

Era Aggression

Darzamat

This anger which direct a fist to somebody's face
This fire which changes the matter into dust
This hate which is poison of the blood
This madness which controls the mind

I take out a knife to give it to others

I swim into rusted irony
I wear the coat of hypocrisy
Dull mind sends misty waves of noise
Shorter and shorter is the thread on the spool of time

I take out a knife to give it to others
Like an echo repeat curses
One of the wingless creatures