

Word Of Astaroth

Birds in Row

Passive complainers are travellers with no memories. They put down their bags and show us their sore feet. But the question is: would a hot bath make them shut their mouths? They've got time to complain but no seconds to change. Living criticism never lighting the weight of this heavy sky which will end breaking our fragile necks. It's time to light the sky, but tonight everyone's complaining. Subversively crying with their hands in their pockets. I saw smiles between their undending grimaces and it may betray any kind of inner pleasure. I don't listen to you if your only solution's to get high on pills on every disillusion. I don't understand you if your choice is to wait for that train to come straight to your face. There's one world where one word could have made things live and move from the most static state. Engrave it on your cold desperate heart, and start looking for a change. Nevermind the way you find to wake up, it should always be fine. I'll scream you the word of astaroth, I'm searching for the light. Aemaeth.