

Dead Children

Nocturnal Depression

Spread your hate

Some dead children with burnt skins
Are playing under a dead snow, wearing gas-masks
A heavy and suffocating atmosphere
Mixing sulphur and dust with the smell of cadavers
They dance among the ruins, among human corpses
Hand in hand, they enjoy their despair

Angels of Misery...Rise...

As they heard a move, they stop their game
Their lifeless eyes gazing to me
crows are stopping their flights and vultures their lunch
All of them found in me their new target

claws and kicks are beating me
Violating my bitter body
i scream and enjoy this suffering
Till my blood color the ground

From above, the black snow is falling around me
Lost and mutilated in a world i can't understand
The children laugh about my own misery
Spread your wings, angels of misery