

Silent Inferno

Dawn Golden

Atop the hill, facing the nightfall
Birds of ill omen are sending me scorn
My heart has stopped aching
Like a skull in a coffin my soul is resting within
Unborn ...

In his kingdom of thorns I am one with his horns
Run, baby, run - I am Satans son
For me all love is dead
And the tears that I shed ...
Wasted seeds of despair I no longer care

Insane misanthropy is striking my mind
Malicious contempt for all mankind
Murder and suffering I evoke
Gory like a berserk and as steady as an oak

I walk my path in silence
Crossing pain and violence
Beholding you without a sound
Man, a tool of evil unbound