

Monstrosity of all monstrosities shackles with him  
The madness of the Spirit scrambles up

As if the flaming Swords of Truth  
Were finishing their work of doom  
Torn his Entrails in two.

Alegory of situations seems like panopticum  
Of lost souls, lost people  
Deep under the cover of disguise.

Thousands of truths, thousands of lies, thousands of masks  
Angles like lightning through the night  
Reveal, malform, cover.

What will be the end to all  
Well immortality is just a dream  
Will everything return to the Womb?

DAEMON: ...But Universum decided to defend us. Us Daemons, who  
dwelled the Earth since her rise. We ourselves hadn't powers en  
ough anymore. So, She was sent.