

Selek From Menes

Deinonychus

There's Me, I've fallen from grace.
An angel to be, but without wings.
Exhaling pain, as you belief.
But unlike your script...
Artemis is my name!
Die... Orion, you are no more...
gathered with the stars of the night.
Poisoned and gone.
I am your fear, walking around with pride.
Antares, red and luminous;
I'll make you crawl!
I am the occult, the mystical in man.
Unlike Orion, you can be saved from my pain.
But don't you ever bury, I'll always ascent from the dead.
My poison, still a menace, might be YOUR destruction.