

KorovaKill, Waterhells

No Sails to be hoist in the Morning,
No Way - just empty Horizons.
And deaf is all Noise in the cold Spray,
But loud tears what comes in Mind...
tears what comes in Mind.

Slow rot all earthly Shells
Embrace a thousand Hells

Alone in a Pit with the Demons,
Engreased by festering Grotesque,
Immured every Limb without Movement
Long Nights 'till suddenly SmokeLasers light
-'till Fires for the Count's Rise blaze bright