

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