

Wizard

Silent Stream of Godless Elegy

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I'm sitting in front of the blank picture, looking
Old and tired, tired and old, without wings of
magics

I'm alone like pain in me

a thousand years is so long a time, I'm an old
wizard indeed

Bloody tears fall down to the empty hands from the
strange eyes

Every sweet smell of sluts is lost in their graves
All the evil of my thoughts is my vile web

I like only my smell of false memories

But their picture, their picture is vacant

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