

Dies Irae, Horde Of Angry Deamons

The shadows crawling all over your body
Making ununderstandable signs
You know that they wish
To say something to you
But your hermetically closed mind
Let's in only rational

The great unknown
Like a venom
Leaks through
Into your veins
In very short time the less of your suffers
Will be unimmaginable pain
How easy it is break you
Resistance will make you
And who knows where
The dead line is lair
Between what's real and the dream
All the mares hide in dark
Places of human mind

Like a horde of angry deamons
Arms of darkness and mercyleless
Conquering the last of mind bastions
Your ruin out of time
You run out of strength