

Old Mans Child, My Demonic Figures

In my world where emptyness lies
and nothing but hate controls my mind.

My mountains too steep to conquer
I'm trapped inside myself.

Torn apart by my demonic figures
Images projected by my veins
a masquerade of chaos
revealed the secrets of my mind.

A fearsome quest, the bitter truth
left alone I got no soul

As long as there is life there is pain
I'm damned to breathe and to be insane.