

# Diary Of Dreams, Scars Of Greed

O'angels come to guide me in my sacred land  
Thine holy glance enlightens my chamber  
Stranger worlds in fractal thoughts  
A gentle thrill  
I'm crowned with thorns  
Who will remember this ?  
Quiet doms of whispering circling in my head  
Collapsing mental boundaries  
Draconic lips of mine  
And angels still corrupting with a silent word of wisdom  
O'angels find their sacred land  
In my debility they bloom  
Kill my flesh  
Kill my skin  
Cure my sore  
Cure my belief  
A wince, just to regret  
To wear a willow  
A wince, just to regret self - sacrifice  
To wear the willow- lost within  
And grieve for what I've lost - a mournful eye  
My thirst for life embodies prayers at night  
I sentence myself - a wilful execution  
Disclaiming innocence indeed  
O'angel find their sacred land in mine  
What they have never dared to be  
O'angel find their sacred land in mine  
Where they can be what they greed  
O'angel find their sacred land in mine  
For they can still make me believe  
O'angel find their sacred land in mine  
For they have crowned me .....  
.....Crowned with thorns