

# 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