

Nameless

Miracle Of Sound

Life
Spins into ceaseless coils
In constant toil we turn on torment's wheel

And death
Death is a jealous mistress
A kiss you can't repeal

But wait
Wait for regret to come
It will call for you
It will tear the fabric of your nature

I walk without a name

Bathe
Bathe in the lakes of fire
The snakes and liars of yore they wore your face

Endure
Friends on the path of knowing
Are growing in your space

But wait
Wait for regret to come
It will call for you
It will tear the fabric of your nature

I walk without a name