

An unsavoury You spending my time on them
Without hesitation earning your money on us
Forged truth coming out filthy fingers

Alone cutting glass
Breaking hearts
Tinker with words

Stocked expectations in all this sickness
Get on your horses plodding in march
Overlook the future
Embrace the spirits of enterprise

Winter enclosure

Peaceful exploitations of deadly words
Soil is pulsating
Transmitted by the sweetest smile
Her beam embraces him
Sun swallow drunken mind
And writes her name on face

Overloaded memories were spilt on fire
The lack of comfort makes heroes of pain
Recreates the stars as the flare is conquered by aptitude

Winter enclosure

Vivid sounds creates connecting tunes
Soil is pulsating
The song is fully blown
A choir hymns the saddest melody
In hypnotic landscapes
Icebound the flower shiver