizes the force.

In the hermitage of the nothingness the tornado of
sadness boils.
On secrets closed by faith, you break your nails.
In this despair the word of God locked you up.
You dream with unspecified thought and you are stuck
in
unknown vision.
Caught into the trap you cannot find your road

"Demon's seed" - "Demon's breath"

If you can levitate, then orbit gazed in yourself.
Tire the mind at the beginning of world and enter the
abyss of your past.
Can you overcome your unknown fear?
Can you spit on demigods and to see your enslaved
thoughts?
Touch this cold of the truth, curb the frenzy of the

revenge.
Go up closer and draw the crypt of your destiny aside.
Feed your imagination and cut your humiliation up.
In remains of your ignorance the hurry is mass of pain
Terror speaks the torture and fear rules you.
Passing the growl of the tear, walk away into the
meaning of nature of the Devil
Relight virtues on your grave and pinch remaining ash
from you
Now cast the spell and rise healed

The buried laughter sleeps with quietness of the
graveyard, so enter

The voice of supporters in the dance is sowing the route
So grey here and charmingly, unknown voices whisper
And eyes of evening visions shine

"Raising Demon" - "Demon of the future"

Listen my child to the voice from the abyss. Listen how your poisoned nature is begging.
Hear your silent desires and see how your consciousness
is cooling off.