We are the start of bleeding
Fascination
Slowly envelop what we
Thrive
Lacerate, fill your lungs with
Passion
Intentions last play at crime
Enter my dreams
No pictures or inquries
They enter to feast on the
Fearsome
The devil's kind is right

Enter my dreams
No pictures or inquries

My thoughts are
Not a straight line
They fluctuate like
Waves or wine
We are the start of bleeding
Fascination
Slowly envelop what we
Thrive
Lacerate, fill your lungs with
Passion
Intentions last play at crime

I will not falter
I will unbind
If you feel satisfied
Then exit now
'Cause in this nature
Hunger will thrive

Here it's the last One, so say goodbye

Feel the songs serenade Spun in its twine

I will not falter
I will unbind

Song's serenade
Spun in its twine

Enter my dreams
No pictures or inquries

My thoughts are not a Straight line - They Fluctuate to a Rhyme.