

To Daimonion, Part I

Mayhem

In a circle of stars
In the afterglow of the last war
Do you hear the voice?
Nothing but demon ashes remained
You lost everything you believed
But me the reconstructionist the voice

All paranoia of rotting drugs
What could be Satan himself?

One star left in the rotting ocean
You scream in birth all of you
A river left... a river of blood
Of life... a new

All paranoia of rotting drugs
What could be Satan himself?

I feel the light breeze
The sun takes control
And nothing here remains
But you but me