

The Rule

Devilyn

"Look at the castle full of crime
It's walls streaming blood,
As if a demon lived here"

Time is paying your debt off in the face of the world
Has already finished.
Look around, you are alone,
But there are spors of blood still on your hands
A dirty soul is soaked of crime
And it's still in your body
You feel inside you aren't alone
It's demon who leads you
He makes you hate yourself
Your face covered deep wounds
Is looking with disdain from a mirror
Black man in black dream with black redections
Life is a place that dream
You used to be obedient to that faith
But now this is hate to yourself and God
You struggle and destroy the crosses
But this everything is out of control
You have to wait when the anathema fills in complete
The visions of perish Christ at the cross
Makes you successful
Fallen God, fallen the world, only despair remains
Your crimes are waiting on the glory
Wake up though dead in the other world