

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.