

And if you know now the mirror of the Spirit
You know You're made of , completely made of black
despair
Made of sadness, hate, hate and greed

When the night falls - demons come
I am inert, I let them come
And I hear - "close your eyes"
And I hear - ""close your mind"
Communing with them I fall down
Deeper and deeper, I am dying out
I'm not afraid of it - it's a dream
I only want to rest from it
from hell
hell in my head
I can be afraid only of thing I don't know well
I 'm sinking free, I feel no pain
Demons rip my soul,
And I want no help, no more
Death is a friend, it's my natural state
Fuuuuuck!
Fuck You, fuck me !

It's a demon's game - you know?
You're not a player - you're a pawn
You are round of their game
Catatonia is the way
To make you weak ,to make you sad
To deprive the will of life
Demons are around , they're real
They are to bring you to hell
You can survive - believe and pray