

Preparing Your End

Krabathor

Ordinary life, everyday without value
No tragic thought, nobody gripe in
anxiety
You are glad to life
You don't know what waiting for you
Is the last while
Don't say nothing
You're turn to death

Preparing your end
Remaining drop in your cup
You're running like blind
Death is lead to other realm

Fatal whiles near, you're smiling
Death touch for you, is in your body
Slowly trip up your fooks, brutal scene
Your body cry blood, pile up without name
Preparing your...

Silent singing is resound
Nobody think for nothing
All is black, some tears... some words
Is it only nonsense's?