

Octavia Sperati, Hunting Eye

Breathing without air
Screaming with no voice
Existing with no life
Thinking without my soul

The ancient force rose from oceans of feelings to
shatter the ice of your heart
A yearning for deceit and greed is threatening
enclosed emotions

Everyday my thoughts run for you
Every night my body feels drawn to you
Falling with contempt for all you are
Oh give me what you have inside

The ancient force rose from oceans of feelings to
shatter the ice of your heart
A yearning for deceit and greed is threatening
enclosed emotions

Attempting to ignore how you affect
The presence of my solitude

Peaceful outbreak conquer silence
With exuberant revenge
End of time approaches as the eye hunts
with desperation