

Artrosis, A Leaden Sky

My pathway is not straight
Another bend appears
I slow down and pass vivid dreams
Meaningless sounds, wild murmur of voices
- Stick all round my lips, leave powerless

The hostile prophecy is being fulfilled
It makes me be wrong as for what is light what is shadow
Up there leaden sky
- cries and joins Hell

Taken sweetness drowns in the waves of anger
Track of the White is lost, no destination
Smile went ashy pale - a vain attempt to scare me
I feel nothing
I know enough