

Silent Stream Of Godless Elegy, In Bone Frames

every Night they Rape my Thoughts
new and new all of them are Drowning
all of them Turn into Stone
and then Die in blackened Sorrow
in an utmost terrible Cramp
Immaculate as lifeless Trees
everytime they Kill my Feelings
new and new all of them Turning

pictures painted on the Wall
hide behind a Wall of Shadows
i'm the Painter you're the Wall
mirrored in a Hall of Echoes
pictures Painted with my Fingers
well of Beauty Lost and Found
i'm the Painter you're my Model
crush the Night and waste the Dawn

reward Myself reward for Freedom
in bone frames
i'm inside them they're inside Me
untrue magic Spells of Fire
share my common Sense of Darkness
not the pain
towards the Wall they Start to Breath
Kill yourself and Follow me

i'm the Painter of corroded Minds
i build my Wall of Bones and Fire
i'm the Painter of the darkest Thoughts
come Follow me

there's no use to Look for Life
birds don't nest in Lifeless Trees
naked branches Stretch the Sky
parts dissected Never Reach
hide inside the world's Desire
memories of a Butterfly
all my Sorrow was Forgotten
desecrate in glowing Waste

pictures painted on the wall...