

# Cemetery Of Scream, Ironic

Road made of crosses  
Way to the eternity  
Symbol of the death  
So ironic

But adored by the living ones  
Crying their tears  
Prying over  
Over the cold stone.

Here is the darkness  
Just the panic of the weird reality  
Desire of lasting  
Incessant chase after the unknown.

I can feel it in my vein.  
I can grasp this thin border between the dew.  
Over the green grass  
Whisper of the distant trees.  
Between the glow of sun  
and the shadows over the dead mouth.

Here is the darkness  
Just the panic of the weird reality  
Desire of lasting  
Incessant chase after the unknown.