

Magical Smoke Screen

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Clues everywhere
Our world. A magical smoke screen
No matter how far
down the scale we've gone
Coming down. Wrong side
What lies beyond the unknown?
your aura led me away from
my turbulence
at night I hear the cries
Swollen eyes start to bleed
Despite my weird youth
the owl fades away from me
to serve the lord
I go down on my knees
the black owl sings
As the night wind blows
the magical rustling that brings
on the dark dream
Balance is the key
a magical smoke screen
an evil man has a way
no matter how clever
to the trained eye
his way will show itself
Is there a reason
for a death mask?