

Hidden By Shadows

Hangar

About his death I'm telling the truth I felt in the deep of my heart, But I wash my soul Because only shadows should crawl A good intentioned person Doth not hide himself Wherefore I denounced him At this same supper

Whence thou not eat, but thou art eaten 'Tis we art hunters, nevertheless When the darkness hit our eyes and We come back to dust The main dish for the worms We become

They canst even Take away my mind But I know death Is just a part of life

We use living creatures To put on some weight But at the end, the worms do The same with us There's no difference, We art nothing but food

A fat king, or a thin homeless Destined to the same table is, 'tis the end I see on thy face Thou hast aversion to my words The truth is only accepted When convenient 'tis

We do not accept it When it brings changes And I'm not saying this in order to shock But to show that A king canst travel to The bowels of a homeless

Take it easy, Thou will discover the old man's body After a while, when thou follow The stairs that lead to the gallery