

Between the Demons

Raised Fist

I am the darkest demon. Taken from the second season. I reside
at the bottom of
a bottle and my inside is about to rot. I'm working to inflict
some pain.
Bloodstain! In front of me you stand trial. Come to me my child
.

And no one can hear me cry. I'm the rest of your life. And sadly
I stand trial.
Come to me my child.

I'm trapped between the demons, have to get away from the darkest
season.
Wiping the sweat off my forehead seconds before his eyes turn into
red. I'm
looking for another location, simply running into desperation.
Nothing changes
I've lost my faith. Why did I have to grow up in hate?

Feels like a living insanity. I am the dark reality. Something
is pulling me
down. I capture all the hate around. Moving in different corners.
I make you
feel worthless. It feels like I'm on trial. Come to me my child
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