

Violet Fields of Extinction

Cemetery of Scream

Violet fields, blooming of the nameless crime
In the light of the empty screens
Pulsating ray
Short shutters of hatred
Ritual dance of shadow gestures
Lodge of scoffers, tangled hands
Humiliation, blooming on the breasts like a weed
Transfused on the paper, the makes endless marches of
Twisted and sick gestures, insane shapes
Evil, diminished to the measure of a tear
In our might, small as the empty words
Madmen
On the sock of glory'n' tradition
Darkness will come, bringin' the relief
I won't see the face of god when he'll come
With bowed head
Legs in the slime of dirty life
Left in own hopelessness
On the armchair of illusion
I will submit the sentence
I'll stay the moon saving the cadaverous light
On the violet fields of extinction