

Truth Will Prevail

Chaostar

I saw your trace, on wet soils of empty graves.
I wanted you for me, but you belong to all...

A rooster used to wake you up
Now slaughtered bleeding in your hand,
it seems to be a brilliant feast for your keen appetite.

Your answers to my questions, feeble, pitiful evasions,
A truth living the day has bitten a nightmare through haze,
which left a trace on empty graves...

I wanted you for me, but you belong to all...