

Cemetery Of Scream, Violent Fields Of Extinction

Violet fields, blooming at the nameless crime in the light of the empty screens
pulsating ray short shutters of hatred ritual dance of shadow gestures
Lodge of scoffers, tangled hands
humiliation, blooming on the breasts like a weed
transfused on the paper, the makes endless marches of
twisted and sick gestures, insane shapes
Evil, diminished to the measure of a tear in our might, small as the empty words
madmen on the sock of glory'n'tradition darkness will come, bringin' the relief
I won't see the face of god when he'll come with bowed head
legs in the slime of dirty life left in own hopelessness
on the armchair of illusions I will submit the sentence
I'll stay the moon saving the cadaverous light
on the violet fields of extinction