

Septic Flesh, Little Music Box

From the chest of fake hopes, where we leave the needless things.
I found a dusty object it had a special gift.
From its opened top a sound came out, a phantom from the past.
Sacred nights I felt like heaven, rusty days I felt like hell.

This music box reminds me of you. This Little music box.
Its melody is a distant smile, a face I thought I knew.

Like a lizard in the desert, I drifted without rest.
And the heat appeared so liquid; it had the taste of the salty
sea.
Pandora's fate is captured in my box.

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[Solo: Chris A.]

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[Solo: Sotiris V.]

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