

The Eyes Of The Beast

Dementor

You imagine what can happen
What can shorten your life in a second
Hand, knife, rope of a madman
Can lie low on every piece
Of the journey through darkness

Can you imagine pain and suffering?
Stab of a knife in the living body
Death is just a part of our lives
But you are afraid to see its temple

In depth of night you feel the look of mad eyes
Steps and looks of furious beast
You force yourself to forget the thought
Of wandering the world of shadows

That look belongs to you and to your body
Your sacrifice will be as big as your pain
Caused by the edge of steel
You'll experience if reality really equals imagination

The eyes of the beast watch your suffering
Hands of a madmen destroys what still breathes
The eye of the beast dark and cold
Search for another innocent victim

It's chosen the right to control human life
It took more than it ever gave
It's time to give it what it deserves
It has only hope, quick death