

# The Freedom Fall

Satariel

After all my efforts to rid the demons away  
Since learning by science where to address God  
By doing the good deed and being the bitter spice  
Knowing the meaning of a heaven and a hell

We are void  
Spiral or circulating  
Static in His cold shivers

The will is but a scattered piece  
In a all too great scenery

No one thing matters more than one another  
Chaos ever on for eternities to pass  
Mankind is but a monstrous mischief of the great show  
Nothing greater, nothing smaller, but all things wholer

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Spiral or circulating  
Static in His cold shivers

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