

Tearing Away

Sadist

You cut the bloody rope, as for the small one
That's coming to the light... unaware
The lowered head greets
The feet tightened by
Chains of iron, passing slow
The whole weight of a life

Listen around to nothing
Black spiders on a trap
Thoughts are gone, while tears rest on it's face
Listen around to nothing

It howls no peace but pain, indisposition
Man's shade from the black hood, tears still rain
Tightened the chain
To a wrist, where
Greeting the last footstep, of a life never lived

The darkest sight... tearing away
Too low... so slow

Outline is down by now... as an old toy
You won't tell anymore... lead soldier
The lowered head greets, the feet tightened by
Chains of iron, passing slow
The whole weight of a life

The darkest sight... tearing away
Too low... so slow