

Demoniac Flow

Aura Noir

there's a ferocious warmth
in lack of gesture
when it comes from below..
you hold me in a demoniac flow

the shade of you is ablaze
scorching trench in your chest
i watch your grace in
an eclipsed mirror
the great canyon roars
under me demoniac flow
the great canyon roars

under the yoke of new voids
settled on lost continents
in a gilded cage
in the frozen foreground

the shade of you is ablaze
scorching trench in your chest
i watch your grace in
an eclipsed mirror
the great canyon roars
the great canyon roars