

# Black Mask of Death

Devilyn

Black, burnt earth  
Pants for blood like a thirsting  
To give a fruit of a murder  
And regain the lost dream.

Dead warriors  
Union with the fate  
To renegade  
To immemorial fight.

And black angel  
Has come with his procession.  
He looks at the gallows,  
Feeds his eyes with the death.

Gallentry of the black multitude  
Stepped in burnt earth.  
Dead hands of demons  
Swaying soaked weapon.

My name is legion  
Because there are many of us.  
Icy tentacles of death  
Feed with dead ones.