

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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