

Overfilled

Belligerence

I did dreadful things
I didn't see the others
I used to kill, accustomed to shot and murder.
Reloaded shells, tend to the barrel
Penetration wounds, should be just small.

Seeking for retreat
Confessing behind the cross
Seeking for retreat
Washing from wars.

Crimson painting flashes through the eye
Desperate feeling makes me cry
Wet epitaph overturns into a lie
I wish I could be, crucified.

I got the order, I did the will
I used to smash, I used to be a mill.
Bullet takes aim, to flesh and brain
Skelet changes the shape and bursts in a flame.

Seeking for retreat, glide the paradise
Seeking for retreat, as a disguised.

Crimson painting flashes through the eye
Desperate feeling, makes me cry
Wet epitaph overturns into a lie
I wish I could be, crucified.

The oldest friend, my only one, stands close to me.
In his loyalty stays by my side
And buoys me up on my doomsday.

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In his loyalty stays by my side
And buoys me up on my doomsday.

Seeking for retreat,
Seeking for haven of rest
Seeking for retreat,
Seeking for countenance.