

# Degrade Flower

Devilyn

Eight famous heads  
Hung on my belt  
I start my march again  
(Better degrade you flowers now)  
Seven glamorous eyes  
Shining in my faces  
I am the winter of your world

Six forbidden tomes  
I've studied for years  
Three times they burnt in my heart

Five arms I've prepared  
To paint the destruction  
With flesh and blood on the wood

Four of fools I met  
I told them perfect lies  
I'm your most suitable truth

Three I'll raise to square  
Signing it three times  
And then you'll beg inverted

Two prisoners I'll release  
Condemned at one  
The only  
Flower which will survive  
Preying on myriad of bodies