

Between The Gardens That Bathe In Blood

Through the Eyes of the Dead

Glass taints the surface where gods cry and souls decay. Shadows hang themselves to escape this place they've made. Don't worry my children, this is hell. Our souls are faced with damnation. Blood soaked gardens bound for death, to kill or be killed. They will smile in their disparity in battle. In the fields of sorrow a corpse stands alone. Children's mothers pray for their safety and return, knowing that they are dead. Glass taints the surface where gods cry and souls decay. Shadows hang themselves to escape this place they've made. Don't worry my children.