

## Searching for the Beauty

Devilyn

Ugliness consists of the scraps of beauty  
Evil from the pieces of good  
Life's just only thousands of deaths  
Happiness doesn't consist of anything

Through veins of the world hate does flow  
The maggots prey inside  
I take them in my hand one by one  
In search for beauty

Six cases I have with God  
Six ordeals to go through  
Six eyes to see the beauty

I walk down the fallen cultures  
Grinning with my open wounds  
Hanged on trees bodies I pull  
On putrid lips the kiss I leave

I thrusts myriads of birds away  
On highways empty and dead  
They fell first as it has been written  
I look for beauty in them

Six cases I have with Devil  
Six times I withstood the test  
Six stakes I lit up

No more aves in the azure sky  
No more fish in waving waters  
No creatures left to furrow the ground  
No predators in steepes  
No more apes in tree-tops  
And there's no proud crown of creation  
Only me, dead man walking  
Stamping the seventh seal  
Is what left to do