

# Deathbound, One Man's Hell Is Another Man's He

Mumbling in the corner  
shaking as afraid of something  
Awaiting for the arrival  
of what he had seen  
a sickening mind  
trying something ravenous  
feeding his senses  
with screams and sights

Once a wiseman  
a thinker of sorts  
made new morals  
and took a turn  
tried to cleanse the whole world  
from the dirt  
never cared about heaven  
or the holy light

No Control - no Regrets