

Wortex

Charon

In the heart of night
we spend the rest of our life's
No voices no cry
wortex taking each by time
Roams with a burning candles
faces without traces
Inside of you I feel comfort
when I'm not born.

Feel my heart is not beating
I swallow pain
and crave for darkness

In this sweat design of nature
deviance only by good
From the body of angels
to the infinite recurrence
Rain shall replace my birth
that will DEVOUR the love
Inside of you I feel comfort
...when I'm not born