

Zah-Doom-Unee

Ethereal Pandemonium

I could keep the secret if not for the void, the void
Truly if you seek red slavery, then paranoid
These pronounced echoes of the turbid thinking
The unicorns and the reptiles in the dirt
Proceeding through shrubbery
And the thousands thorns breeding from my skin

Whispered the wooden ear
When breathing, freezing...
Turmoil, bluebeard fears
And screaming, hearing
That no one ever hears

The boiling me
The frozen thee
And the haze upon all that's in between
It's growing new
And to be true
Suspended best than again to deive into

Midsummer aches

A full-plate mail
Inside it's frail
At the sounds of the mining it's fallen through
And deep it stays
...Don't dare to yield it for youself