

# Cemetery Of Scream, Anxiety

Where is my real imaginary world? Empty spaces of the sunset  
spaces of the lost hopes of the deprived of feelings faces  
The laughing devil is disappearin' in the clouds of smoke spiderweb  
life is running 'way against the sad light of the day the left shreds in my hands  
Blood in the empty, forgotten tins cut off heads, strange creations of the nature  
the bulbs, black lights from under the vault acrid teste of blood in mouth  
I found oneself death in the room tangled hands like shoots of vine  
the grimace of scream has twisted my face anxiety in the death and cold eyes  
The tyrant of life triumphed