

Searching for the Beauty

Devilyn

Ugliness consists of the scraps of beauty
Evil from the pieces of good
Life's just only thousands of deaths
Happiness doesn't consist of anything

Through veins of the world hate does flow
The maggots prey inside
I take them in my hand one by one
In search for beauty

Six cases I have with God
Six ordeals to go through
Six eyes to see the beauty

I walk down the fallen cultures
Grinning with my open wounds
Hanged on trees bodies I pull
On putrid lips the kiss I leave

I thrusts myriads of birds away
On highways empty and dead
They fell first as it has been written
I look for beauty in them

Six cases I have with Devil
Six times I withstood the test
Six stakes I lit up

No more aves in the azure sky
No more fish in waving waters
No creatures left to furrow the ground
No predators in steepes
No more apes in tree-tops
And there's no proud crown of creation
Only me, dead man walking
Stamping the seventh seal
Is what left to do