

## Expression Of Horror

Devilyn

Pain traversing body, silent squeal  
Is coming from a cracked ground  
Vultures with bloody wings  
Are waiting for their victim  
No forgives, no revival  
Corpse without ideas, without dreams  
Worm desert's wind  
Burns up dries lungs  
Where is his help - lying carcasses  
Food of dead, dirty soul  
Revival, lie of book of fools  
No existing world of illusion  
Worms, rolling live body  
Fake god, will never die  
Dirt of my thoughts will be glue  
Connecting bloody pieces of being  
- I'm who I'm -  
Fucking lie, empty words  
Where is your army, your servants  
Sing of the demons, lurking  
On the edge of the dream's perception  
They want to take a breath, look inside  
Enter in the middle of the madness  
To find a peace? Simply-minding of existing!  
Spit off the lies from your rotten mouth  
Take a breath of heat, feel the final pain  
Lay down in front of your only Master  
Hate will be your revival