

Degrade Flower

Devilyn

Eight famous heads
Hung on my belt
I start my march again
(Better degrade you flowers now)
Seven glamorous eyes
Shining in my faces
I am the winter of your world

Six forbidden tomes
I've studied for years
Three times they burnt in my heart

Five arms I've prepared
To paint the destruction
With flesh and blood on the wood

Four of fools I met
I told them perfect lies
I'm your most suitable truth

Three I'll raise to square
Signing it three times
And then you'll beg inverted

Two prisoners I'll release
Condemned at one
The only
Flower which will survive
Preying on myriad of bodies