

## Violet Fields of Extinction

### Cemetery of Scream

Violet fields, blooming of the nameless crime  
In the light of the empty screens  
Pulsating ray  
Short shutters of hatred  
Ritual dance of shadow gestures  
Lodge of scoffers, tangled hands  
Humiliation, blooming on the breasts like a weed  
Transfused on the paper, the makes endless marches of  
Twisted and sick gestures, insane shapes  
Evil, diminished to the measure of a tear  
In our might, small as the empty words  
Madmen  
On the sock of glory'n' tradition  
Darkness will come, bringin' the relief  
I won't see the face of god when he'll come  
With bowed head  
Legs in the slime of dirty life  
Left in own hopelessness  
On the armchair of illusion  
I will submit the sentence  
I'll stay the moon saving the cadaverous light  
On the violet fields of extinction